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MEMOIR AND REMAINS

OF THE

REV. JAMES HARINGTON EVANS.

BALLANTYNE, PRINTER, EDINBURGH.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Yours very sincerely

James Harrington Evans

MEMOIR AND REMAINS

OF THE

REV. JAMES HARINGTON EVANS, M.A.,

LATE MINISTER OF JOHN STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

EDITED BY

THE REV. JAMES JOYCE EVANS, M.A.,

TRIN. COLL., CANTAB., CHAPLAIN TO THE HOME AND COLONIAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

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INTRODUCTION

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION.

In presenting the accompanying Volume to the public, a few lines seem called for, more, I trust, in the way of explanation than apology.

It is due to those who honoured and loved the late Minister of John Street Chapel, as well as to the Editor, that some reasons should be given for the delay which has taken place in the publication of his "Memoir and Remains." Nor is it possible that I can make this explanation without a passing reference to myself.

Since the removal of the father, in 1849, the hand of the Lord has been heavy upon the son. Death has cut down his sole remaining child, with a sharp and sudden blow; and the subsequent illness of her whom God would have him love the best, has filled his heart with unceasing anxiety and alarm.

The character of my father, both as a Christian and a Minister, was confessedly no ordinary one; and much would be expected of the writer, be he who he may, who would attempt the work of portraying it.

His position in the Church of Christ was peculiar. A Dissenter on principle, yet one whose associations, sympathies, and friendships were most generally with Churchmen; differing from the Episcopalian, whose ministrations he loved; finding little union of heart with many of whose principles in Church matters he approved,—the truthful biography of such a Minister must needs call for singleness of eye and simplicity of object.

To a work at once so arduous and so delicate, it was my ardent desire to apply whatever powers of mind and body God might have given me, sensibly alive to the difficulties, but trusting and believing that wisdom from above would be given to my earnest seeking. I knew that I had but one desire, namely, as far as in me lay, to represent my father *as he was*, and to offer to the public eye as exact a picture as I could of his life and character and opinions. Nor with this object uppermost in my heart did I believe that I should fail in the attempt.

The gracious Disposer of all events, however, was not pleased to make my way plain. A body wearied by the public and daily duties connected with my chaplaincy, and a mind distressed, were, to say the least, not favourable to the proper execution of a task which required the freshness of the best hours of the day, as well as much judgment and deliberation.

Month after month I prayed that one of my burthens —that by far the heaviest—might be lightened; but it was an earthly good, and the Lord in His wisdom has suffered the trial to continue.

Those who have been anxiously expecting this Volume at an earlier period of the year will, I trust, make the

needful allowance for its delay. To abandon the hope of completing the Memoir, of which I had already made a commencement, was, I confess, a matter of deep regret; and a conclusion, the expediency still less the necessity of which, I most unwillingly and therefore, most tardily arrived at. In fact, I only yielded to the justly increasing clamour of the public, and my own equally increasing conviction that whilst the manifestations of God's love towards me continued as they were, I could not hope to perfect what I had begun.

It ought likewise to be known that the letters to his daughter in India, many of which are to be found in the volume, did not arrive in this country till the autumn of last year. The Lord was pleased, in answer to earnest mutual prayer, to cause the father and daughter to meet and behold each other's faces again, after an absence of eleven years. She returned to this country at the spring of the same year in the winter of which he died. But, in consequence of the suddenness of her departure from India, rendered necessary by the serious state of her husband's health, the greater part of their baggage was left behind, and amongst this was the whole of the letters which she had received from her father during her sojourn in India. From various causes they did not reach England till August, 1850, and the examination, selection, and transcribing of those inserted have necessarily occupied much time.

But to proceed to a few observations concerning the *contents* of the volume, and the *order* of their arrangement.

When the very conspicuous position which my father occupied in London for so many years is considered, it

might be thought that his biographer would have had a large amount of materials, out of which to compose his Memoir; but such is not the fact. The leading events in my father's life were few. Of these, the most important in their effects upon himself and others, and such as mainly developed the distinguishing features of his character, took place in only three localities—Oxford, Milford, and London; and those who knew him best, knew well that few who have shared as largely the observation of the public, have mixed less openly in the striking incidents of the day. Pre-eminently was it his characteristic, that he lived for his people. The inward spiritual health, and the outward holy conversation of his people generally, were the most cherished objects of his existence. For them he was content to sacrifice every other relationship. The invitations to other spheres of labour, not directly connected with his Church, frequently and urgently laid before him,—the attractions of Christian society,—the endearments of the domestic circle, were none of them allowed to interfere, or clash with, his ministerial duties. No man ever felt more solemnly the responsibilities of the minister of Christ, no man more deeply the debt due to his Church; and it was this grave sense of the obligations of his pastoral office, which caused him to take so little share in committees, or the conduct of public societies, or even in those transactions of a national character, which have often brought together leading Evangelical men.

The readers, therefore, of the accompanying volume must be prepared to see the character developed of a pastor in the midst of his flock. They will find his time divided principally between his study and his pastoral duties.

When not actually pursuing his more public engagements, his thoughts, meditations, and laborious researches were devoted to the work of preparation for the pulpit. Take the round of his weekly occupations.

A considerable portion of the Monday, his nominal day of rest, was spent often in visiting the more distant members of his congregation. He prepared his Tuesday evening's sermon on the morning of that day. Wednesday and Thursday were dedicated to pastoral visitation, Bible-classes, and Church meetings. He began one of his Sunday sermons on the Friday, finished the other on the Saturday, and seldom gave less than nine hours to each, often more. Need further evidence be brought forward to show for whom he lived, and for whom he was ready to die?

The "Memoir of the late Mrs Evans," which follows next in order, will fully confirm the statement just made concerning his love and attachment to his people. It was addressed to the Church in John Street; and none can read it to its close, without discovering the support and consolation it afforded to my father, in a time of sharp trial and sore weakness, to cast himself upon the sympathy and prayers and affections of the true children of God.

The tie which binds believer to believer in the communion of saints, he considered to be of the tenderest as well as the strongest order; and when bowed down with the pressure of that most affecting bereavement, he expected that those who loved his Master would bear his burthen, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

I rather shrink from asking for an indulgent eye towards any production of his,—but with reference to that "Me-

moir," it is, perhaps, only due to him to mention, that it was left in a very unfinished state, the proofs of which, indeed, are evident. His nerves were so much shattered by my mother's death, that as he wrote what he committed to paper almost immediately after her decease, and while the wound was very fresh, the mental exertion was more than he anticipated, and, consequently, more than he found himself equal to bear. This rendered it advisable, that for a time at least, he should desist from writing. With the re-establishment of health came the accumulation of duties which had lapsed into arrear, and thus the completion of his original design was prevented. Enough, however, was written to form a very valuable addition to the brief record of himself; the more so, indeed, as he enters with considerable minuteness into the state of his own mind during the time when he fell into the sad heresy that the Lord Jesus Christ was not "equal to the Father as touching His Godhead, though inferior to the Father as touching His manhood."

And this brings us to his "General Correspondence." It was a question rather difficult to determine, whether the Letters should be incorporated with the Memoir, or printed separately, as they stand now in the volume.

Among the reasons which led to the adoption of the latter plan were the following:—It has always appeared to the Editor that the manifest duty of a biographer, is as far as himself may be concerned, to retire, and to advance his own opinions with most sparing hand. If he would hope to write the life of another fairly, and without rendering himself liable to a just charge of partiality, he must deal more in unvarnished facts than deductions. The one

it is his province to furnish, the other it is equally his duty to leave the public to draw. And he only can be said to have acquitted himself with any claim to even a moderate execution of his work, who has succeeded in laying such materials before others as may enable them to form *for themselves* a just estimate of the individual whose biography he has attempted.

If this principle be sound, and applicable to any case, it applies most emphatically to the son writing the "Memoir" of his father—to a Churchman editing the "Remains" of a Dissenter.

Hence it was my chief anxiety that my father should speak for himself;—that his opinions upon all matters of interest or controversy should appear without note or comment. And, although I am free to acknowledge that I think the interest of the volume, for the general reader, is affected by the separation of the Letters from the Biography, still I am better satisfied to have furnished the stones which every reader may put together in the style he pleases, than to have attempted to construct a building, more finished and complete, but concerning the due proportions of which opposite opinions would have been formed.

An examination of the Letters themselves will, I hope, exhibit another reason for their isolation. It will be seen that the bulk of the "General Correspondence" is composed of letters addressed to his Daughter in India; to whom allusion has been made already. My father was in the habit of writing once, and occasionally twice a month, by the Overland Mails, during the time of their separation; and hence this correspondence extended over a period of more than ten years. These letters will be found to con-

tain a faithful record of his innermost feelings, and matured opinions, upon the subjects which have principally engaged the attention of the Christian public, during the later years of his life; and, as need scarcely be added, he makes in them constant and unreserved allusion to himself. Those who would seek more intimate acquaintance with the nature of his daily occupations and engagements, or such as may feel interest in knowing the encouragements which he experienced in his ministerial labours, his difficulties, and his not unfrequent disappointments, will find them there detailed with a fidelity which none can question.

Nor are the matters discussed of an individual interest only. Many a general principle of Holy Truth will be discovered in them laid down and elucidated; many a word of wisdom, whose application is universal.

I am well aware that the public look with a suspicious eye upon Biographies, the larger part of which consists of Correspondence; but thus much I may be allowed to state, with reference to this portion of the present volume—no letter has been printed without an object.

Generally, it has been the interest of the matter treated of, which has determined the insertion. A list of the subjects will be seen in the table of contents of each letter, which has been prepared with some care, and which will enable the reader to turn readily to those points, which are to him of the greatest interest. I would just, by way of example, draw the attention to pages 386 and 505, where will be found a very favourite subject of his enlarged upon —the duty of proclaiming the invitations of the Gospel freely and unreservedly to all.

One of the peculiarly prominent features in his theo-

logical system was his dread of undervaluing the work of the Holy Spirit, and this we find strongly brought forward in the letter, see page 369. Again, for his views on the doctrine of Assurance, see pages 341 and 484. And as the letters are arranged in chronological order, they mark the way of truth along which he was led by the Holy Ghost, as well as the progress of his own mind in Divine things.

Other letters, again, have been introduced to exhibit character. My father's love of nature, which was intense, is manifest in pages 296 and 318. The natural vivacity of his disposition, which some would scarcely have supposed, is discernible in his graphic description of the scene on board the Glasgow steamboat, see page 233.

Of his "Pastoral Letters" I need say no more than that a few of the earliest have been transcribed out of those addressed to the Churches at Milford and John Street, not so much for their own positive merits as to show the affection he felt towards them from the first. A comparison of the early with the later epistles will also prove how much the work of the Spirit was deepened within him as his ministerial experience became wider, and that the lamp, both within and without, shone brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

I will only add, for general guidance, it must not be inferred that the whole of a letter has been given because no asterisks occur, as it was deemed advisable these should be introduced only when the sense would appear abrupt, unless there were some evidence of the hiatus.

Where the individuals mentioned are deceased, their names are given in full; otherwise, only the initials appear, saving where an intentional exception has been made.

As considerable allusion is made to the subject of his preaching, a few of his sermon-sketches have been added, which exhibit the plan he adopted. Writing, as he did, three full sketches every week for many years, he has left a large number behind him, out of which twelve have been chosen, which will show both his method, and careful diligence in preparation for the pulpit.

In bringing to a close these few introductory observations, it would little accord with my feelings even to venture upon a critical summary of my father's ministerial character. Indeed, such an attempt would be at variance with the principle which has been laid down. But that which I would refrain from undertaking myself, I may be permitted to present through another, for the same objection does not equally lie against the conclusions which *he* has drawn.

And as it has been the privilege and comfort of the Editor to be associated with the servant of Christ whose name appears at the head of the following extract, more than with any other incumbent in London, he willingly avails himself of the excuse this circumstance seems to afford (if, indeed, such be requisite), which enables him to lay before his readers the outline of his father's character as a pastor, sketched, it will be seen, by a vigorous hand.

The following reference to my father was made in the sermon preached at St. James's, Holloway, by the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, the Sunday evening after his funeral:—

"And if, this morning,* it was justly due to pay a tribute of honour to the memory of departed royalty, I am sure that I only fulfil a duty to the Church of Christ to

* The morning service had reference to the death of Queen Adelaide.

make mention, this evening, of that distinguished minister of the Lord, the late Rev. J. H. Evans, who, for so many years, has been one of the most mature and successful pastors of Christ's flock which this country has enjoyed.

"He was a burning and a shining light. It does not fall to my province to sketch his life, to enumerate his labours, to unfold his deep experience, to characterise his peculiarly rich ministrations, or to describe his end. But I could not permit this day to pass over—the first Sabbath after the earth has received his honoured remains, without placing my humble offering on his tomb, and reminding you that a prince and a great man is fallen in Israel.

"Rarely is the steward of the mysteries of God so richly furnished for his arduous work as he; whether he aimed to fulfil the work of the Evangelist, to give milk to babes, or to edify the Church with the deep things of God, drawn from the treasury of his large and experienced heart; whether he poured the healing consolations of the Gospel into the troubled breast, or girt himself with 'the terrors of the Lord' to grapple with the consciences of the ungodly, —seldom are such varied and opposite gifts concentrated in the same character as those which were combined in effective vigour, yet mellowed by genuine humility, in this distinguished minister of God.

"And now his course is ended, and he is gathered to his fathers. If it were left to my own selection, in whose steps as a pastor I would choose to tread, and whose model I would fain cherish, I know none among modern names whose mantle I would rather inherit than of this eminent servant of his Lord. His separation from the Church of England was a step which, as a sincere and conscientious

Churchman, I cannot but unfeignedly regret. But though thus separated from us, his loving spirit was too widely comprehensive to be restricted within sectarian limits, and his zeal for the Saviour's glory was too intensely pure to be content with any triumphs which fell short of winning sinners back to God.

"He is now gone to receive the welcome of many spirits made perfect, who from all parts of the world, by the pulpit or the press, had been brought to Christ through his unwearied labours, and are now his crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord. He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

To one and all who have given much valuable aid in the preparation of this work, both by their communications and advice, the sincerest thanks of the Editor are justly due.

May the Hearer of Prayer vouchsafe that His Spirit may rest upon this Volume, and all who read it!

LONDON, *Dec.* 27, 1851.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In sending forth a Second Edition of the Memoir and Remains of my honoured parent, I feel constrained first to offer my public thanks to God for the acceptance which the book has met with from all classes of Christian people. Within a year and a half, the first octavo edition of two thousand copies was sold; and I have been greatly encouraged to believe that large numbers of the Church of Christ militant here on earth have been strengthened for their conflict, and refreshed in their spirit, by the contents of this volume. Communications have reached me to this effect from Churchmen and Dissenters.

In the present edition, the price has been reduced nearly one half; and this reduction has been effected, it will be found, without any diminution of matter.

Some of the letters in the first volume have been omitted, but this has been done only to allow of other letters being inserted, which seemed, from their importance and value, to have even a better claim for some place in the collection.

The chief alteration in the book consists in the re-arrangement of the memoir, and the introduction into the narrative of some of the letters which originally were incorporated in the after-correspondence.

This has been done in submission to the wish of some of my father's most intimate friends, and will, I hope, be generally considered an improvement.

A few fresh particulars have been added to elucidate his labours, and unfold something of the nature of his ministry at Milford, a most interesting portion of his life. It was there the Lord opened his understanding to receive clearer views of divine truth; and it was there afterwards that many were converted through the word of his testimony.

A wish has, I am aware, been expressed in certain quarters, that the Indian correspondence should be published separately. I trust, however, the large reduction in the price of the present volume will meet the desires of all.

Again, by some a little surprise has been expressed because there are not more letters addressed to other branches of his family. It may be well, therefore, for me to explain for the information of those who feel any interest in the matter, that my brother resided at home until the later years of my father's life; when he removed to town, where he still had constant opportunity of personal intercourse with him. My father's second wife, who survives him, dear to all his children, almost invariably accompanied him in his ministerial labours among his people, and in his visits to the country for recruiting health. Indeed, her father's house was his usual retreating-place, and whenever a fifth Wednesday occurred in the month, they left London for Buckinghamshire.

This will sufficiently account for so few letters appearing addressed to one towards whom my father felt the most true and deserved attachment. To this I can abundantly speak, in common with all who knew him intimately after

the time of his second marriage. In addition to which, I may say, the principal part of the letters my mother received from him were of too confidential a character to meet the eye of the public.

I have to thank many of my father's friends for contributions of reports of sermons, Bible-classes, conversations, &c., which they have kindly placed in my hands. His own papers are very numerous, and the difficulty is selection. I trust, however, I may be enabled, from the valuable assistance offered me by others, and from the writings I possess of his own, to compile a second volume of remains, which the Holy Ghost may condescend to make a fresh means of blessing to the Church of Christ.

LONDON, *Dec.* 1854.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. J. H. EVANS.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. J. H. EVANS.

CHAPTER I.

YOUTH—SCHOOL-DAYS—EARLY CONNEXIONS—RESIDENCE AT OXFORD.

THE subject of the following Memoir was born at Salisbury, on 15th April 1785. He was the only child of the Rev. Dr Evans, Priest-Vicar of the Cathedral in the city, and who was at that time master of the endowed Grammar School, in the Close. Concerning his early childhood there remains scarcely sufficient material for his biographer to be able to record more, than that he received the rudiments of his education under the tuition of his father, and that a remarkable precocity distinguished him from almost the commencement of his life. At three years of age, he exhibited so much forwardness of mind, that he was placed in his father's school with boys far older than himself, and pushed on rapidly, till in a few years he attained the honour of being head boy. Placed thus above many, far his superiors in age, he occupied a post gratifying alike to his own youthful ambition and the fond vanity of his father, who loved tenderly his child of so much promise, and promoted his welfare in every possible way. From his birth he was destined for the Church; inasmuch as the eldest sons of his family for

many generations had in succession entered Holy Orders, and no other profession was ever thought of for him.

The distinguishing features of his boyhood were thoughtfulness above his years, and a constitutional shyness, which loved retirement rather than society; and yet, though if left to himself, he would not have sought the gay circle or the public amusements of the world, when led into festivity he enjoyed it thoroughly. At this period of his life his father was a stranger to the power of vital godliness. Unacquainted himself with that love which putteth away the love of the world, he was not careful to train up his son in the paths of gospel obedience. A strict clergyman of the old school, the daily lessons were read by him morning and evening, the appointed Psalms were accomplished in their monthly order, and the sermon of orthodox morality, but questionable divinity, was added on the Sunday evening. But he was immersed in the world. Cards, dancing, routs, the theatre, were much in fashion in all country towns. He entered keenly into this circle of amusements, and wished that his son, equally with himself, should participate in these pleasures. Thus passed the earliest years of my father's boyhood.

At eleven years of age he had advanced so far in his studies as to make a change desirable. His father's school consisted for the most part of boys below him in attainment and ability, and his remaining longer at Salisbury was deemed unadvisable. Accordingly, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Isaac Hodgson, his uncle, with whom he remained until he went to Oxford. In referring to the time that he spent under his uncle's roof, he used frequently to speak of this portion of his school-life as a very happy one. He was warmly attached to his aunt, Mr Hodgson's wife, who having no children of her own, loved him as a son. Nor was the change of Instructor without its advantage; for though he never mentioned his father except in terms of the fondest affection, yet it may be doubted whether his early days at Salisbury were any of the happiest. Very frequently it occurs that the duties of the schoolmaster will clash with those of the parent, and the impression left on the mind of the child bears more vividly the stamp of the tutor than of the father. Whether

this applied to his case it is not now easy to determine, but certainly he always spoke of the days while placed under the guardianship of his uncle, as that period of his early life to which he could look back with the truest pleasure.

His uncle was a clever man, a good scholar, and endowed with talents the most likely to attract the admiration, and tone the mind of a sensible boy. He possessed, moreover, a happy art of conveying knowledge, and brought on his pupil with great success. From a child, never so happy as when he was book in hand, there was no need of spur or of remonstrance to urge him to the accomplishment of the appointed task. When the set time came the lesson was invariably ready, and the work allotted completed. Knowing well his love of reading, it was one of Mr Hodgson's plans, not to fasten him down to a desk, or to confine him to the walls of a school-room ; he allowed him to prepare his lessons where he pleased, and the consequence was, his favourite place for preparation was a seat in a laurel-tree. A discipline lax as this would scarcely have suited one of less ardour or less determination ; that it was successful in his case, furnishes us with a little insight into his character as a boy, for in after-life he always asserted that these were amongst the most profitable, as well as the most pleasant, of his youthful days. While under the care of his affectionate guardians he was exposed to many temptations, notwithstanding their vigilance, but from these he was mercifully preserved. There is no reason to think that his heart was at this time affected with anything like the real importance of religious matters ; but in addition to his natural thoughtfulness, he was distinguished by the peculiar delicacy of his mind, and this was one means which God made use of to enable him to withstand the increasing temptations by which he was surrounded, as the world gradually opened upon his vision.

In the spring of 1799, his father paid a visit to Oxford, and it was proposed that his son should accompany him. Upon their arrival they were informed that a scholarship at Wadham was vacant, and the examination was on the point of commencing.

Dr Evans's friends strongly advised him to enter his son's

name as a candidate. True he could not expect to be the successful competitor, but it was good practice, and it would bring his name before the Examiners, which could scarcely fail to be an advantage to him, when he should be of fitting age to enter upon his University career.

It was not without considerable reluctance, as may easily be supposed, that his father consented. Sensibly alive to all that affected his son's interests, he could not but feel the disadvantages under which he must enter into the contest; and it was to him a matter of considerable doubt whether it were politic to make an attempt without some reasonable hope of success. However, as the event shewed, he had no reason to regret the determination. To the great surprise of all, his son gained the scholarship. He was but fourteen years of age, and of course far junior to all his competitors; a disadvantage not lessened by the fact that he came to Oxford as no candidate for the prize, and therefore without any direct preparation for the ordeal. At fourteen years of age, then, we find him Scholar of his College, and commencing residence at Oxford in the following October.

And here most deeply interesting is it to observe God's tender dealings and care over His future devoted servant, but whom at that time He loved without return. University life is ever a trial and a test of principles. Under the most favourable circumstances, when the student, previous to residence, has arrived at an age at which the character is in some degree settled, and habits have already been formed, many are there who in after-years have to mourn over the little resistance which they then made to vice, and the easy readiness with which they fell a prey to the tempter. What then should we expect from a boy of fourteen?

Nor were his perils simply of an intrinsic order. Wadham was at that time rather notorious in the University as a gay College. To be then a student of Wadham marked a man whose tastes and associates were likely to be the opposite of what was studious, not to say moral. Here then we have a mere boy, launched amongst a set of men gay and dissolute.

His youth and inexperience were alone sufficient to attract their notice, and they set themselves wickedly and systematically to work, to destroy what they did not possess.

Speaking after the manner of men, their success was certain. Over and above the proneness towards evil, which there is in the "desperately wicked" hearts of all, there was in my father naturally a particular dislike of singularity, and an extreme sensitiveness of ridicule. Few are wont to feel more acutely than he felt the remarks and the conduct of others; few who detected sooner the curl of the lip, or the sneer upon the countenance; few who wished more ardently to stand well with his companions, and to be commended by his associates because he did as they did. We do not wonder, therefore, that as soon as he commenced residence in Oxford, he wore powder, the fashion of the day. His great desire was not to be thought a boy. He would shew that he not only had a taste for all the amusements and recreations, the pursuits and pleasures of his fellow-students, but that, so far from being backward in his capacity for enjoying them, he could easily maintain his footing with those who were far his seniors, and not unfrequently take the lead.

The early part of his College life was spent chiefly on the river by day, and at the wine party by night. Boating was his favourite occupation. This he followed with a recklessness of peril, that for him to have escaped the fatal consequences of his ardour, shews the superintending hand of God watching over his safety. It was when the gunwale of the boat was under water that he thoroughly enjoyed the excitement; and his College companions on the landing-place have greeted his arrival with, "We knew it was Evans's boat in the distance, for no other but he would have ventured such a day." With a disposition so eager, and a sensitiveness so keen, surrounded too by no ordinary temptations, as he was, the dangers to which he was exposed were extreme; but God left him not to himself in this hour of need. Conscience, though not savingly enlightened by the Holy Spirit, was not altogether silent. In the midst of the most hilarious scenes it told him this was not happiness; there was an aching void, which loud laughter and boisterous merri-

ment could not fill; and referring in after-life to these College days, have I heard him say, when the last lingerer of the large and jovial party which had revelled in his rooms had left, he has often looked round on the vacant seats and empty glasses, laid his head upon the table, and wept abundantly.

We have already alluded to one feature in his character, which the God who gave it made use of to preserve him from evil—the singular delicacy of his mind. There can be no question this kept him from many a gross sin and act of profligacy, of which his companions in other things boasted, glorying in their shame. But there was another check which God in His tender goodness applied to keep him from open iniquity, *the power of a mother's love.* This he has often spoken of, as having an influence over him during his College life which he could not describe. He loved his mother devotedly, and she was in every way worthy of his love, for a mother more fond and more judicious perhaps could nowhere be found.

In addition to this ardent affection on the part of her son, at the time he was at Oxford as an undergraduate, her life was often in imminent peril. Her lungs had been for some time seriously affected, and she suffered continually from hæmorrhage. On more than one occasion an express messenger on horseback from Salisbury summoned him, as they all thought, to her dying bed. The immediate danger however passed away, and he returned to Oxford. Still the uncertain tenure of his mother's life served to keep her continually present before him, and this was unquestionably another instrument in the hands of God of preserving him from much sin. Once, led on by designing companions, he was induced to enter a place of peculiar temptation; and the thought of his mother's distress, could she know his position at that moment, darted into his mind and filled him with indescribable awe; he rushed from the house, and neither raillery nor entreaty could ever lead him again into similar temptation.

Although the set of men with whom my father was intimate in the first terms of his residence at Oxford belonged to the less serious and thoughtful members of the University, yet God did

not leave him altogether without those who would give him better counsel; and the word of admonition, spoken in kindness, addressed to one sensitive as he was, would not be spoken in vain. The pencil mark placed in the open volume left upon the table, "Novels, Evans! novels, always novels!" for a time turned his thoughts into a soberer channel. Nor can I forget the impression which he has told me the following incident made upon him. It was no uncommon thing in the University for a student who wished to escape chapels and lectures to have his name entered on the "Æger" list, though his health was good, and he had no shadow of title to the indulgence. This list properly contained the names of such as had a fair claim to exemption from duties on the plea of illness, and was kept by the Bible clerk of the College. My father had been really suffering from indisposition when his name was, of course, rightly entered on the roll. I do not now remember whether he was, strictly speaking, convalescent, when he asked the proper officer to continue his name upon the paper. His reply was, "Mr Evans, I saw you out on horseback yesterday, and I scarcely think I should be justified in returning you as æger to-day." In vain my father replied that horse exercise was recommended to him. "Mr Evans, you will pardon me, I know you were out at dinner last evening; late hours are not good for invalids, I *cannot* report you as æger." The frank honesty of the man struck him much. There was an integrity in the objection, and an upright candour in the explanation, which my father respected instantly. In after-days he loved him; he was the late William Howels, of Long-acre Chapel.

Thus, sometimes from one quarter and sometimes from another, he received the word of warning. Nor, indeed, did his residence in Oxford extend over any length of time before he was delivered from those more perilous temptations which assailed his opening University career. God put it into the heart of one, his senior in standing and in age, to warn him seriously of his danger. Well acquainted with the character of those who designed to ruin the youthful student, his determination was, if possible, to save him. He ceased not, therefore, to

point out the evils connected with their association, the perils to which it exposed him, and the certain consequences of such ungodly intimacy. Nor did he give him rest till he had succeeded in the object he had resolved to effect, for, under his influence, my father was introduced to a better set of men. These formed his after-associates, and he severed at once and for ever, the connexion with his former friends.

During the years that he was at Oxford there were not the same inducements to mental exertion or studious application, which are presented to the willing scholar of the present day. If it had not been for what were termed voluntary exhibitions, my father has frequently said, he should have been a thoroughly idle man. But, to a certain extent, preparation for these made him work, and what is more, when the hour of examination came, they made him pray. "The first time I think I knew what prayer was, was just previous to these examinations. They drove me to my knees." Who can tell whether God was not at this time at work secretly upon his heart, drawing him to Himself, by shewing He was a prayer-answering God, when nothing more than temporal success was the subject of request? Verily He would cause him to "see greater things than these."

On May 26, 1803, he took his degree of B.A., having just completed his eighteenth year,—a period of life when most would now be commencing, not concluding, their ordinary College course. A marked improvement has taken place in this particular since the commencement of the present century. We have no longer boys of fourteen at either Oxford or Cambridge. The effect of the course of reading, and style of examination, now adopted in both Universities, has tended most wisely to postpone a young man's entering into residence; and with the later entrance as an undergraduate follows, of course, the later degree as a bachelor. Still, even for that day, he both entered and graduated at a much earlier age than the majority of young men, his cotemporaries; and he was familiarly termed in the University the boy-bachelor.

Two years later, being then twenty years of age, he became Fellow of his College, and was in a sense his own master, and

possessed of an ample and independent income. In endeavouring to trace the dealings of the Spirit of God with my father during his later continuance at Oxford, we think we can discover evidences of His work traceable here and there. Throughout this time, he was really a stranger to the simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, although there was considerable attention paid to the outward forms of religion. It was customary in his day (a custom which, I believe, no longer exists), to require all the resident members of a college to attend the holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper once a quarter. A compulsory attendance at the table of the Lord we can speak of as nothing less than a solemn profanation of the highest privilege of the children of God. In former years, however, all did not thus regard it; and in accordance with the College custom, my father had to partake of the Holy Communion four times in the year. It proved that he was not insensible altogether to the *obligations*, at least, resting upon those who would draw near with faith, and take that holy Sacrament to their comfort, who would profess the remembrance of sin to be grievous, and the burthen intolerable, that previous to the quarterly celebration of the Lord's Supper in the College Chapel, he would refuse invitations to dinner parties, make solemn resolutions to lead a holier life, set apart time for reading the Word of God, and attempt to qualify himself by offering up prayers suitable and appropriate to the approaching festival. But when "Sacrament Sunday" had passed away, he returned to the world as before; thereby exhibiting, in the vacillation of his own conduct, what in after-days he loved to preach, that nothing short of the constraining love of Christ can effectually wean the soul from the love of the world.

The first event in my father's life, which really led him to think seriously concerning his own state and condition, was the death of his mother. To her, as we have already seen, he was most tenderly attached. The many hours of trembling anxiety through which he had often passed before he could reach her apparently dying bed, kept open continually the springs of his tenderest affection; and during the later years of her waning

life, much of his vacation time had been spent in her chamber, rendering to her those grateful attentions, which tend at once to cheer the heart of the sufferer, and to endear the object of solicitude. Indeed, his devotedness to his mother was so unremitting, there can be little doubt his unceasing anxiety concerning her, as she gradually sank under the disorder which at the last terminated her life, for a time materially affected his own health.

Almost immediately after he had taken his bachelor's degree, I find the following extract in his father's diary :—"Monday, July 4, 1803.—Am greatly depressed in mind about my ever to be beloved wife, who is in a very dangerous state. Dr Fowler has visited her morning and evening." Again :—"Tuesday, the 5th.—Did the evening duty at the Cathedral ; found on my return Mrs Evans had thrown up more blood. Dr Fowler was sent for. My son came from Oxford ; he is much distressed." "Wednesday, the 6th.—Mrs Evans lies in a distressed, melancholy way, and is gradually sinking. James Evans was taken at breakfast in an hysteric fit ; Mrs Evans continues in a kind of stupor ; she has seen James Evans, but could not bear to see any of us long." Mrs Evans continued long in this state, sinking and rallying.

These protracted scenes of suffering, when hope and fear were alternately in the ascendant, naturally told upon her son. We cannot be surprised that when at the last she was delivered from the burden of the flesh, her death should seriously affect his health. Great fears were entertained by his dearest relatives that the mother's disease had fastened itself upon the son. Forty years afterwards I have heard my father, referring to this period of his life, say, "You see in me the beneficial effects of preaching. Shortly after my mother's death I had pains in the chest, profuse perspiration at night, a thin spare body, and all the symptoms of incipient consumption." Who that looked at my father's stout athletic frame, and heard his rich, powerful voice in the pulpit of John Street Chapel, could have thought that, as a young man, he was considered consumptive ?

Many of his friends, in later life, have known of his attach-

ment to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The associations connected with this place, as will hereafter be seen, were neither few nor small. And among the first was the benefit which he derived from some months' residence at this watering-place after his mother's decease. He was ordered to spend his days upon the water. This served both to change the current of his thoughts, and to invigorate his frame, and, by the blessing of God, was the means of restoring him to a much improved state of health; so that he returned to Oxford restored in body, but with a spirit saddened and subdued.

It must have been shortly after this that the first ray of light entered his mind, direct from Him who said, "Let there be light, and there was light." In bed, in the quiet stillness of the night, his sins came before him for judgment, and he said inwardly to himself, "If I pray, will God hear such a wretch as I am?" Like many another sinner whom Christ has afterwards drawn to Himself, he cast his soul on the venture, he began to pray, and found soon that God heard and answered prayer. He had no human instructor. No Ananias to tell him what the will of the Lord was. Amongst his College friends there were none who could aid his imperfect sight or direct his uncertain feet. The Great Teacher taught him; the Guide into all truth Himself instructed him in the way that he should go. He led him to search the Scriptures, and there, comparing his own heart and life with the perfect standard of the law of God, he was compelled to acknowledge himself a sinner, while the way of salvation he knew not. Thus did the Spirit of God commence His work by convincing of sin.

"You have not broken the commandments; you have kept them one and all, my son," was the vain comfort with which his father sought to cheer his wounded and agitated spirit, when, in bitterness of soul on his return home at the following vacation, he made known the discoveries he had made. His fond parent knew nothing of feelings such as those which now were distracting the peace of his beloved child, and the calling back to his recollection an unbroken course of past dutiful conduct and affectionate obedience availed but little. The wounds which sin

had made were too deep for treatment such as this. No mention of popularity amongst his friends, or the high character that he bore amongst his large circle of acquaintances, could administer balm to his broken and contrite heart. Seeking peace and finding none he sorrowed on, and life became a weariness; till at length his father, utterly unconscious what sin his son could have committed which was thus harassing his conscience, was not without inward fears (as he afterwards expressed) that the child whom he loved was becoming deranged.

Possessed with this thought, it seemed to him there was but one line of conduct to take, and he endeavoured, as many in similar circumstances have attempted, to divert his mind by society and successive amusements. His love for his unhappy child made him fill his house week after week with the gayest company which the city afforded. His one desire was to save his son—to save him, as he thought, from a confirmed despondency. But the impressions wrought upon the mind by the Holy Spirit of God are not thus to be effaced. The arrow of conviction once fixed is not so easily to be taken out, and in later years he has pointed to a summer-house in his father's garden whither at this time he loved to retire, and where, unseen, saving by Him who seeth in secret, the only relief that he could find was in pouring out his soul in bitter tears to God. In this state of mind he continued for some time, and God all the while was deepening His own work in his soul. Failing human counsellor, he sought in books to find the peace he longed for, and eagerly turned over volume after volume in his father's library, hoping that some other once unhappy soul, who had experienced the distress of mind through which he was now passing, might have described the means by which he found comfort at the last. It was a vain search. The books upon his father's shelves were not likely to be of a class which could teach an anxious inquirer the way of acceptance. Whither must he go for guidance? Eagerly thirsting for knowledge, longing to understand the secret of forgiveness, to whom was he to apply for instruction? Peace of soul he yearned to obtain, but there could be no peace without pardon—the pardon must precede the peace, or the peace could

not satisfy the want of his soul. About this time, however, he fell in with Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion*, and this book was made of essential service to him. In what way he became possessed of it does not appear, but none can doubt it was the direct finger of God which led him to that source of spiritual instruction. He gained much insight into evangelical truth by reading its pages. He felt that it could teach him what he sought for better than any other book he knew of. It formed his constant companion in the summer-house. Page after page unfolded the very truth he had been labouring to discover, and in after-life, speaking of the means whereby God brought him in due time to the knowledge of Himself, he always referred to this book as having been made a great help to him.

Although, however, my father's mind was at this time certainly imbued with a sense of the importance of salvation, and his religious feelings were deep, yet he was not brought till some years after this to close simply and confidingly with the offers of salvation presented to the sinner in a crucified and risen Saviour. It was not the first time when Peter saw Jesus on the plains of Bethabara that he forsook all and followed Him. Oft-times the Lord speaks to the soul once and again, and there are many callings before comes the effectual calling. Peter went back to his nets again, and my father went back to the world.

The great desire now of all who loved him was to divert his mind and to charm away his melancholy by ceaseless amusements. He often spent his vacations with his uncle and aunt, and many a round of joyous recreations did they form for his especial benefit. At one time visiting London for three weeks by himself, he went eighteen times to the theatre. His great aim appeared to be to drown reflection and drive all seriousness of mind into banishment. When brought within the vortex of amusement, so willingly was he swallowed up in it, that, coming sooner than he had calculated upon to the end of his resources, and still thirsting for the world's pleasures, he parted with his watch to replenish his purse. But the Lord had taken him in

hand, a good work had been commenced in his heart, and the imperishable seed there sown was not to be choked.

A visit of a few hours which he made to Oxford in the year 1845, when staying in the neighbourhood, may be mentioned here, when each spot of his early remembrance was gone over and pointed out to those who were with him. It was during the long vacation, and the young men being absent, he sat for a long time in the beautiful gardens of his old College, dwelling upon the scenes which had passed there, and at length, with deep emotion repeated the text, "Great is Thy mercy toward me, and Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." (Ps. lxxxvi. 13.) This text has been found since his death marked in his Bible, with the words "Wadham Garden" written opposite to it. He kept an engraving of the College hanging in his private room at John Street Chapel, whither he always retired after preaching, and was in the habit of often pointing to it, with strong expressions of wonder and admiration at the grace of God, who had rescued him from destruction, and committed to him the ministry of reconciliation.

CHAPTER II.

ORDINATION—EARLY CURACIES—MARRIAGE—MINISTRY AT MILFORD.

We are now approaching the time of his ordination, and, as that event drew near, he felt deeply the solemnity of the vows he was about to make. He was not one who could feel it was a light matter to say before God that he was inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him that holy office. One who was a student at Oxford towards the later years of my father's residence there, and who, when he was afterwards at Milford, was on terms of great intimacy with him (they occasionally exchanging pulpits with each other), writes thus: "We met, I recollect, the one going to, and the other from, the place of examination for Bishop Moss's Ordination in 1808, and he asked me to breakfast with him at Wadham on the day of ordination, Trinity Sunday, June 12th. It was then that I had the first thought of there being anything serious in him, and he spoke of having found Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* of much use to him."

Entrance into holy orders was, alas! in that day obtained without much difficulty; and although, in all probability, he was better qualified than the most of those examined with him, for taking the ordination vow, the fact of his being a Fellow was considered abundant proof of his scholarship, and little evidence of any other kind was required. Often since has he mourned over, what was then so common, the lax and easy admission into the sacred duties of a minister of Christ; and even at the period of his taking orders, he felt that more was needed than the know-

ledge of Greek and Latin, and a College testimonial. "Mr Evans, it is almost a matter of form to put a Fellow of a college upon his examination; there can be little question as to his being well qualified for orders," shewed scarcely the spirit which even then my father could believe suited to an examining chaplain. And he has spoken of the fact of his ordination, as being another instrument in the hands of God, in bringing him to greater seriousness of mind, and a more real consideration of holy things. His first sermon was preached the Sunday following the ordination, at the small church of Worldham, in Hampshire, belonging to his uncle.

Few, saving those who have been on terms of near intimacy with the subject of this Memoir, have conceived his constitutional shyness and natural timidity. These qualities distinguished him even to the last. Many years' acquaintance with London could not eradicate them. The standing up, week after week, in the presence of large congregations, did not alter this inherent constitution of his mind. While at Oxford, he has not unfrequently gone out of the chapel with the handkerchief applied to his face, when it was his turn to read the lesson for the day, thereby escaping from what was to him an unwelcome, because a public office, under pretence of a bleeding nose. And he has quoted it as a proof of his nervousness in preaching, that, although at Little Worldham, he had nothing before him but a few red cloaks and smock-frocks, and every word of his sermon was written in full, yet that he always took with him a vial of wine in his pocket, which he never omitted to drink on the road, to brace him up to the effort of appearing in the desk, and in the pulpit. Let the reader compare this fact with the saying of one, who, standing up without a note of his sermon before him, in the presence of many hundreds of eager and most intelligent listeners, declared often, "I do not regard my congregation more than so many cabbage-stumps." And if the young minister desire to know the secret of this insensibility to man, we would recommend earnestly the practice he adopted—careful preparation, diligent prayer, and an abiding remembrance that he was standing between the living and the dead. The natural

temperament may remain much the same, but the sense of the near and immediate presence of God will make the preacher forget much of the presence of man. I can conceive of no one who more lost sight of every person and every thing, save the message he was delivering, than he did of whom it may be said, in sincerity and truth, even to the close of his life, he loved the shade, and sought not the gaze of the world. Often, when he has been asked, after preaching in his chapel at John Street, "Did you observe such an individual amongst your hearers to-day?" his reply has been, "I could not tell you the names of two persons present out of the whole congregation."

In May 1809, he was at Worplesdon, in Surrey, near Guildford, but here he did not remain long, for he soon after entered upon the curacy of Enville, in Staffordshire. Some years after he wrote a tract, "The Old Man and his Grand-daughter at E——." The circumstances as therein related were supposed to have occurred in this place. His rector was resident, and unwittingly was made the instrument of great good to him. Their custom was to divide the duty between them, the one taking the prayers, while the other took the sermon. Shortly after my father commenced his labours, his rector, anxious to give a younger man than himself the benefit of his longer experience, said he considered that he took much unnecessary trouble in composing and preaching his own discourses, and told him that he always read his sermon from a printed book, adding that his library was at his service. "I usually preach Blair's Sermons, Mr Evans, but, from what I have heard of your preaching, I should say that Cooper would suit you best." He was a kind-hearted man (little competent, as he showed himself to be, to advise a young minister), and fully meant that his counsel should be followed. Acordingly he sent him *Doctrinal Sermons*, by the Rev. Edward Cooper, and it was the perusal of this book, which led his mind to comprehend and embrace the blessed and fundamental doctrine of Justification by faith alone.

In the same year, 1809, he formed an engagement with Caroline Joyce, younger daughter of Thomas Joyce, Esq., of Freshford House, near Bath, and it was in the prospect of this

union that he resigned the curacy of Enville. He had now an additional reason for obtaining a field of labour in the south of England, Staffordshire being too far removed both from his own relatives and hers, to make it any longer a desirable position. His father's purpose was to buy him an advowson, and many negotiations were entered into in consequence. None, however, seemed likely, at that time, to be brought to a successful conclusion. And it was finally determined that the marriage should take place without waiting till an advowson was obtained. Meanwhile he undertook the curacy of Milford, a retired village on the coast of Hampshire, and the marriage was solemnized in April 1810.* In the selection of my mother, God led him in His love and wisdom to one pre-eminently qualified to strengthen his hands, as well as to cheer his heart, in the great work of evangelizing the parish. Her mind and body were equally well adapted to the labour. The natural zeal and persevering activity of the former induced her to enter ardently into all his plans, and at the same time to follow out many of her own; in addition to which, she possessed a frame singularly incapable of fatigue. Few of her sex could physically put forth the same amount of exertion, so that her assistance to a laborious minister in breaking up fallow ground was invaluable.

"His marriage," writes one well competent to judge, "was a most important epoch in his life. The wife whom God gave him was a woman of uncommon ardour, perseverance, industry, and devotedness. Like himself, she had possessed few advan-

* Shortly after the death of my beloved mother, in 1831, an advertisement appeared in the *Record* newspaper, announcing that a short account of her life would be published. It gives me true gratification to write, that, although this memoir never was published, yet my father completed it to a considerable extent. Writing for the press was always with him a matter of singular labour, arising from the dissatisfaction he always felt in the productions of his own pen, and the scarcely ceasing emendations which, consequently, he made upon the original draught. The readers of this volume will know how to make allowance for an unfinished manuscript, and which, I ought to add, I have sometimes found it very difficult to decipher; but as this is the only portion which at all approaches to an autobiography, as he never kept any kind of diary himself, the insight into his own life and character in connexion with his beloved wife, which the letters afford, must prove deeply interesting to his friends. His own biography of my dear mother will be found at the close of this memoir. It was addressed to the church of Christ and congregation worshipping in John Street, King's Road.

tages of religious training; but, with entire conscientiousness and singleness of motive, she was now earnestly following the Lord, and scrupulously acting up to the light she had obtained; and they began their married life, determined, by the grace of God, to walk in His ways, and, with diligence and self-denial, to lay themselves out for the good of the parish. They had both been brought to renounce their own righteousness and to receive Christ as their only hope, but to the freeness and consequent obligations of the Gospel they were strangers; and, while Mr Evans preached Christ crucified as the only way of salvation for the sinner, he knew nothing of the sovereign and unmerited love of God, nor did he set forth the Saviour in His work and offices, as he was led to do in the subsequent part of his ministry in the place here assigned him."

"On first settling at Milford," the same authority continues, "Mr Evans found himself without any brother clergyman in the neighbourhood to whom he could look for example and encouragement, or of whom he could ask counsel; nor was there any religious society. All the persons who showed attention and kindness to him and Mrs Evans were completely worldly in their tastes and habits. Dinner-parties were declined, as consuming too much time and unsuitable to their pursuits; but in the evening parties, where music and singing were the attraction, they soon became favourites, as they both had fine taste in these. Songs, both English and Italian, occupied the part of the evening during which they were present, but, as they retired early, the card-table was not introduced till they had left.

"In the following year their happiness was much increased by the birth of a son; but it proved the source of much sorrow, for the infant, after languishing for some time, died before the expiration of its first twelvemonth. The distress of the parents on this occasion was great; and, to the bitterness arising from the loss of their first-born, many misgivings were added, doubtless brought to their minds by the Spirit of truth, as to whether the line of conduct they had adopted had been sufficiently decided, and likely, therefore, to effect that which had been their aim,—the glorifying of God and bringing souls to Christ.

"As Mr Evans rode over the wide commons to the distant hamlets of his parish, he would weep at the thought of the souls that were perishing, as he conceived, through his own want of faithfulness.

"During this season of trouble his attention was directed to a volume of sermons, by the Rev. John Hill. It has since been republished, but the book at that time was very scarce, and was given him by a Christian parishioner in humble life, who saw and felt for his distress. He read it; and, as he studied it, the Spirit of God poured in a flood of light upon his mind, and he was led to see the glorious doctrines of grace for the first time. His soul was quieted, comforted, and strengthened; he embraced these truths with a delight which could only be felt by one who had gone through his previous exercises of mind. No sooner did he receive them than he began to preach them; and this change in the character of his ministry was not long in producing a marked effect. An awakening in the parish commenced, which, though small in its beginning, was the precursor of a large blessing.

"A young man who was sinking of consumption was converted, and, after giving good evidence to his minister and the neighbours around, of the sincerity of his profession, died in peace. Shortly after this a number of persons were aroused at nearly the same time to a sense of their danger, and Mr Evans and his wife found themselves surrounded by inquirers thirsting for instruction in the way of life. The church was crowded with eager listeners, and the evening lectures at the vicarage were thronged by those who were earnestly asking what they must do to be saved. The visiting among the people became an arduous, though a delightful employment, to which Mr and Mrs Evans devoted a large portion of their time; and on the days when they were so engaged, their arrival was anxiously anticipated, and the cottagers might be seen watching their approach, and coming out from their humble dwellings to welcome them. No time was wasted in conversing on other subjects than the all-engrossing one,—the salvation of the soul; the Bible was brought out, the neighbours assembled, and exposition and

prayer followed. The Sunday-school partook of the blessing, and many of the children were decidedly converted.

"The conversions, though not entirely confined to the poor, were principally among this class; and their simplicity, life, and fervour, were most instructive. The Sunday was scrupulously set apart as a day of sacred rest, and pleasant it was to see the happy worshippers pursuing their way through the fields and lanes to hear the Word of life. In harvest time the Bible was carried into the field with the daily provision of the family, and, while resting during the heat of noon, one would read it aloud to the rest. The rapid growth of these new converts was surprising, as was also their peace and joy in believing; like the early Christians, walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, they were multiplied. That all this was not mere excitement, the years that have since elapsed have abundantly proved."

This was a most interesting portion of my father's life. He who alone orders the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, was pleased to own his ministry in the pulpit, and to bless his labours in the parish, to an extent not often witnessed in the present day, within the same space of time. During the five years that he laboured in the church at Milford, not less than a hundred souls were converted.

For some time the fruit did not appear. Indeed, it was not till he was led to preach distinctly the wide difference between the Church and the world, that the Spirit of God condescended to apply that Word with power to the consciences of his hearers. Then the effect became apparent. It proclaimed itself. Souls were converted, and a great change throughout the parish commenced. The light which broke into Milford was a marvellous light, all the more conspicuous because the previous state of the inhabitants had been a state of gross moral darkness. In estimating the triumphs of God's grace at this time, through the earthly instrument, it should be duly borne in mind that, from its secluded position on the southern coast, many of the cottagers were professedly smugglers, while, from its proximity to the New Forest, no small number subsisted by poaching.

Those who know the natural enmity of the human heart to the holiness and purity of the Gospel, will not marvel that my father's earliest labours among the people should have stirred up a feeling of bitter opposition on the part of those, over whose souls his spirit yearned. Many scoffed, though some believed. On more than one occasion, men, who subsequently were brought by the Spirit as penitents to the foot of the cross, dared him to repeat his visit to their cottage; and even threatened him with personal violence, if he presented himself a second time at their door. I remember hearing him speak of a remarkable instance. One, now, we trust, "present with the Lord," told him of the wild passion, and the fury approaching to madness, which he had shown to his wife, when he heard in the evening, on his return from work, that my father had been at his house during the day. Bitterly did he express to her his disappointment that he had not caught him there, for, he added, "I had the pitchfork ready." Yet was it out of materials such as these rude and unpolished stones, that the Lord formed for himself at Milford, a holy people and a spiritual house. A little company of the Lord's children were called out from the deep ungodliness around them, and soon the church grew and multiplied. Referring, in conversation with a friend, to the progress of the good work which the Lord had commenced, and was then carrying on rapidly in his parish, he said, "I hope it is not wrong to number Israel, but I cannot help it." And then he would go through his parish in detail, cottage after cottage, and calling over the names of their inmates, enumerate one after another, yea, two and three in a household, to whom the Holy Ghost had been pleased to apply the Word spoken and preached. Glory be to Him to whom the glory is due.

It will not be a matter of surprise that the result of these unequivocal, though unostentatious, triumphs of the preaching of the Gospel, should thus rouse the enmity of the great adversary of souls. One then resident at Milford writes, "Satan soon stirred up at Milford a bitter spirit of opposition to Mr Evans personally, and also to those who had received the Gospel which he declared. The former was manifested by some of the

principal gentry leaving the church as soon as the prayers were over, before the commencement of the sermon, or by ceasing altogether to attend, and placing a padlock on the pew they had occupied; and the latter by some of the farmers refusing to employ the labourers who went to the services at the vicarage, while servants were discharged for the same cause. In the principal family of the parish, nine servants were turned off in one day for their religion's sake. It ought to be borne in mind, however, that there was not at this time the effort to conciliate, or the humble and loving spirit, for which in after-life Mr Evans was so remarkable. He was then young and ardent, and his unflinching and uncompromising spirit in the cause of truth led him forward, and induced errors which he afterwards saw and regretted.

"This awakening in the parish of Milford began after a time to excite some attention in the religious world. Houses in the neighbourhood were taken during the summer season by those who wished to enjoy the benefit of his ministry and society, while his preaching appeared to be made useful to some, and really was so to others, in the higher circles. A close intimacy also was formed between him and some few clergymen of Evangelical views who had come into the neighbourhood, and they frequently met for prayer and conference."

The evidence that the grace of God is at work in the heart is seen perhaps in no particular more distinctly, than in the anxiety which is manifested for the salvation of the souls of men generally. This is a tolerably safe test of the reality of religious principles, both individually and ministerially. The devotedness in a parish, which may win the respect of all who behold it, and the self-denying labours for the welfare of others, which may form a perfect pattern of good works, it is possible may emanate from other and less worthy motives, than the genuine disinterested conviction of the infinite preciousness of the immortal soul. Desire for the praise of man, pride of office, a natural turn for activity, and the love of seeing things in order, have before now produced large perceptible results in a parish, particularly where the zeal of a newly-appointed minister must of necessity form a

favourable contrast with the inactivity and supineness of a predecessor. An incident which occurred during my father's ministerial superintendence at Milford, proved it was not merely the welfare of his own parish that interested him, but the salvation of men's souls, wherever gathered together, which he intensely longed after. The incumbent of Sopley, a village twelve miles distant from Milford, being desirous to leave home for a time, made some efforts among his neighbours to obtain temporary help during his expected absence. My father heard of his wish, and also of his failing to obtain the assistance he required. Immediately he wrote to him, offering to give his parish an evening service for so long as he wished to be away. And for nearly two months did my father, after his own full services at Milford and Hordle, drive over a distance of twenty-four miles there and back, and preach the Gospel which he loved to those in a distant parish, with which he had no connexion. Great blessing accompanied this labour of love, and many souls in Sopley were converted. In one family alone, seven were turned from the error of their way.

The friend to whose personal acquaintance with the facts I am indebted for the knowledge of this circumstance, told me of the astonishment which the clergyman at Sopley, a worldly man, expressed, that my father should offer to take duty for nothing. After he returned, my father begged to be allowed to continue a weekly lecture, which astonished him all the more. He gave him leave to do anything he liked: "What! do it for nothing? You are a generous fellow!"

Being anxious to lay before the readers of this brief sketch the fullest details in this deeply interesting portion of his life, I have to thank one of my father's earliest and most valued ministerial friends for the contribution which follows:—

"My most intimate acquaintance and most spiritual intercourse with him, was enjoyed in the years 1814 and 1815. I first met him, I think, at Mr H.'s at F——, and our acquaintance soon ripened into the most confidential and intimate friendship. I visited him frequently at Milford, and he used to visit me at Winterbourne Stoke. I have never, either before or

since, been acquainted with any man whose ministry was more blessed than his was at that time, or whose mind was more filled with the glory of Christ, and a desire to bring others to know Him, and to comfort and build up those who had already believed. He was at that time living in a remarkable separation from the world, feeling it extremely oppressive to him to have any fellowship with men who had no fellowship with God. I have sometimes questioned whether he was right in this as a disciple of Him of whom it was said, 'This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.' But no man could more tenderly and powerfully appeal to the unconverted from the pulpit than he did, and few have, I believe, been more blessed in their appeals. His great delight was, whether in his pastoral visits or his public ministry, to comfort believers and to build them up in the faith, and to enlarge upon the Godhead, and the humanity, and the grace and love of Christ Jesus his Lord. So entirely was his mind occupied and filled with the glory of Christ, that it seemed to have no room for anything else; any conversation on any other subject seemed to him irksome and impertinent, and I remember his once telling me with the greatest grief that he had met a mutual friend of ours, twice or three times for a quarter of an hour each time, and that he had not so much as mentioned the name of Christ once. Our whole time during the visits I made to him, was either occupied in prayer, or reading the Scriptures, or conversing on spiritual subjects, or in visiting those, very many in number, who had been brought through him to the knowledge of the Lord, and these we generally found walking in the light of God's countenance, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable in the salvation that had been revealed to them. I do not recollect any inconsistency at all during the years in which I was most intimate with him. He was a man of extraordinary susceptibility, and when any whom he loved differed from him, he was heavily afflicted and oppressed, but I never remember anything like heat, or anger, or acrimony. During the time in which I saw him most, which was at Milford, his care of his family, and of each servant in the house, was intense, and his labours with his flock engaged all

his time, except what was occupied in his study or in spiritual conversation. He did not like much society at that time, but rather shrunk from it, even with persons whom he thought believers in Christ, if they were not in his estimation very spiritually minded."

It is a matter of considerable regret that I have it not in my power to present to the public any of the sermons which my father wrote at this time, and which it pleased God to bless and apply to the consciences of many who had been sitting in darkness. The examination of such would, I conceive, have necessarily proved generally interesting, were the object simply to learn what was the setting forth of Divine truth, which the Holy Ghost owned in so signal a manner.

As I am unable to find amongst his papers any remains of his sermons preached at this time, I here insert two letters written to his father during the time of his holding the curacy at Milford, which will to a certain extent unfold his religious opinions, and his manner of setting them forth. A marked difference is perceptible between the first letter and the second, and this will indicate the change which his religious opinions were undergoing.

TO HIS FATHER.

Lymington, May 19, 1811.

My dearest Father,—It is with pleasure that I answer your very delightful letter; and, first of all, allow me to express my ardent hopes, that ere this your cold has bidden you adieu, and that, too, without casting one longing, lingering look behind. In the next place, I would wish to give you, as far as I am able, an exact delineation of my own religious sentiments; and I sincerely pray that the Almighty would enable me now, and at all times, to express those opinions with humility and meekness; for however erroneous my practice may be, my conviction is clear, that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God," that *his* religion is a mere empty form, that partaketh not of the nature of Him whose name is "Love." Your objections to

Calvinism I know are too deeply rooted to be easily shaken. *I* shall not make the attempt, for, believe my most solemn assertion, I am not its friend. And whenever the subject is started, and you hear me in some degree advocating its cause, impute it only to my most earnest desire to extend the right hand of fellowship and peace to so highly useful a body as our Calvinistic brethren. I confess it vexes me to the very soul to remark the indifference with which carelessness and neglect in our body are considered, and the bitterness, rancour, and malevolence with which the most active among the clergy are stigmatized, if tainted with this erroneous principle. Their sober and holy lives, their strenuous exertions in the cause of the Gospel, their active and unwearied benevolence, are nothing, although their sermons uniformly evince that holiness is the only sure test of election, sanctification of justification, conformation to the image of God of predestination to life eternal; yet, since they at all believe that election and predestination are in the counsels of the Most High, they are therefore teachers of damnable doctrines, and, by the countenances of their detractors, very little better than damnable themselves. Calvinism—if by this indefinite term should be meant the doctrines of John Calvin, whole and undefiled—I have reason to think is not believed by ten clergymen in England. I speak the opinion of one who is well acquainted with the religious world, Mr Biddulph. I will also agree with another sentiment of his, in which he sincerely wished that the term Calvinist were altogether abolished. If I were to converse with a serious clergyman, I should as willingly ask him if he were a necromancer as a Calvinist. Were he to say that it was God who, by his Holy Spirit, first led him into the way of truth; were he to say that it was God who, by his Spirit, still sustained him there; were he to say that salvation is wholly of grace, from beginning to end, I should agree with him from beginning to end. 'Tis true that I should be still more satisfied were he to say that he nevertheless had daily reason to take heed lest he fall, that with trembling he should beware lest his name be blotted out of the Book of Life.

I perfectly and cordially assent to the necessity of simplifying

the doctrines of the Gospel. The road to heaven cannot be made too plain; and though it is the Spirit of truth who can alone guide us into all truth; the appointed means of grace—and among these, religious instruction is by no means the least—are not therefore to be neglected. The plan which I have already adopted is the following:—When I first preached at Milford, I began with the importance of Holy Scripture, and the several duties of the hearer and the teacher. I then endeavoured to unfold the extent of our duty, as revealed in the commandments, in order to convince my hearers of their breach of it. The penalty incurred by that breach, even everlasting death, naturally succeeded. Following the guidance of Scripture, I wished to impress on my hearers that "the law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ," that till we really and truly feel that we have broken and are under the curse of the law, we shall never sincerely and cordially apply ourselves to Him for pardon, peace, and holiness. It has been my endeavour—God grant that in some degree I may have succeeded—to convince them, that faith is not a barren, mysterious principle; that as the dying Israelites, without applying to any human means of deliverance, looked simply to the serpent and were healed, so if we, under a deep sense of our dying condition, feeling a deep sorrow for, and hatred of, our former sins, without relying in the least on any fancied goodness of our own, earnestly implore pardon through Him who died upon the cross; pardon, reconciliation, and peace are immediately extended. I have endeavoured to assure them, on the testimony of God's own Word, that the conviction of this assurance is not to depend on feelings and impulses, but on progressive holiness; that the wilful indulgence of any one sin proves the barrenness and nullity of faith, and as the offender is not in a state of grace, he is under the curse of the violated law; that conversion, however, is a gradual work. A man may be a true convert and yet sin, but he will not allow himself in sin; he abhors it, he prays for additional grace, he strives against it, he had rather die than yield himself a willing captive. Such is my religion. May God give me grace to fulfil its extensive demands!—Yours, &c., J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS FATHER.—ON GOOD WORKS.

Milford Vicarage, February 3, 1813.

My dearest Father,—Many thanks to you for the draft and the hare. They were doubly acceptable from the assurance with which they were accompanied that you were well, and had not quite forgotten us. I grieve to think that it is now four months since we saw each other. Occupation, they say, keeps the soul from rusting; but if that were true, mine would surely be much brighter than it is, for my employments are of late more various than ever. But if occupation does not usurp the place of the spirit, it does at least something; it prevents the mind from feeding on itself—to which it is so prone; it stimulates the faculties; and, when under Divine impulse, gives evidence to others of the sincerity of faith, and fulfils the glorious work which the believer has to perform. This, I apprehend, is the sole office of works, for I can never imagine that they can yield any solid comfort to the believer himself; for this would be to suppose him taking comfort from imperfection. Let any man under the teaching of God's good Spirit take a review of any day's occupation; will he not see so much frailty, so much love and fear of the world, so much hypocrisy and sin, as to shut out all comfort from this source? Whence, then, it may be asked, is the Christian to derive his consolation and his peace? From the simplicity and the sincerity of his faith. As this faith is the gift of God and the fruit of His Spirit, and is the appointed means of justifying the sinner, whether weak or not, it must be perfect as far as it goes, and if so, cannot be tried by what is imperfect; but works are an evidence to the world of the reality of the believer's hope, and must as certainly flow from faith as fruit is gathered from a tree,—water runs from a spring. The great question, therefore, amidst all my occupation—a question which, I hope, the Spirit will bring more and more home to my heart—is this:—Is my faith a scriptural faith, or is it not? Do I really consider my sins pardoned in the blood of Christ, and that God looks upon

me as a dear child, or am I still doubting? Why should I doubt? It is not of works, lest any man should boast. Christ came to save sinners, sinners as sinners, because sinners. Why, then, should I doubt? Am I to recommend myself? Is it not said, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely?" Lord, who workest in us to will and to do, work in me that will, that seeing more and more clearly how entirely salvation is not of debt but of grace, I may, with affections set upon Thee, be more and more holy in all manner of conversation! With much gratitude ought I to acknowledge, my ever dearest father, the goodness and mercy of God in giving me to taste more and more of this inward peace and comfort. I think that I may say, and with all humility, as from a due sense of my own vast imperfections should I say it, that I have of late—since, indeed, the death of my dear child—seen a pleasantness and peace in the ways of religion to which I was before that time an entire stranger. It is not of course always thus. The evil heart of unbelief will not permit such a state of blessedness. You will be glad to hear that there is certainly an alteration for the better in different parts of the parish. There are many seemingly serious who were formerly much otherwise—I say seemingly, for appearances often deceive; fire will, however, prove whether the work be of man, or whether it be of God; whether it be hay, wood, or stubble; or gold, silver, and precious stones; the minister, however, must always hope. I shall hope to receive a good long letter from you soon, and ever believe me,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son,

J. H. EVANS.

CHAPTER III.

SECESSION FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT—DEPARTURE FROM MILFORD —COMMENCEMENT OF MINISTRY IN LONDON—ERRONEOUS VIEWS ON THE TRINITY—CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR WARDLAW—AND RECANTATION OF OPINIONS.

For the subsequent portion of this Memoir, I am indebted (as stated in the Preface) principally to the hand of another. The numerous and pressing engagements of a public order, which I have had no option of postponing, in addition to severe and protracted domestic afflictions, have combined to impede the carrying out of my earnest desire of completing this brief memoir. Both these hindrances existing in full force, I have most reluctantly, but most gratefully, availed myself of another's help. What now succeeds, is chiefly from the pen of one who possessed the most intimate opportunity of knowing my father's mind. It will be evident that, as a clergyman of the Church of England, I could not have written all that follows; but to its general accuracy I can bear testimony.

Mr Evans was permitted to prosecute his labours at Milford without interruption, till the spring of 1815. His rector, however, whose sentiments were entirely opposed to those held by Mr Evans, had been for some time past annoyed by the representations made to him by individuals who liked not the doctrines nor the practice which condemned them, and he in the spring of that year, gave him notice to quit the curacy in six months. But before that period had elapsed, that great change took place

in Mr Evans's views upon the subject of a national establishment which led to his withdrawment from its communion. He always looked back upon this time as one of the deepest trial and struggle to his mind. He did not take the step lightly, but after much thought, consideration, and prayer, and seeking advice from elder brethren in the ministry, who might, he hoped, be able to resolve his doubts, and lead him to view the subjects on which he was distressed, in some different aspect, that would permit him to remain in a communion on the side of which all his earliest feelings and strongest predilections lay. But it was in vain; the baptism of infants, the union of the Church with the State, and what he considered to be the consequent absence of holy discipline in that Church, were the points on which his judgment was convinced and his conscience pressed, and which constrained him, with some few other clergymen, to secede. In those days this was far less common than afterwards, and the sensation produced by it was great. The world suspected their motives, the minds of the evangelical clergy were deeply pained, they were accused of schism, and shunned by many with whom they had formerly walked as friends; and, as might be expected, both Mr Evans's relations and those of his wife were greatly displeased and wounded. All this was extremely painful to his sensitive and retiring mind: he loved the shade, and did not willingly come forward into notice; but it was a step which he never regretted having taken. Whatever changes may have occurred in his views in the course of his after-life, he never wavered upon this; and it becomes the more important that this statement should be distinctly made, as it was very generally believed some years since, that he was desirous of returning to the Establishment, and that it was only the three years' silence which had been imposed upon other clergymen who had seceded and desired to return, which deterred him. Some circumstances in his domestic life may have given rise to the idea, as also the love and confidence that existed between him and very many in the Established Church; for wherever he saw the image of Christ, whether in Churchman or Dissenter, he loved it. He frequently was heard to declare that he was not conscious of the

smallest increase of love towards those who held the views that he did, over others who saw differently. All his connexions, and most of his personal friends, were in the Church of England, but he was a conscientious Nonconformist to the close of his life.

We would not, however, attempt to disguise the fact, that while Mr Evans was upright and simple in his aim, he was not at this period walking softly and with a humbled spirit before his God. Probably the success which had attended his ministry had been a snare to him, and the attentions he received from some of the rich and great of this world may have contributed to produce the same effect. He and those who seceded with him felt they had made no small sacrifice for conscience' sake, and they were lifted up by it, and to this state of mind Mr Evans, in a considerable degree, traced back the errors into which he subsequently fell. Neither was his preaching at this time, nor for some years afterwards, of that strictly searching and practical nature which characterised it in the latter years of his life. He himself subsequently described his own state of mind at this period in a small work, afterwards referred to in this volume; and as no one could possibly so accurately define it, we cannot forbear introducing the following extract:—

"The doctrine of justification, or the believer's pardon and entire acceptance in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, was the principal subject which occupied my mind; and as I felt so I preached;—acceptance was the principal subject which occupied my pulpit. The sanctification of a believer was not denied: it was maintained, it was pressed, and insisted on; but I am free to confess that it did not take that prominent standing, nor assume that prominent feature in my ministry, which it maintains in the Bible. Truth had not its due proportion. Nor is this all. While I was in this state of mind, unguarded unscriptural assertions were, I doubt not, made by me from time to time. The evidence of a state of salvation was too exclusively (though it was never absolutely, as has been said) confined to the first actings of faith in coming to the Saviour, and some texts which set forth the believer's sanctification were applied to his justification, and expressions might have been used which

were unsanctifying in their principle, and unholy in their effect. But in the midst of all this, I yet maintain that the sanctification of the child of God, and actual change of principle and practice wrought by the Holy Ghost in the believer, was really held by me. I never should have esteemed any one, however accurate his creed and decent his outward deportment, a real Christian without it. I desired to experience more of it in my own soul, earnestly longed to see it more plainly exhibited in those who professed the Gospel of the Son of God, and at times earnestly preached it; and that I did not preach it more than I then did, arose not from indifference to the subject, but from a mistake, and I have reason to fear not a very uncommon mistake, that if we take care of principles in religion, holy practice is sure to follow, and that the believer needs not to be continually and minutely urged to holiness of motive and unreserved obedience of life."

In January 1816, Mr and Mrs Evans, with two infant children, quitted Milford, which had been the scene of such marked events in their lives, and went to Walford House, near Taunton, then occupied by the Rev. G. B———, one of those who had seceded with them. Here they were baptized by immersion, and remained on a visit of some months, Mr Evans preaching in the neighbouring towns and villages, conferring with those who had left the Church with him, and seeking to form plans for the future, —for they had seceded upon the impulse of conscience, without having any predetermined mode of operation. He, however, did not leave the little flock at Milford unprovided for; and we may state here, though it carries us on some years forward in his history, that he built a chapel partly at his own cost, and partly by contributions from his friends, formed a church, and sought out a pastor who might feed and watch over it. The Lord raised up a man after His own heart—the late James Turquand —who laboured there with singular diligence, fidelity, and spirituality, for twenty-one years, and under his ministry the work of conversion was carried on. As one generation passed away, their children stood up in their place, a seed to serve the Lord.

In the year 1836, Mr Turquand was cut off by typhus fever, in the prime of life and usefulness, and Mr Evans still manifested his unwavering love to the people of his early charge, by counsel and assistance in supplying the loss of their pastor. They were too poor to support a minister wholly from their own resources. He engaged, therefore, to raise £50 a-year towards this object, and preached from that time an annual sermon in his own chapel, stating their need, and laying their case before his people, which was willingly on their part responded to. He was also in the habit of visiting the place occasionally, and deeply interesting was it to witness these meetings. Many who had in former years received the Gospel from his lips, now, with their children and grandchildren, and in some instances those of the fourth generation, walking with them in the fear of the Lord, welcomed him amongst them with delight and holy joy, while he, on his part, felt the warmest interest in, and tender love for, those to whom, in the springtime of his ministerial life, God had made him so great a blessing.

Towards the close of the year 1816, Mr Evans, with his family, removed to London, as his friends urged him strongly to exercise his ministry in the metropolis. Here he preached for some months in l'Eglise Suisse, St Giles's, which was soon crowded to excess.

A letter addressed to his father, shortly after his coming to London, will be read here with interest.

TO HIS FATHER.—ON HIS FIRST COMING TO LONDON.

Upper Baker Street, Portman Square,
Dec. 2, 1816.

MY EVER DEAREST FATHER,—As you will be desirous of knowing how and where I am settled, I write on almost the first leisure day since my arrival. We came here, that is, to town, on Tuesday week last. Mr Kemp was kind enough to lend us his house till we had accommodated ourselves with lodgings, and consequently we remained there for nearly a fortnight. The lodgings which we now have are airy, clean, and quiet, three

great recommendations in this place, and here in all probability we shall remain, till we can meet with a house to suit us, which I trust we shall do before Christmas. We have reason to be thankful that we are both well, although the children have been poorly.

You may easily imagine that, nurtured as I have been in the shade and retirement of the country, it appears rather strange to find myself on a sudden in the midst of smoke and bustle and noise. But so much are we inclined to reconcile ourselves to that which is unavoidable, that even already do I begin to disregard the inconveniences, and behold only the advantages of residing in London. As I cannot but think that as my coming here was in no single point of view the result of my own choice, He whom I desire to serve, and who seems to have opened a door for me, by inclining one who a little time since was a perfect stranger, to build a chapel for me, has work for me to do in this great city; and though I feel my own littleness and insufficiency for the situation, yet, blessed be God, His arm is not shortened, nor is His ear heavy. I have found Him sufficient hitherto in every difficulty, and He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Many thanks to you for your last kind letter, which I found most dear and delightful to my heart. The very thought of an union of sentiment in any degree with one so very, very dear to me as my beloved father is, whose very image seems entwined round every corner of my heart, is so precious to me, that none can enter into my feelings but those who love their last remaining parent as I do mine. Believing as I do that it is the Spirit's work to lead the soul to rest for salvation on the blood and righteousness of Christ, to strip it of all dependence on self, its own wretched works, its own polluted righteousness, it was indeed sweeter than honey or the honey-comb, to hear my dear father discard everything but the merit of Christ for the salvation of the soul. You much misunderstand my religious views, be assured, if you suppose that to be a Calvinist is with me the one thing needful. Far from it. Much as I value, at least desire to value, those views of truth which are stigmatized as

Calvinistic, yet the great foundation stone of the building, the keystone of the arch, the mainspring of the whole machine, the hinge on which all turns, is salvation by Christ alone—salvation of grace, not of works, lest man should boast. He who builds here, builds wisely, builds safely, builds for ever, for "he that believeth on the Son of God *hath* everlasting life." He who builds here gives God the glory, for he believes the record which God hath given of his Son. And as to good works, he that builds here builds upon that only foundation which can support them, for 'tis the sight of God by faith in Christ Jesus, which can alone lead the soul forth in acts of obedience. As to John Calvin, I am no follower of his. I desire to follow One indeed whom John Calvin followed, but this is all. Oh! when will those days come, when party names, party distinctions, party separations shall cease! Were it not that He who directeth all things according to His own will, directeth all things wisely and well, one might say that too long have the Samaritans had no dealing with the Jews.

Ever believe me,
Your truly affectionate and grateful Son,
J. H. EVANS.

Mr Evans's doctrine and pulpit talents attracted many, while others were drawn by curiosity and the novelty of his position; but his health gave way, which compelled him to discontinue public engagements for a time, and visit Malvern, Brighton, and other places, for restoration. On his return to London, he engaged the chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, where he first formed a church.

In the meanwhile Mr Henry Drummond, M.P., was seeking a site on which to build a chapel for him, in which, after some effort, he succeeded, and the spacious building in John Street, Gray's Inn Lane, was erected solely by Mr Drummond's liberality, and given to Mr Evans for his life. In October 1818, it was sufficiently advanced towards completion to allow of his preaching in it, and a congregation soon gathered.

We enter now upon a period of Mr Evans's life which de-

mands peculiar delicacy on the part of his biographer, while it was one of such vast importance in itself, and exerted so powerful an influence over the whole of his subsequent character and ministry, that we feel constrained to enter somewhat largely into it. We shall, however, in doing so, present it nearly in his own words, from a small work published by him some years since, but probably little known to the Christian public.*

We may first remark, what can scarcely have escaped the observation of the reader, that the theological education of Mr Evans had been lacking in system. His divinity was simply the fruit of his piety, and had been obtained, from time to time, by the adaptation of the discoveries of the Gospel to his spiritual necessities; and the knowledge thus acquired was faithfully and affectionately dispensed in his ministry.

Theological education, as such, formed no portion of the training of candidates for the ministry at the universities in the days of his College life. Examination in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and in the Evidences of Christianity, was indeed required before taking orders, but this was all. It was indispensable as a qualification for professional life, that a learned or liberal education should be acquired; but this being attained, other considerations generally determined the course of study which was to prepare for the actual work of the ministry, if, indeed, any were deemed needful.

His associations at this time were peculiar and exclusive, being chiefly, if not entirely, with men as inexperienced as himself, and as little aware of the heresies which infest the Church of Christ; and however highly educated they might be in other respects, and truly devoted to God, were neither qualified to detect nor to refute the sophistries by which we shall find him entangled.

Soon after leaving the Establishment and coming to London, circumstances occurred which led him to oppose certain statements, which went to assert that Jesus the man was God *by the indwelling of the Father*, and it was not till after he was engaged in this controversy that he began to discover that the doctrine

* "Letters to a Friend." Nisbet, 1826.

of the Trinity was one to which he had never really devoted his attention. He had simply received it, together with the other truths of the Gospel, and preached them as he found them. But disputable questions concerning the niceties of any point in divinity had little occupied his thoughts, nor was his transparent and ingenuous mind at this time subject to the discipline, in the absence of which controversies on abstruse subjects are full of danger.

The error under consideration, essentially Sabellianism, was a novelty to Mr Evans, and the refutations of it, which were scattered about in many works of standard theology, were equally so. He at first rejected it as a novelty, but shortly after this the works of Dr Watts fell into his hands, and being read by him with the respect which his piety and talents were calculated to inspire, his mode of reasoning on the subject appeared to be at once so conclusive, and to furnish the solution to so many difficulties, that he yielded to it, and this appears to have been, in no small degree, the means of leading him, for the time, to the denial of the distinction of Persons in the Godhead. In 1819, he was induced, partly by the solicitations of some of his friends who agreed with him on these points, and partly from the wish that what he considered to be the truth of God should have a wider circulation than could be effected through the medium of his pulpit, to publish his views on the subject, under the title of *Dialogues on Important Subjects*. The sentiments contained in that book he subsequently discovered and declared to be subversive of the real Deity of the Son of God, and infinitely derogatory to his true dignity and majesty; and that the Holy Spirit, being denied to be a Divine Person, is denied as to all His own personal Deity and glory; and yet the bare possibility of such a conclusion, as an inference to be drawn from the premises which he held, was far from his contemplation. Because he did not deny the work of the Spirit upon the heart; because he felt that God alone could convince, convert, and sanctify the sinner; and because he looked to the Father, through Christ, to begin, carry on, and finish the work, he did not even suspect that the Holy Spirit could be in the slightest degree dishonoured

by him; and, in the midst of a plain avowal that Immanuel was not God at all, that is, in any real and proper sense, he persuaded himself that he considered Him to be God over all, and, however inconsistent it may appear, in his heart worshipped Him as such.

When his book appeared, great was the alarm excited by it. His best friends wrote to him, or in some other way endeavoured to shew him his awful position. Those who had formerly held communion with him, passed him in the street without notice. One minister is known, who openly, from the pulpit, warned his people against him. Another visited him, and solemnly denounced him as a heretic. He was broadly charged with holding a system which viewed the Saviour as God indeed by name, but as a mere man by nature, and with entire denial of the real glory of the Holy Ghost in the economy of redemption. This charge appeared to him of so awful and appalling a nature, that it made the deepest and most solemn impression on his mind, and the conviction soon became established, that if such were really his system, it could not be a true one. But when this charge was again and again repeated, and that, too, by many whose opinions he could not but respect, he was led by it seriously and prayerfully to review his scheme altogether; and that not hastily, but with much caution and deliberation, although his agitation and distress of mind were very great.

By day and by night he was occupied with the subject. He would rise at three in the morning for study and prayer, earnestly and honestly seeking, not to establish a system, but to know and believe the truth.

While thus engaged in the investigation, a valued friend sent him Dr Wardlaw's *Treatise on the Socinian Controversy*. This book he read with deep attention, and many of the arguments there brought forward were very convincing to him; but as the work, being intended for Socinians, did not entirely meet his case, it failed to give him full satisfaction, and he therefore addressed a letter to Dr Wardlaw, which, through his kindness, we are enabled here to present to the reader, as it sets forth the real

state of his mind far better than it can be described in any other way :—

"*London, September* 6, 1822.

"SIR,—As I feel perfectly convinced that you are, as one who has been made partaker of the Spirit of Him who gently leads those that are with young, capable of feeling for those who are in deep anguish and sorrow of heart, I make the less apology for thus intruding upon your time and attention. If it were in your power to give one drop of cold water to the most undeserving of those who profess to call Jesus Master, I doubt not but that you would not refuse it to him.

"It is under this conviction I now write to you, and if the Lord should enable you to relieve my mind from its present burthen, to release it from that pressure which he only who has endured it can duly estimate, I need not say with what gratitude to Him from whom the blessing comes, and to yourself as the instrument in His hands, it will ever be acknowledged.

"Without further preface, I have read your book on the Socinian controversy, and I confess I have read it with the truest delight. For the truth's sake I write it, that I never recollect reading any work on the subject which gave me half the satisfaction which that book has given me. It was sent me by a friend, with the hope that it might, by God's blessing, correct what appeared to her my erroneous views on the Deity of our Lord, and the Deity and Personality of the Holy Spirit; and by that blessing it has not been, I am convinced, without some of that effect which she so earnestly desired. Still, however, since the argument was, in a great degree, confined to the Socinian question, and as I have ever abhorred Socinianism, there are very many of the arguments there, of course, which have no bearing on my state of mind, while many of my objections are as necessarily unnoticed.

"I have no sort of conception that our Lord was a mere man, and I therefore rejoice to see how triumphantly you have overturned that hypothesis. On the other hand, I confess that my soul desires a more perfect satisfaction that the Redeemer was

in every respect, and *in all respects*, as truly God, as was the Father. Herein I desire your prayers and your advice. I feel in my very soul THE DEEPEST ANGUISH AND HORROR at the idea of thinking aught, or speaking aught, against the real glory of my most blessed Lord, to whose blood I look for righteousness, and to whose Spirit I look for sanctification, who is my all in salvation.

"My mind has been for some years deeply imbued with the indwelling scheme, as it is called. Dr Watts, in the fifth volume of his works, was herein my instructor, and, to a very great degree, I received the notion of the pre-existence of the human soul of Christ, which I then understood to be the Logos, and, consequently, that the Logos was God, agreeably with Dr W.'s views, only by the indwelling of the Father.

"You are aware, I doubt not, of the course of that sort of reasoning, viz., that the child born was called 'the Mighty God,' and if so, that as the child, *i.e.*, the mere human nature, was called the Mighty God, that as the angel or created nature, whatever that nature might be, was called Jehovah (Ex. xxiii. 21), so was the Word called God for the same reason.

"From this opinion, however, I am thankful to say, my mind is in a degree relieved; I say relieved, for surely that may well be called a relief which has in any measure removed a sentiment which I now see to have been, and then suspected to be, degrading to the real glory of Immanuel, leaving Him no Godhead of His own, but an entire dependant upon another.

"Those passages of Scripture which, by God's mercy, had the greatest weight upon my mind, were those which you have brought forward in your book; for as they went to establish the real Deity of Christ, so they, in a degree, have undermined my former conceptions on that point.

"And yet, dear sir, still I must acknowledge that my poor heart pants after still further satisfaction on this subject. If I am in any degree acquainted with the state of my own soul, it is this: I really desire to receive in meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save my soul. I conceive that the nature of God is really so far above the comprehension of reason,

that whatever be the revelation of God in the Word, it can never be *irrational.*

"This stumbling-block, blessed be God, is not in my way. I read my Bible, therefore, with eternity before me, and praying for the spirit of a little child. All that I humbly desire of the Lord is, that I may be taught His truth in the love of it. In my former views, or rather in those which I have of late years held, and which even now are not entirely removed, I fancied that I believed our Lord to be God, or my soul would have shrunk back with dismay. I did not see that the child born could be declared to be, or proved to be, God in any other way, than as the human nature was united to the Divine, which Divine nature, as I conceived it to be the Father, so I concluded that all the glory of the Father was communicated to the human by that union.

"Jones's mode of reasoning was therefore lost upon me,—because the child born was called the Mighty God (Isa. ix. 6), because the angel had the name of Jehovah (Ex. xxiii. 21). Under the force of this mode of reasoning, I did not feel the force of Phil. ii. 6, because the term, 'equal with God,' appeared to receive some solution from that passage which set forth the after union of the Divine and human (Zech. xiii. 7); for there I saw that the man, as taken into union with Jehovah, is said to be His fellow. Besides this, 'the form of God' did not necessarily go beyond the external appearance, any more than it did in ver. 7, as applied to a servant.

"The system of Watts he himself thus describes:—'May there not be such a close and intimate union or oneness between God and a creature, as that the actions and characters of either of them may be attributed to the whole compound being? and may not this lay a foundation for such divine expressions concerning Christ, viz., that he is Jehovah, the great God, over all, God blessed for ever?' (Vol. v. p. 91; and again, pp. 93, 94, 95.) If you would have the real kindness to give me your sentiments on this, and lead me to those passages which stand opposed to this view, it would confer the truest obligation on me. For although your book has, under God, removed some of my pre-

vious opinions, yet as directed to Socinians, it of course could not oppose a sentiment which it was not considering. On the subject of the personality of the Holy Spirit, your remarks are to my mind quite forcible. In short, I would hope, dear sir, that although strangers to each other in the flesh, and perhaps ever to remain so, you may be the means of leading my soul into the truth of God on this all-momentous subject. At all events, the work and labour of love will not be unacknowledged at that great day, when I humbly trust we may not only know each other, but where we shall know even as we are known.

"An answer directed to me ————, London, would find me, and confer a real obligation upon a sincere inquirer, but at the same time a slow learner of Divine truth.

"A. B. Y. Z."

Dr Wardlaw has kindly permitted the insertion of his answer to this affecting letter, which is as follows:—

"*Glasgow, December* 2, 1822.

"Dear Friend,—For as such I confidently address you though unknown, and though the long interval that has been suffered to elapse since the receipt of your letter, may have led you to question the friendly disposition of him who now replies to it, and to retract, or at least to qualify, the good opinion you are pleased to express of him. To have suffered an afflicted mind indeed to continue in its state of painful disquietude for so great a length of time, without an attempt at least towards its settlement and peace, I feel to have been an omission of duty that does not lie quite lightly upon my conscience; especially as I know not what the consequences may have been. For a part of the period, I could apologise satisfactorily, both to you and to myself, but not for the whole, only that when a thing is not done at the time it is very apt to give the memory the slip afterwards. But I must not fill my sheet with unprofitable excuses, I seek your forgiveness. Let me fondly indulge the hope that before your receipt of this, your mind may have found repose from its agitation on the firm basis of Scriptural truth.

'The meek thou wilt guide in judgment,' says the Psalmist, 'the meek thou wilt teach thy way.' Now this is precisely the state of mind, in one of its essential features, which you describe when you say, 'If I am in any degree acquainted with the state of my own soul it is this: I really desire to receive in meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save my soul. I conceive that the nature of God is really so far above the comprehension of reason, that whatever be the revelation of God in the Word, it can never be *irrational*. This stumbling-block, blessed be God, is not in my way. I read my Bible, therefore, with eternity before me, and praying for the spirit of a little child. All that I humbly entreat of the Lord is, that I may be taught His truth in the love of it.' The whole tenor and spirit of your letter perfectly accords with this statement. You further say, 'I have no sort of conception that our Lord was a mere man, and therefore rejoice to see how triumphantly you have overturned that hypothesis.' 'I feel in my very soul the deepest anguish and horror at the idea of thinking aught, or speaking aught, against the real glory of my most blessed Lord, to whose blood I look for righteousness, and to whose Spirit I look for sanctification, who is all my salvation.' Your great source of perplexing anxiety, you thus express, after disavowing, as above, the Socinian hypothesis, 'On the other hand, I confess that my soul desires a more perfect satisfaction, that the Redeemer was, *in every respect*, and *in all respects*, as truly God as was the Father.'

"I make these quotations because they bring us to the one point of inquiry. Now, I think it ought at once to strike you, that there can be *but one kind of Deity*. That which constitutes Deity in the Father, must be that which constitutes Deity in the Son, and in the Holy Spirit. Divided and dependent Deity is a contradiction. If Jesus Christ be *God*, he *must* be *God equal with the Father*, else he would not be *truly God at all*. There can be no *superior* and *inferior* description of Deity; and men have imposed upon themselves by words without distinct ideas, when they have used any such terms and fancied they understood them. The sole inferiority of the blessed

Jesus arose from His voluntarily assumed capacity of a *servant*, when He graciously took our nature upon Him to accomplish its redemption.

"As a letter does not afford much scope for enlargement, I am desirous to confine myself to the one specific inquiry, whether the divinity which associated itself with the human nature of Jesus was He whom the Scriptures denominate the Father. This the 'indwelling scheme' supposes, for as to this view of the argument it is of no material consequence whether the association took place with the created Logos before all other creatures, or whether it took place at the time when 'the Word was made flesh.' The following observations have occurred to me without consulting any other source than the Bible and my own thoughts. May they, by the blessing of God, give satisfaction to your mind!

"1. On this supposition there is no such distinction at all any more than on any of the schemes of Arian or Socinian Unitarianism, as that which, for want of a better designation, we have been accustomed to call *personal* in the Godhead. There is *no Word* and *no Holy Spirit* considered *as God*. The Word is a creature, the Holy Spirit is a power or virtue. So that on this hypothesis it is vain to inquire whether 'Jesus Christ be in every respect and in all respects as truly God as the Father,' for in truth as far as his *divinity* was concerned he *was* the Father, the scheme involving the assumption that there is no subsistence in Deity *in any sense distinct from the Father*.

"2. Those texts, therefore, appear decidedly to oppose the scheme, which we consider as containing direct proofs of the threefold distinction referred to. Take, for example, Matt. xxviii. 19; 2 Cor. xiii. 14. See the remarks on these texts in *Disc. on Soc. Contr.*, pp. 13–19. If there be any soundness in this reasoning, the hypothesis in question cannot be true; because, according to it, the Father alone is God; and, *as far as Deity is concerned*, the Son is a *non-entity*, and the Holy Spirit a *non-entity*. It denies altogether any Divine distinction.

"3. To these must be added that numerous class of passages,

which go to prove *Jesus Christ* GOD, *in distinction from the Father.* It is evident that if the hypothesis were well founded, all the texts which prove Jesus to be GOD should prove him to be THE FATHER. How far this is the case, let the following passages out of many show :—John i. 14. I am not now arguing with a professed Socinian or Arian, who conceives that there was no association at all of the Divine nature with the created nature in the person of Jesus, but with one who is not sure whether the residing Deity was not the Father. Whose glory then was it that was beheld? Was it the glory of the created, or human nature only? or was it the glory of Him in whom the Divine and human were united? If so, then the glory beheld must have been the glory of *the Father.* But He is here, on the contrary, distinguished from the Father. He is not the Father himself, but, '*the only begotten of the Father.*' (Comp. ver. 18.) The glory beheld could not be the glory of the *human nature alone:* for this was not his glory, but his abasement.

"John x. 30. Who is the 'I,' the speaker, here? The speaker, it is evident, distinguishes *himself* from *his Father.* Does he mean, then, by 'I,' only his human or created nature? He must, if the indwelling hypothesis be true; because that hypothesis supposes the *Divine* nature in him to *be* the Father; so that if the 'I' includes the *Divine* nature, there can be *no distinction at all.* If the 'I' means the person including the Divine nature, then in that *nature* there must be *a distinction between him and the Father;* if, again, the 'I' means his *created nature,* then the *power* of that nature is, in the 28th and 29th verses, placed upon a level with that of the indwelling Deity: but if the speaker be 'the Word made flesh,' even that Word who was 'in the beginning *God,* as well as *with God*' (chap. i. 1, 2), then all is consistent. He is, as God, one in *power;* and, consequently, one in essence with the Father.

"John v. 17. The argument here used requires us to consider the speaker as placing himself, *in his working,* on an equality with the Father. But he could only possess this equality *in his Divine nature.* In speaking of himself, therefore, he must be understood as *including that nature;* and then it must

follow, that *in that nature*, he must, in some sense, be distinct from the Father.

"To such passages I may add those which present *Christ and the Father* together, as the objects of supplication: for example, Eph. vi. 23; 1 Thess. iii. 2; 2 Thess. ii. 16, 17; 2 John 3. If it be admitted, that it is *as possessing the Divine nature*, that Jesus is thus associated with the Father in prayer; for the same reason it must be admitted, that he must *in that nature* be distinct from the Father. For it is evident to the scheme I am speaking of, the Divine nature in Christ *is* the Father; in which case there ceases to be any distinction, excepting that between the two natures; and there is and can be but one object of worship, for the created nature cannot, as separated from the Divine, be the object of prayer. Passages to the same purpose might be multiplied. 1 John iv. 14: Was 'the Saviour of the world' Divine? Was He God as well as man? The scheme admits: But if he was, then He was not the Father, for *the Father sent Him*. 'The Father *sent the Son*.' The title implying His *equality with the Father*, John v. 18, &c.; but surely it cannot imply His *being the Father*. John iii. 35: Is He, into whose hands all are committed, *Divine*? If so, He must, in his Divine nature, be distinct from the Father, for *the Father loveth him*, &c.

"4. You admit the proofs of *the personality of the Holy Spirit* to be, as you express yourself, '*quite forcible*.' But all proofs of the personality of the Spirit are equally subversive of the indwelling scheme, as proofs are of the Deity of Jesus in distinction from the Father. That scheme *undeifies* the Spirit as well as the *Word;* reducing the former to a Divine *power*, or *virtue*, and the effect and influence of it; and the latter to a created nature only, with which that of the Father connected or united itself. I do not think you have duly considered this.

"Other things occur to me, but I shall rather stop here, as my sheet is gone, till I may again hear from you. Meantime my prayer is, 'The Lord give thee understanding in all things.'

"Yours faithfully,

"RALPH WARDLAW."

How far the arguments contained in this powerful and convincing letter were the means blessed by God in illuminating the mind and directing the judgment of him to whom it was addressed, we are not prepared to state, as it was a portion of his life that Mr Evans had a great repugnance to speak of in his later years, from his horror of the sentiments which he had entertained. The investigation, however, issued in his becoming convinced that his former view was unscriptural and most dangerous; and his mind was gradually, but firmly fixed in the conviction, that the Son and the Holy Ghost are, with the Father, truly, properly, personally, God.

In consequence of this, he from his pulpit openly and solemnly stated the change which had taken place in his views; inserted in two periodicals, one of them a number of the *Evangelical Magazine* for 1823, a brief, but unreserved, retractation of his former sentiments on this point; and, after mature consideration, in the year 1826 published the work before alluded to, *Letters to a Friend*, the object of which was, distinctly and explicitly to disavow the opinions advanced in his *Dialogues*, which he did most unreservedly, retracing the steps which led to such deviation from truth, giving his reasons for his subsequent change, proving from the Word of God the fallacy of his former sentiments, with deep abasement of soul, and confessing his error before God and man. He bought up all the copies of his former work which were at the booksellers; and from that time, both his friends and others were instructed to purchase for him every copy, new or old, which they could meet with, and he invariably committed them to the flames, often with expressions of the deepest self-loathing and penitence before God. His sin was truly ever before him, and he walked softly all his years in the bitterness of his soul.

It may, however, be truly said concerning him, that in this instance alone did he who, by the grace of God, was endowed with so much that made him an example to follow, become a beacon to warn. We before traced the path by which he became exposed to, and fell into, the snare that lay before him, but it is,

we conceive, also due to his memory to suggest the probable cause of the speedy publication of the error.

While, as has been remarked in a former part of this memoir, one of his constitutional peculiarities was shyness; frankness and moral fearlessness were equally so; and these would lead him to consider the shrinking from the prompt and full avowal of whatever he believed to be truth, as insincerity and cowardice; the more especially when such avowal might aid in the emancipation of any of his fellow-believers from the thraldom in which he supposed them to be held, and from which he imagined himself to have escaped. His deep humiliation on the discovery of his fearful mistake, his ingenuous and courageous acknowledgment of it, regardless of all personal consequences, are indications of the same character, now rendered lowly and self-distrusting under the guidance of the Spirit of truth.

The lessons he learnt in this extremely humbling period of his life led him to be ever afterwards distrustful of any new opinions, and warily and cautiously to approach the investigation of them. To this cause, also, may possibly be traced the difficulty he felt, as his friends well know, in coming to any definite conclusion on the subject of unfulfilled prophecy. Doubtless, too, the former dishonour done to Him whom his soul loved, led him, in his ministry, especially to uphold the glory and Deity of the Son of God, and the Personality and work of the Holy Ghost. That venerable servant of God, the Rev. Rowland Hill, once said to him, "I would trust the doctrine of the Trinity with *you* before any man in London." Another saying of this aged and experienced minister may not be out of place here—that he never knew an instance in which a man, who was honestly seeking to glorify God, was not brought back to the straight path, however far he might wander in *doctrine;* but if a man returned to the world, few indeed were the cases of restoration.

It cannot be matter of surprise that, during the time when these serious errors formed a part of Mr Evans's creed, there should be much evil effect on his own soul; such he afterwards acknowledged to have been the case, and there was also a most

manifest withering in his ministry. The work of conversion was entirely at a stand—he subsequently asserted that he did not know of one instance of it while he was preaching these doctrines; neither could it be expected that believers should go to be fed where poison was administered. A mere handful only of people composed at this time the congregation at John Street Chapel, while, immediately upon his restoration, the hand of the Lord was manifestly with him; conversions were numerous, and there was an evident power in the Word to the souls of God's people.

In the year 1846 he received a letter from a brother in the ministry till then unknown to him, inquiring whether a book he had lately met with, *Dialogues Explanatory of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, were really written by him, and if so, requesting to know whether he still held the sentiments there put forth.* The facts of the case altogether were peculiarly interesting. The clergyman in question was passing by a bookseller's stall in one of the by-streets in Liverpool. As he turned over some of the volumes exposed for sale, his eye rested upon one entitled, *Dialogues on the Trinity*, by James Harington Evans. Some other writings by the same author he had previously been acquainted with, more especially his sermons, which had appeared from time to time in the *Pulpit, Preacher*, &c., and though personally unknown, for his work's sake he loved him. This led to the purchase of the book. For some time it lay upon his book-shelf unopened, till purposing to preach upon the subject of the Trinity, he began to read it, in utter ignorance of the sentiments it contained. He had not proceeded far before he came to a statement which startled him. He read on; his astonishment increased. A little further, and his heart was filled with sorrow and consternation. He laid down the book, and took up his pen to ask the meaning of what he read, and whether the writer still held the sentiments published in the *Dialogues*. To that inquiry the reply was as follows:—

* I have thought it advisable to insert a letter in this part of my father's life, which, though written many years afterwards, refers so entirely to this chapter in his history that no other place seems so appropriate.—Ed.

"*Hampstead Heath, June* 6, 1846.

"BELOVED BROTHER,—I received your kind and affectionate, but faithful letter, yesterday, just as I was entering my pulpit. As I sometimes have letters that call for immediate consideration, even amidst the solemn engagements of the sacred day, I read it; nor am I sorry that I did, although I was sorry at the time. It served to endear a Triune God to me under the teaching and humblings of the Holy Spirit. It served to lay me somewhat lower in the dust than I was before—to make the pardoning love of that God more precious, who has, I believe, condescended to pardon all the mis-statements of those *Dialogues*, and to make me hate them. It served also greatly to endear you to me for your truthfulness, gentleness, and love. The history of that unhappy book is somewhat long, and may be tedious, but you have a claim to be put into its possession.

"In the year 1816, towards its close, I first came to London, holding what is termed the usually received Trinitarian view of Divine truth,—in truth, just what I now hold. Soon after this my mind received a bias towards what I now esteem a very dangerous opinion—that of the pre-existence of the soul of our Lord; in other words, I fancied—for it was but a fancy—that previously to His incarnation, His human soul had been taken into union with the Divine Word. To this view I was probably led—in it I was certainly confirmed—by some of Dr Watts's works. I read the opinion, therefore, without suspicion, under the influence of so holy, in all points so superior, a man. But, alas! this was in no small measure the *fons mali*.

"I need not go into the painful detail further than to state, that this issued in my publishing those crude notions embodied in the *Dialogues*—notions which I now see to be full of dangerous and deceitful error.

"Such, however, was the darkness, which at that period overshadowed my mind, that at the time when those *Dialogues* were published, not the most remote idea entered my perceptions that aught contained in them in the slightest degree invalidated the superstructure of the Redeemer's glory. Strange

and paradoxical as it may appear, I thought that He was greatly exalted and glorified throughout; and yet, alas! alas! the whole was undermined. Subtile was the deception of the great deceiver on this point, but it was complete. Soon after, however, I had sent the book into the world, there were some misgivings, I doubt not, wrought in my soul by the blessed Spirit himself, as to some part of my confidently-asserted opinions. I feared that I had been led to deny the essential Deity of my only hope—the Son of God. Need I tell you with what intensity of feeling I entered anew upon the subject? It lasted more or less through the whole of the investigation, and this period exceeded *two years*. At the end of this, I wrote a letter to the Editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*, surrendering *all* the opinions contained in my book subversive of the doctrine of the Trinity, bought up the copies in the printer's hands, and have been purchasing those which my friends can lay hold of, to the present period.

"It would have been a relief to your mind, had you known that, about 1822 or 1823,* I wrote a short refutation of my own work, and made the humbling exhibition of an author confuting himself. This, however, I very gladly did, rejoicing in the midst of my shame to give testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, to declare that all my hope of happiness, here or in heaven, is in a Triune God; that the gracious Spirit could secretly move, enlighten, humble, restore, even though his distinct personality had been denied; and that Jesus could blot out the sin that had been so directly, immediately, and ungratefully transacted against Himself.

"Such, beloved brother, is the humiliating detail. It is the history of a great sinner, but it is the unfolding of great grace towards him.

"Did I know you, I might not feel the hesitation which I do, in giving one word of warning. Beware of speculations in divine truth. Beware of a proud, lofty spirit, cloaking itself under the guise of an independent mind. Beware of being influenced

* Mr Evans here mistakes; it was in 1826, as we have seen.

by great names, and even holy men, in coming to a conclusion in divine things.

"I feel much love for you, for your faithfulness and gentleness. It is a little of Christ; to His glory be the praise.

"I am, beloved brother, yours affectionately in Him,

"JAMES H. EVANS."

In the letter which follows, reference is made to the reformation of the Church in John Street, subsequent to his change of views upon the Trinity.

TO MISS G——.

1824.

MY DEAR MISS G——,—It was with unfeigned pleasure that I heard from Miss H—— of the improvement of your health. May the God of our mercies communicate as much of this blessing to you as He sees to be for your real furtherance and joy of faith—for the prosperity of your soul which is even far better than life itself. Your trials have been long and severe; but, my dear friend, the continuance of the ploughing of the soil is the most plain proof of its necessity, for the plough is in the hands of an all-wise, as well as of an all-gracious God. Many an important lesson may, through grace, be imparted to us, if we are led to observe the *direction* as well as *continuance* of the ploughings of the great Husbandman. Although a dull learner in the best of schools, and with the best of Teachers, yet I hope that I have been taught something by even the track of the plough itself. This, I am sensible, it has had *one direction* in my own case for many years, and still it points that way. The brightness of prosperity, the sunshine of success, the warm summer of favourable circumstances, have too much tendency to say, "Soul, take thine ease" for such poor slumberers, so prone to lethargy as we are. Our every-day mercies, how thanklessly are they also too often received! Nor could it be otherwise with our highest spiritual blessings, were we not continually excited by difficulties, distresses, temptations, infirmities. At least, so I find it.

It will yield me the truest gratification to see you once again, and many more with me. As a church, it will give you pleasure to hear that we go on increasing, I trust with that increase which God giveth. There are twenty-two already united with us, and there were twelve proposed on Wednesday last. May a good and gracious God suffer none to be added to us, but such as shall be saved. Do not fail to pray for us especially on this point, and that we may be humble and holy people, united together in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. Pray, too, for me, that I may be faithful, wise, meek and intrepid, patient and devoted in my most blessed work. O that every spiritual mercy may be yours in rich abundance! May you be holy and happy, more devoted, more resigned, more meek, more following hard after God, more weaned from the world, and more above it. Do not think that I write this as if I did not recognize already these things in you. I do, blessed be God, see the traces of His blessed image; but may they be in you and abound! Caroline unites with me in true Christian love and affection; and ever believe me,

My dear Miss G——,

Your faithful pastor and servant,

J. H. EVANS.

CHAPTER IV.

PRIVATE LIFE AT HAMPSTEAD.

Soon after he had, by the grace of God, emerged from these dangerous errors, a circumstance occurred which had also an important bearing on his after life and ministry. Laid aside from preaching for many weeks by an affection in the throat to which he was liable, he, with his wife and family, visited Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, and while there he became acquainted with an experienced servant of Christ, for whom he, from that time, entertained the highest regard and veneration,—the Rev. Richard Adams. The intercourse enjoyed with this man of God was signally blessed to him and to his wife; and Mr Adams was the means also of directing his attention to Dr Owen's works, particularly his *Treatise on the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm*, which was perused by him with the greatest delight, and which opened to his mind the view of God the Father as a forgiving God, full of love and tenderness, and of that love flowing to His people through His dear Son, which was so prominent a feature in his preaching in the latter years of his life. Mr Evans always looked back to this visit to Cowes as one of especial blessing to him, and he maintained the warmest friendship with Mr Adams until the death of the latter, in September 1846.

In the year 1825, his father, to whom he was most tenderly attached, was removed by death, after an illness in which his son watched him with the most unremitting attention. He

had the inexpressible consolation of believing that God had blessed his constant endeavours to bring his beloved parent to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, that the strongholds of self-righteousness were broken down, and that he expired humbly trusting in the merits of his Redeemer.

His love for his father was of a singularly devoted character. Hence his deep anxiety for his everlasting safety. During the time that he stood in doubt of his spiritual state, fervent were his prayers, and unremitting his efforts, to lead him to a better knowledge of himself, and the Lord Jesus whom he loved. The first of the two letters which follow, was penned ten years before his death, because he did not then perceive in his father's walk and conversation those evidences of a heart given to God, which he felt to be all essential to salvation. It was a difficult as well as most delicate task he had assigned himself; it will be seen how he was led to accomplish it.

The second is addressed to one of his most intimate friends, upon his father's death.

TO HIS FATHER.

Milford Vicarage, January 11, 1815.

MY EVER DEAREST AND BELOVED FATHER,—The time that I spent with you when I was at Salisbury was so short, that it seems almost as if I had not seen you at all. Indeed our intercourse during the year is very little; seldom, indeed, do we behold each other in our earthly pilgrimage, and yet the end of our journey draweth nigh, and father and son must be torn asunder. Why is it so? Why is it that my heart does not bound at the name of Salisbury? Why is it that the gig is not oftener at the door, and the intervening ground rapidly passed over till I once more behold a face ever dear, the face of my surviving parent? Shall I say why it is? Yes, I must say it; truth bids me say it; love bids me say it. It is because my visit gives me pain, because it sends me home again with a sad and aching heart. Do not, my dear beloved father, be displeased at what I say. I love you dearly, tenderly; how

dearly, how tenderly, these tears may bear evidence. It pains me more to give you pain, than it does you to receive it. I know that I must be charged with vanity, conceit, spiritual pride, and yet I must speak the truth. A sad return should I make to the kindest and tenderest of fathers, were I silent when eternal happiness or eternal misery is at stake. You will say, Then do you think me in danger of the latter? What shall I reply? The evidences of salvation are not such as to fill my soul with certainty and peace. Bear with me, my dearest father, in the painful task a son has taken upon him. In the first place, in our conversations there does appear, I will confess, a strong leaning to self-righteousness. I am not unaware that this is positively disclaimed, but oftentimes the actuating principle lies concealed in the heart, while the heart is scarcely sensible of it. The reasons that lead to this conclusion are the great unwillingness to self-abasement and self-renunciation. There seems a strong aversion to the acknowledging that "all our righteousnesses are filthy rags," a powerful inclination to take comfort from duties, and an evident dislike to receive salvation on the same terms as the thief upon the cross. Say, my dear father, is it not so? When I have talked about Paul's experience, "The good I would I do *not*, the evil I would not that I *do*," "of sinners I am chief," there does not appear cordial assent. In a word, if self-righteousness be that principle that leads man to recommend himself to God by his duties, rather than simply to depend on Christ's blood and righteousness for comfort and salvation, then is there not a leaning that way? Again, my beloved father seems to have a great inclination to the world, a great desire of its commendation, a great fear of its reproach. I am sure that his heart will allow how much of its joys and its sorrows are drawn from this source. There appears no dislike of worldly society, society in which everything but the one thing is talked of. Witness the conversation of even a *small* card party. The amusements of the world are amusements from which my dear father derives enjoyment,—cards, plays, concerts, races, I do not mean to say in an excessive way, but in moderation as he thinks, he likes them.

Nay, may it not be said that, although farmers can spend hour after hour at the ordinary, talking of their pursuits, tradesmen can spend evenings, and long evenings too, in the travellers' room talking of business, men of the world can think the time short spent in conversation over the bottle, and politicians can dribble out half their existence in coffee-rooms on subjects the most solemnly puerile, yet my dear father would rather spend an evening with —— over a quadrille pool than even to be with his own son talking over the concerns of the soul. To this must be added, my dear father must pardon me if I say so, an indifference, perhaps rather more than that, towards the despised people of God. "By this shall we know that we have passed from death unto life if we love the brethren," says St John. But does my dear father really love those who love Christ? Is there not even rather a greater liking towards those who, to all appearance, hate Him? I could just allude to Mr W——. I have often grieved to observe the marks of even alienation from believers, the thinking meanly, contemptibly of them. Nor will my ardent love for my father permit me to pass over one thing more, and that is, the thinking sin somewhat of a trifle, making allowances for others, thereby dishonouring the Gospel of Christ. My dear father, I am sure, is not sensible how often the name of God passes his lips in common conversation. Being in the habit of constantly rebuking it whenever I hear it among my people, as a violation of the third commandment, I cannot describe how painful it is to me to hear. I am within the mark if I should say that that high and awful name is uttered many times within the hour. My ever dearest and beloved father will make every allowance for me in what I have written. It is because I love him so ardently that I write so plainly.

I feel great comfort in the mortifying situation in which I have placed myself, by reflecting that, when this wilderness world shall be passed, and we meet, as I fervently pray and hope, through Christ, we shall, in another and a happier, my dearest parent will love me the better in heaven for the sincerity of my affection to him on earth. God, in His love and

mercy, bless, preserve, and save you, prays your dutiful Son,

J. H. E.

TO THE REV. R. D———.—ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

Mudiford, August 15, 1825.

My dear Friend and Brother,—It has long been my earnest desire to write to you, for I bear you tenderly upon my heart; but my close attendance upon my beloved father—and I have been here a fortnight to-morrow—has hitherto prevented me. The hindrance has now ceased, for my most blessed God and Father has taken from me my dear and fondly-cherished earthly father. He is gone from me to his God—blessed change!—from earth to heaven. Oh, my dear friend, pray for me. You know not how I loved him, but there is One who does, and He has taken him from me. For this shall His poor unworthy child lay his mouth in the dust and be dumb before Him? No, rather let that mouth be opened in praise and thanksgiving; let it say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." It is my mercy to record, that among the last of his words was the acknowledgment, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort ME." "His grace is sufficient for ME." His bodily sufferings were very great, affectingly so, but his end was peace. The union of the blessed Head with such a poor sinner as himself, and the intercession of the Saviour for His Church and people, were spoken of by him as yielding much consolation in the trying moment. His patience and gentleness in the midst of acute and distressing anguish appeared very lovely.

Hampstead, October 19.

I do not send another sheet, my beloved friend, because the ebullition of feeling which it exhibits is, I very well know, laid open to one who can sympathise with me and pray for me. My dear and fondly-loved parent is now removed from me. His illness was comparatively short. In May he was first attacked

with typhus fever, as you know. Soon after you left me I was hastily summoned to the sea-side, where he was. From my first arrival the physician told me his case was hopeless. Imagine my surprise and my anguish of spirit! In ten days he was gone. I now look back upon it all as if it were a dream that is told. But I have nothing left me but cause, fresh cause, to submit, adore, and bless. I hope, through rich and sovereign grace, to go to him, but he cannot come to me. What a blessed thing is the Gospel, my beloved friend! it is like health and marrow to the bones; it can dry our tears, calm our breasts, take the bitter from the wormwood, and death from the grave itself.

Be assured, I bear you very tenderly upon my heart, my friend and brother. I look back upon the past, and thank God on your behalf. We wanted no one to introduce us to each other.* The Lord Himself condescended to do this. There was a gracious sovereignty in it which sweetly, and yet powerfully seemed to remind one, "See, I have not forgotten thee,—*even thee.*" May my soul be enabled to remember this, that I may encourage myself in the Lord my God!

Your kind letter was read with much interest. Your route, I perceive, has the family feature in it;—trouble and mercy; fresh trouble, and fresh mercies. My heart is often led out to pray for you, that the blessing of a covenant God may rest upon you and your labours in the blessed work of the ministry, giving you strength of body and strength of soul, and satisfying you with Himself. If our path were a very smooth one we should be but ill able to lift up the hands that hang down, to strengthen the feeble knees, to preach to the consciences of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. When the Lord shall say so, and open the door, I shall with much delight see you again in the flesh. C—— has now taken the place which Kilburn has lost, and if ever I should be permitted to spend a Sabbath-day under your roof I should be glad indeed, greatly desiring to see you. But at present this is impossible.

* The commencement of this, one of my father's most valued friendships, was made in a stage-coach between London and Hampstead.—Ed.

Things go on with us much the same as when you were here. The Lord is doing His own work, and I increasingly feel, by the meanest of instruments. There are many souls in a state of distress on account of sin. Some are brought into peace and rest of soul, and the people seem generally desirous of forgetting the things that are behind, and of pressing forward. There were eleven proposed for admission to the Church last night, and two more are coming forward, one of whom is that reclaimed infidel of whom I once spake. This is all very encouraging, and very humbling. Under the conviction of this undeserved mercy, I smite upon my breast, and say, "Lord, and am I that poor miserable being that dared to lift his pen against the Deity of the Son of God, ignorantly and unconsciously, through the blindness of his heart, as he did it? Am I that poor creature of thine that went to such desperate lengths in the theory of Antinomianism?" O that the blessed effects of all this may be humility of soul and spirit, tenderness of conscience, holy fear, watchful, prayerful dependence!

Caroline unites with me in kind love to yourself and Mrs D——.

Ever believe me, my dear friend, your ever attached,

J. H. EVANS.

About this time Mr Evans was induced to take a few pupils, and as he educated his own children at home, they together enjoyed the benefit of his instructions. He had a particular delight in imparting knowledge; and whether in the hours of study or recreation, gained the affections of the boys committed to his charge, by his warm interest in all that concerned their welfare and happiness.

"I can never forget," writes a friend, "a long day passed under his roof in May 1828. I arrived during breakfast, and found Mr and Mrs Evans surrounded, as it appeared, by a family of their own children. This, however, was not the case, as part of them were pupils,—interesting boys, who had the manner of looking up to them as to parents. Breakfast over, the servants assembled for family worship. The chapter read,

each one taking a verse, was Exodus xxv. The children sat around the table, and Mr Evans questioned them upon its contents, and explained it as he proceeded, setting forth its typical and spiritual import, and making an inquiry of the young ones from time to time, to keep up the attention, and interest their minds. Prayer followed, after which the studies of the morning commenced, during which I was permitted to be present. Natural philosophy was one subject among others, and we were taken into a small darkened room, where was a lighted lamp to illustrate the moon's course in the heavens, and the causes of her various phases. All studied together, and studied with a freshness and alacrity I never saw before. A walk through the fields, and on the beautiful heath, succeeded, during which our conversation was most interesting; and after dinner, when the children had gone to their lessons alone, we had some Scripture reading. The subject selected was Jer. xvii. 7, 8, and the remarks and conversation that followed upon it were deeply instructive. We were then sent for to tea, which was hastened that a promise might be fulfilled of exhibiting the works of God by means of a microscope, and each object, as it was brought before us, was described, and the purposes of it dwelt upon. In this the juvenile party, as well as their elders, took a lively interest. Evening family worship succeeded, Mrs Evans leading upon the piano the hymn of Newton, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' which they joined in singing, and prayer closed the happy and profitable day."

The year 1831 was marked by the heaviest affliction that could have befallen him,—the loss of his beloved wife, after a union of nearly twenty-one years. The blow was as sudden and unexpected as it was severe. She arose apparently in perfect health on Sunday, the 27th of February, was taken ill at the Sunday-school about ten o'clock, and conveyed to the private rooms at the chapel, whence she could never be removed, and expired in nine days. She was a woman in every way worthy of him, and had proved herself a most valuable help and coadjutor, in all the varying circumstances of his life. Two letters

addressed to two of his most intimate brethren in the ministry, exhibit his state of mind, after this deepest of earthly trials :—

TO THE REV. MARMADUKE THOMPSON.

London, March 10, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I felt myself unable to communicate to you yesterday the intelligence of the death of my beloved Caroline, and yet, fearing that the *Record* of to-day might give you and the dear Bird family the first information of this most affecting loss, I resolved to make the attempt. Oh, my dear brother, pray, pray, pray for me, that the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength, may be my strength, in this hour, when heart and almost flesh seem to fail. This was the verse which, among many others, the Spirit applied with strong consolation to my beloved wife; may it be the support of her widowed husband! Your dear wife, as well as yourself, will however desire to know the particulars. They are briefly as follows :—On Sunday morning week, at nine o'clock, she was in perfect health. We rode in a fly, as it was very wet. She then addressed as usual, the school. She spoke to the children with unusual solemnity, and exerted herself much, that all might hear. *This was the immediate occasion of her death.* In those exertions she brought on a rupture. During the prayer-meeting, missing her in her place, and not seeing J——, I went up-stairs, and found her on the sofa, in much pain. Upon this I instantly sent for medical advice, still no relief. At four, or a little after, I sent for Brodie. He saw her about half-past eight, being from home when I first sent. He felt rather dubious whether it were hernia or not, although on the whole he thought that it was; but said that there was something rather mysterious in it. He called three times on Monday. The last time on that day Lawrence met him for consultation. They still told me that, although they believed it to be hernia, there was something mysterious about it; that, although they might recommend an

operation, yet they would first try strong medicines, and would see her at half-past eight. I sat up with her that night; everything was tried, but no relief. The reason for delaying the operation was the risk which attended it, and the dubious character of some of the symptoms. At half-past eight on Tuesday they both came again, and then told me that nothing but an operation could save her life. Upon its being announced to her, like a lamb she resigned herself to the Lord, sent for her children, who were in the vestry below, gave them a solemn farewell, as she thought she might not have strength to speak to them afterwards; then said to those around her, "Pray for me," when, without one movement or even a sigh, she patiently and meekly endured a most dreadful operation; and such, my dear brother, was the support of the Lord at that moment, that she afterwards said, never had she such near communion with God as at the moment of the operation. Ps. cvii. 6, 7 (for the Bible was read aloud to her all the time) was particularly and especially made sweet and refreshing to her soul. Oh, bless the Lord with me, my brother, for His goodness, His tenderness, and His love at that hour of need! And what now shall I say? After every alternation of hope and fear, strong expectation of recovery on Sunday, and the loss of all such expectation on the Monday, her happy, longing, triumphant spirit winged its flight to its blissful home on Tuesday morning at seven minutes after twelve. It is quite impossible for me to utter what was the real state of her soul for days previous to her departure. Christ and His fulness seemed to satiate her soul, and the fear of death was gone.

March 16.—I could not proceed, my beloved brother, but you will pardon these breaks. I have this day received your letter, and I feel, I confess, disposed to accept your kind invitation for one week. The only hesitation I experience relates to the account of dear Mrs T——, for I fear the sight of me might too much affect her. Be perfectly unreserved in your reply. Otherwise there is no place at the present moment where I should prefer spending a retired week—from Monday next till Monday week. I can have your answer by return. Pray for

me. I want support, and the Lord withholds it not. My kindest love to dear Mrs T——, and ever believe me,

My dear Friend,

Your affectionate but afflicted Brother,

J. H. EVANS.

I shall only bring J——, if I should be with you; dear Mrs Bird has invited C—— there next week, and I feel quite disposed to let her go.

TO THE REV. R. D——.

Wooburn, March 22, 1831.

MY BELOVED BROTHER,—Many, many thanks for your most kind letter. If it had so pleased our Heavenly Father to have sent you, I should have been thankful; but as He saw it good to withhold it, I would still be thankful. Our greatest happiness lies in submission to His will. O that He may vouchsafe to us this inestimable mercy, the subjugation of the will. Surely, if we really and ardently love Him, we shall love His loving will, always right, always wise, always holy, always tender. My dear friend, pray for me. I know you do, but more, and more, and more. Pray that this bereavement,—so affecting, so heart-rending,—may be blessed to my soul, that an opportunity so peculiar, yea, the like unto which may never, I had almost written can never, more recur—may not, through hardness, insensibility, earthliness, unbelief, be lost. Yea more, much more than this, that the holy effects of it may be *deep, lasting, influential:* that this affliction may work together with grace, pervade the whole system of my soul's religion, penetrate to the very root of all, to the endearing and exalting of Christ, to the encouraging my soul to live *with Him* in the most holy familiarity (Ps. lxxiii. 23), to live *upon Him* in the most entire dependance (Song viii. 5), and to live *to Him* in the simplest surrender (Col. iii. 19). Pray that the bustle of the ministry, the outward-court religion, the fondness of friends, the love of my congregation, may never more be permitted to hide from the eye of my soul that the desideratum is nearness, conscious nearness, to

God, through his dear and beloved Son. Be urgent, dear brother, with your Father for this. Press the throne of grace, take no denial, that the holy and blessed Spirit, the Sanctifier, the Comforter of His people, may shed abroad in my heart the love of Christ, of His glorious Person as God in my nature, of His humanity, of His wondrous work, of His most tender characters, of His satisfying fulness; so that I may, from my very heart and from my inmost soul, say, "I have Christ, I have enough. My wife is gone; He had need of her. He loved her better, far better, infinitely better, than I loved her. She was His before she was mine, and He has taken His own, but I have Christ, who is more dear to me than my wife, more tender to me than my wife; Him who made my wife dear to me and tender to me, He is mine, I am His,—mine for all my pilgrimage, mine for every stage, every hill, however steep, for every road, however rough, and mine when flesh and heart fail, mine through all eternity." Dear, dear brother, you have never lived with one kindred spirit for nearly one-and-twenty years, and during that time prayed and praised, wept and smiled, mourned and rejoiced together, and then she has suddenly been removed from your sight. To a certain degree, therefore, it must be with my dear D——, tender as his nature is, and real as is his sympathy, as a man standing upon the shore, and beholding the storm. Duly to estimate it, he must be in it. But let me write it, and however weak the bruised reed may be that guides the pen, write it I must, Christ is enough, and I find Him to be so. I am a man of very great infirmities; a womanish softness would seem to unfit me for suffering. There is a sensibility which is the offspring of weakness, and which unfits and debilitates the soul, which is its own tormentor. And yet, though weak as weakness, yet He has held me by my right hand. Oh, I have everything for which I should speak well of Christ. If He had been other than He is, He would not have suited me. I can say when I have sighed He has sighed, when I have wept He has wept; He has not left me, no not for a moment. I seemed at one time ready to sink, but He put His hand under my hand.

When shall I see you? When will He send you to me? My kind love to your dear wife. I ought to have said before that I was unable to go as far as C——. Bodily weakness was an insuperable obstacle. I am slowly restoring to health. May it be yielded up to Him from whom it cometh!

I think of returning home on Monday; I came yesterday.—Ever most affectionately,

Yours in a dear Lord,

J. H. E.

It is not needful to say more concerning her in this place; as has been before stated, her husband himself drew up a short memoir of her, with a view to publication. It was, however, never printed, nor indeed entirely completed, but will be found with other papers at the close of this memoir. He was in consequence of this loss obliged to give up his pupils, and to send his children from home to complete their education, and his health was seriously affected by his mental suffering. After two years' widowhood, he married a daughter of Robert Bird, Esq., of Taplow, Bucks, whose family had long enjoyed his friendship and that of his deceased wife.

TO HIS SON.—AFTER HIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

Brightwell, Jan. 29, 1833.

MY DEAREST J——,—This morning we received your dear letter. When you are a father, and a father placed in the situation in which I am placed, then, and not till then, can you enter into all my feelings as I read it. You need not to be assured that your dear mother, for such she is now to you, was sensibly alive to the kindness of your heart in writing to her so affectionately. She sends you her sincere love, and will soon write in answer.

We arrived here yesterday, after a pleasant visit to Oxford, being favoured with remarkably fine weather all the time. I there met with two of the gownsmen whom I knew, young men, and after hearing Sibthorp on the Sunday morning in a village

about three miles from Oxford, we went to the rooms of one of them in the evening, where we drank tea, and met two-and-twenty young men from different colleges, who were invited on the occasion, and I expounded to them ; and, after two prayers and hymns, we separated. Was not this pleasant, dearest J——? Yes, I can truly say it was the pleasantest part of my visit. So true is it that there must be something of God in all we do to constitute real enjoyment.

You are now, my beloved child, once more in the little world of a Cambridge life. May God Himself bless, preserve, and keep you. Never at any period of my life—no, not when I have seen you in all the helplessness of infancy hang upon your beloved mother's bosom—did I love you more ardently, more fondly than at the present moment. Never did I feel more entirely bent to do you good in every way and by every means in my power. Never did I more intensely desire of a good and gracious God that He would grant me this one request, that I may see you a real disciple of Christ and a true minister of His Gospel. . . . . I need not say, beloved J——, for my sake be diligent in the right use of your time and as economical as is consistent with your situation. You are very dear to me, and all that I can do I will do for your true comfort. Ever consider me, with the kind love of all here, with the truest affection,

Your ever attached father and friend,

J. H. EVANS.

In 1838, his only daughter, to whom he was most tenderly attached, accompanied her husband to India—a separation most deeply felt by him, as will be seen hereafter in his correspondence ; while, as will also be remarked, the Lord most graciously gave him the desire of his heart, in allowing him, before his departure, to receive her again, after an absence of some years.

One ministerial engagement, entirely unconnected with his chapel in London, was a source of much gratification to himself and of profit to others. Obliged to live out of the metropolis, by finding on his first coming up from the country, that a few

months' residence there had a serious effect upon his health, he fixed his abode at Hampstead in the year 1818, and feeling that he ought to be a means of some good to the place in which he lived, he for many years had a weekly evening service in his own house, the whole of the lower part of which was thrown open and arranged with seats for the reception of any who might choose to avail themselves of it, and there was usually a goodly company of hearers. It was a regular service, commencing with singing and prayer, then a sermon, followed by a hymn and prayer, and greatly was it appreciated by many.

His anxiety for the salvation of the souls of all with whom he was in any way connected, appears forcibly in a letter addressed to a friend then resident at Hampstead, upon the subject of establishing some effective agency for the spiritual good of the lowest and most neglected of its inhabitants:—

TO THE REV. R. D——.

West Cowes, Isle of Wight.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have for some time been desirous of writing to you, if it were only to assure you of the Christian regard and affection which I bear towards you. The suddenness of my departure from Hampstead, occasioned by a variety of circumstances, prevented me from calling on you as I had intended, and I fear lest my leaving home without having done so, may have had a look of unkindness in it. If so, forgive me in this. A Christian is so often wounded by the world around him, that he may well be spared in the house of his brethren. And yet how often, through our own hurry and confusion of mind, and, it is to be feared, too little consideration of others, do we occasion needless pain. Since my departure from home I often recur to Hampstead in thought, and I must add, no little regret mingles itself with the retrospect. If it be true,—and who can doubt its truth?—that he whose heart has been graciously opened to receive the grace of the Gospel is himself a blessing, communicating out of that fulness which he has received, what cause for sorrow and humiliation do I feel in the reflection

how little the place in which I have been living for now nearly six years, has been benefited by myself! Humble and insignificant an individual as I am, yet how much has been accomplished in the hands of God by the most insignificant, when they have been men of prayer, and faith, and Christian love! Oh! for a deeper sense of the value, of the real, the inestimable value, of one immortal soul! Were this the case, the means of exhibiting that sense of its worth would soon present themselves, and the blessing soon attend the use of them. At this moment Brewhouse Lane is lying deep and dead in sin; its inhabitants are, with very few exceptions, it is to be feared, rushing headlong to their destruction, in spite of all the invitations of mercy, and all the declarations of grace. Mr M——, a man of talent and piety, preaches in the Establishment, but they never hear him. Mr C——, a man of piety and zeal, preaches out of the Establishment, but how few have ever attended him! The tide of ruin runs deep and swift, and the only one to stem it is a Mr F——, whom nobody knows but the God of his salvation, and a few of His despised people, and he can only get a few hearers in the winter; in the summer he meets with no attention. And yet Hampstead is a Christian place, and there are many of the excellent of the earth there, who desire good to it, and do it good. But notwithstanding this, we are all verily guilty with regard to our brother. These poor, ruining, self-destroying people have a deep and awful claim upon us, upon us *all*, upon you and upon me, my Christian brother. Do you take the lead, and I will be your servant and your helper in this most blessed, most honourable, most important work. Let us keep to Brewhouse Lane, till, through God's rich and abundant mercy, there be men of prayer, in answer to our prayers, our tears, and our strong cries in their behalf. For my own part I will most gladly beg for them among my friends, preach to them, and talk with them. We could have a school there, give them tracts, give them advice, and not unfrequently pecuniary assistance. Do, my dear friend, lay this upon your heart, in your prayers before the throne of grace, and beg for wisdom, and give me advice and counsel.

I think, if God so will it, of returning to dear Hampstead in the course of the middle of next month. I call it dear, for it is so to my heart, not from the beauty of its lovely scenery, but from the many, many mercies which I have experienced there. My throat—I have reason to be thankful for it—is much reduced, and I consequently speak with much less difficulty. My temporary retirement from more active employ has not, I would hope, been without its blessings. It has seemed like a solemn pause in my life, and I trust has led to serious consideration. Pray for me that I may return to my work, contemplating it as the most blessed employment on earth to serve the Lord.

Mrs Evans sends her kindest Christian regard and affection. Ever believe me, my dear friend and brother in tribulation, and hope of the Gospel, to be yours most truly,

J. H. Evans.

An interesting and social meeting was formed among the little knot of his Christian friends at Hampstead, familiarly termed a "conversation party." It consisted of a few families, who met by turns at each other's houses to converse on a given subject. Their plan was, after tea to commence the engagements of the evening by prayer, after which the subject, which had been agreed upon at a previous meeting, was investigated and discussed by the elders of the party, the young people listening, and being encouraged to make any inquiry for the information or satisfaction of their minds. At one period, after an hour's conversation on the proposed topic, a few verses of Scripture were read, each person present taking his turn, and the meaning was familiarly discussed. At nine the servants were admitted, and the evening closed with singing a hymn, exposition, and prayer.

These social and unrestrained conversations upon Divine truth were found deeply interesting and useful. Points both of doctrine and of practice came, in the course of years, under review, tending greatly to the establishing of the mind and judgment, and the young people especially, derived much profit and instruction from them.

Mr Evans was likewise a member of a Clerical Society, which met once a month at each other's houses for conference and prayer. Himself and Dr Cumming were the only members of it who did not belong to the Church of England. The late Rev. John Wilcox and Rev. Francis Ellaby were members of this meeting, and were much attached to him, as also several other clergymen now living in London. With these he was on the most brotherly and affectionate terms; differences of opinion on minor points were merged in the great subjects on which they felt in common; each was free to speak his mind, while there was no compromise of principle in any.

His lively mind, warm affections, and talent in promoting useful conversation, caused his society to be much cultivated in private life. His cheerfulness and vivacity were as animating as his desire to do good and his aim to serve his Master wherever he might be, were worthy of the closest imitation. He warmly entered into the cases of such as needed assistance or advice, seeking to promote the object they might have in view by every means in his power. He seldom trusted himself to carry money abroad with him; if he did so, such was his liberality that he invariably parted with it before he returned home. To the young he was peculiarly acceptable, and while he won their affections by the interest he manifested in their welfare, he never lost sight of his great object, to win souls to Christ, whether in the drawing-room, or study, or distributing tracts in his walks, or speaking a word as he found opportunity; and the pointed remark, or searching question from his lips, was not unfrequently blessed of God to the good of the individual so addressed. On a young person being introduced to him as the niece of the Christian friend upon whom he called, the inquiry, "Does your niece know Christ?" was carried home to her heart by the Spirit of God, and she rested not till she did indeed know Him as her Saviour. It has been remarked concerning him since his departure, that each person with whom he came into contact, though it might be for only a very short time, can call to mind the being addressed by him, with an especial bearing upon what he considered to be the wants, or spiritual state,

of the individual so spoken to, either in a word of warning, encouragement, or instruction, as he judged needful. A young man who had just entered the ministry, has said that he never received so much instruction in the composition of sermons, as he obtained in a short conversation with him. Another individual has testified that his remarks on spiritual joy in an interview many years since have never been forgotten by her.

His opinion was much sought as a counsellor and friend, and he felt the necessity that exists for the minister to enter into the temporal perplexities and anxieties of his people, as these usually become spiritual trials and temptations; and as he was the subject himself of much inward conflict, he could enter into the cases of those who were similarly exercised.

The following notes of a conversation, which was held in the year 1846, have been kindly sent to the Editor.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVERSATION WITH, AND REMARKS BY, THE REV. J. H. EVANS.

When I entered the room the conversation was on prayer. It was inquired whether we might not ask for spiritual blessings for others without reserve or limitation. He replied, "There is but one limit in the Word of God, that we should ask 'according to His will.'" "But we know it is according to His will and for His glory that souls should be saved." "Ah! there you go into great depths. Who can say what will issue in God's glory but Himself! But this I say, we cannot be too earnest, too importunate in prayer. We cannot be too much in prayer, and I believe there is nothing too small or too seemingly insignificant to be spread before the Lord. A dear sister, Mrs W——, said a word which was a blessing to me, and it may be so to you:—'There are some things that I dare not even speak of to God, they are so trifling; but I have experienced, over and over again, that though I dare not tell Him of them, He always attends to them.'"

Speaking of Election, he said to me with a smile, "Why, you and I are but babes. These things are too hard for us to explain. I believe, unequivocally, in God's electing love. I cling to it

jealously, for I could not understand many things in my Bible without it; but I do not hold Reprobation and other doctrines which are hung on it by out-and-out Calvinists. I distinctly hold man's responsibility, but I cannot reconcile or bring down to human reason man's free agency with God's sovereignty. Nevertheless they exist; but all this is too deep for me. I leave it to be cleared up on the other side of the river. Ah, a babe knows more the first hour in glory than the wisest man on earth. When my Bible class bring me such questions, I tell them very fairly I cannot answer them. I know nothing about it, but I take my stand on God's immeasurable love. I know He can do nothing unkind or unjust. What He doeth we know not now, but we shall know hereafter, and every tongue shall magnify His boundless love and testify to His perfect justice. Every sinner will be self-convicted, self-condemned, speechless; his *own* sin will sink his soul in ruin. Oh, the wonders of God's love! On this I rest. In the near prospect of eternity—nearer, it may be, to me than to many of you, I take my stand on this one attribute of God, His love. When persons come to me with arguments such as these, I but can repeat, God is love, and He cannot deny himself, and so He must act out His love. God's love! Who can speak of it! We sometimes hear of Christ's love distinct from the Father's, as if the cross were the procuring cause of the Father's love. This is all wrong, all a mistake. The cross is the *exhibition* of the Father's love, the pouring out of His fulness into our empty vessels. We must not imagine the Son was more willing to die than the Father to yield the sacrifice."

"Oh, for more earnestness! There is nothing worth living for but Christ. I see a heavy cross. I look at it, and walk round and round it. I do not like it, and am not willing to touch it; would fain escape from it, shift it off perhaps on another. At length I am constrained to take it up, and I find it a paper cross. Lord, I thought it had been iron; I thought it had been adamant; but I find it light as a feather: and mark the blessing, we are bid to *take it up*, not to *bear* it. There is one who carries it; but oh! to be willing not only to take it

up, but to carry it! Nothing but grace can do this; it is contrary to the flesh. . . . .

"We all love to be exalted. I suppose we all know the snare of human applause. When we meet a saint of God, we desire to stand well with him, to have a high place in his esteem, but oh! to take a low place—the lowest place, to be willing to bear shame and contempt, to be thought little of, despised! Our dear Lord bare all this, and more. He was willing to be accounted a sinner, a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber; and He knows all our trials, all our weaknesses, all our need. He felt the infirmities of the flesh; He was hungry and weary; He sat on the well's mouth weary. The disciples were not weary, but He was. Yes, He knows all our need and ministers to every individual believer, as if there were only that one to be cared for. Do you doubt it? The rays of the sun alike enter the ant's nest and the palace. It is the every-day experience of His saints.

"Example, influence! Ah! 'tis little heeded; but what a wonderful power it has! Poor, contemptible, sinful as we are, it is untold of how much consequence we are, each in our own orbit, for good or evil. R. C——'s example. He is one of my stars. I hold him to be one of the first men of the age. He has no ebbs or flows. He can always realise his acceptance; but then he is indeed a child, ready for anything, everything, it matters not what—to wash your feet, or go and preach Christ in the market place within a stone's throw of a baited bull; it is all one to him if he can do his Master's work. . . . . .

"Oh, for a broken heart for sin, for deep, deep convictions of sin, for the mouth in the dust, to lie very low! I believe this to be the greatest gift, the most blessed posture on this side heaven. . . . . .

"I stand upon the brink of the ocean. Yea, I can traverse it in its wide extent, but when I want to explore its depths I find, as Sir E. Parry did, it is fathomless. Thus with the hidden things of God. . . . . .

"I once had a fierce contest with an infidel, a shrewd and subtle adversary. Praised be the Lord! it ended in her conversion. She talked long and loud in such a shrill voice, I was

exhausted and overpowered. Finding all arguments fail, I said to her, 'Now just imagine a diminutive insect crawling over that table, stopping to look at you and me, and then going home to tell his wife all about it. He would say, "I have seen a strange sight. Two creatures, so large and strong, with smoke coming out of their mouths, the noise they made almost stunned me; at last one of them took up a thin staff and stirred up a sea of black liquid, and scratched most violently with it. I dared not stay longer, I was so afraid." Now,' I said, 'when you presume to arraign the Eternal God before the bar of your judgment, I ask you what you know more of Him and His attributes than the little insect knows of you or me?' She went away and came again, for we had many lengthened conversations; at length she told me that she had learned the great truth—that she knew nothing. That woman is now a missionary, and ready, I believe, to give her life for Christ's sake. . . . .

"I believe the Lord works by very feeble instruments. I believe He loves to work by the weakest, and it is for His own glory. I believe He often blesses little endeavours, whilst He passes by more showy ones. It is one of the features of the present day that He sets His seal on every attempt for His glory which is undertaken in humility and prayer. He is ready to bless; meets His people more than half-way. 'Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember thee in thy ways.' And as God is true, I believe that every man, woman, or household, seeking to honour Him, He will honour and He will bless. . . . . .

"The sense of pardon does not exclude deep mourning and contrition. I thought this morning, 'Surely I must weep in heaven for my sins.' Yet no, not one tear there. God shall wipe them all away with His own hand. I know not how many *sorrows* I may have to carry in this life, but, blessed be God, not one *sin* shall ever be laid to my charge. Wonderful thought! Wonderful love! that amidst all the sad experience of a Christian's daily life, for 'the good I would I do not, and the evil which I would not that I do,' with all this not the weight of one sin shall be put on the believer, all cast into the depths of the sea,

and will never be found. But let us never forget who bare the weight of them—such a weight as none can tell, known only to God. Not our punishment only, but our sins. And think of the depth, the loathsomeness of sin, when nothing less than the Incarnate God could satisfy the justice of a holy God. . . . . .

"When the Gospel is preached, individuals are converted; some are converted in schools, some on sick beds; but a time of persecution is frequently a time of special blessing, because a time of prayer. Prayer in prosperity, and prayer in a time of deep affliction, are two different things. In trial, we have to do with God Himself. Cultivate intimacy with God; this is the secret. John Newton for thirty years had not a quarter of an hour's doubt. A clear sense of acceptance with God, nearness to God, is maintained by habitual prayer, going to Him from time to time, often through the day. Long intervals in prayer cause estrangement. . . . . .

"'Rejoice in the Lord alway' is difficult; easy enough when all is well; but when trial comes, to realise the presence of God amidst the business and petty irritations and annoyances of daily life, this is not easy. I would prefer the sadness of some to the happiness of others. Sadness is not a healthy state, for the Christian has every reason to rejoice, but there is no true happiness till we reach the cross. To be full of Christ is the secret of happiness. When we look for our evidences, they hide their heads like lilies of the valley, and we are distressed because we cannot find them; but if we look at Christ, the sun arises, and they spring up afresh. . . . . .

"If Christ hath borne away our sins, where is He now? At the right hand of God, bearing our names upon His heart. Not upon His shoulders only—this speaks of strength; but on His *heart*, assuring us of His love. Remember also His sympathy. We all live in an orbit of our own, and at times the world appears a wilderness, even to those who ought not to feel it so; but we have trials known only to our own hearts and to Jesus. Oh, the blessing of taking them to Him! In all our afflictions He can sympathise. . . . . .

"Dwell on the Father's love. It struck a little child in my

congregation. 'Mr Evans said it was impossible for God to love us more than He does.' I do solemnly believe this to be true. I believe God to be Essential Love as much as I believe heat to be in that fire, and the proof lies in the gift of His Son. All the glories of heaven are not to be compared with this greatest of gifts. And why? Pardon, peace, holiness, heaven are all shut up in Him. He is the precious Casket which contains them all. And let us remember that, contemptible as we are in ourselves, we are as the apple of His eye, the tabernacle in which He dwells, the palace in which He loves to make His abode."

To the servants of his family he evinced a paternal regard, both for their temporal and spiritual welfare; and even with respect to any who were providentially brought for a short season only beneath his roof, he sought their eternal good with intense anxiety. The servants of his friends came in for their share of his interest, and while visiting at their houses, he took opportunity of giving many a warning and exhortation in private, besides often addressing them pointedly at family exposition, as a stranger who felt a longing desire for their salvation. He regularly and systematically expounded the Word of God in his own family, entering deeply and largely into Divine truth, and led the devotions of those around him with singular warmth, animation, and holy wrestling with God. His soul delighted in these daily services, and manifestly felt the presence of God with him: and his ordinary walk confirmed the truth of what his lips uttered. It was evident, from the watchfulness and self-denial of his whole conduct, that the grace of God had taught him "to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world."

He had a particular objection to that unmeaning or trifling conversation which prevails in society, even amongst religious persons. He thought social intercourse, as it is too frequently conducted, a mere waste of time, and that Christians ought to feel after a morning visit, or a friendly evening, that they had derived or communicated some intellectual and spiritual profit.

He much encouraged, in domestic or social life, some book of useful information being read aloud, and made the subject of conversation, as a means of avoiding that which is merely frivolous. With respect to the cultivation of the mind, he always maintained that, for a believer not to make use of the talents intrusted to him, was neglecting a great means of doing good, and lessening his influence, both in the Church and in the world. Books of general and varied information, the reviews of the day, and the public papers, he therefore read with much interest, as far as his other more important avocations would permit, and this, while it was an intellectual gratification to him, he did with a direct view to the glory of God. There is one class of books, however, a class which has increased much of late years, against which he resolutely set his face. We refer to those publications of a lighter and attractive order, which have recently brought fiction under the garb of religion into the drawing-rooms of those who would formerly have dreaded such an introduction; and he equally reprehended the time which is spent by young women in ornamental needlework, and in the acquirement of those accomplishments for which they have no natural taste; when, he contended, the precious hours should be employed in storing their minds with useful knowledge. Where, however, a natural talent for music, singing, or drawing was discernible, he was decidedly of opinion that it should be cultivated, as it was bestowed by God, and to His glory it should be used.

He had a good taste in poetry, and composed many short pieces and hymns, some of which are before the public. Love of music was almost a passion with him. He used to relate that he burst into tears of joy when, at eight years of age, his father, seeing his decided talent, proposed to allow him a master, to give him some instruction in this accomplishment. During the early part of his College life he generally spent many hours in the day at his piano or violoncello, and music was a great resource and refreshment to him through life. After a long and fatiguing day in London, when body and mind were alike exhausted, might he be heard frequently, before retiring to rest, at his organ or piano, touching some chords, or singing a hymn

or chant, to compose and refresh his spirit, accompanying it with unpremeditated notes. In the song of praise in social or public worship, his musical and powerful voice will be long remembered.

He deeply felt the importance of a decided separation from the world in the Christian, and especially in the Christian minister; and while he disapproved of anything approaching to an affected singularity, he thought it ought to be manifest in the dress, furniture, table, and domestic arrangements of the child of God, that he had received the command, "Be not conformed to this world."

In reviewing his private character as a Christian, perhaps the distinguishing feature was humility. Those who knew him best knew how little he spoke of himself, or of the success which had attended his ministry. His standard of holiness was a very high one, and the view he maintained of his own sinfulness was deep and pungent. He had not habitually spiritual joy; he was a man of much inward conflict, but he never rested satisfied, short of peace in Jesus. He communed much with his own heart in private before God. To secure this he was a very early riser, being seldom in bed after half-past five in the morning, and the hours thus redeemed from sleep, he devoted to prayer, meditation, study of the Scriptures, and the perusal of his favourite authors. The works of Dr Owen, Samuel Rutherford, John Howe, and Robert Traill, afforded him the richest delight. In reading Scripture, it was his custom to use the pen much, either on the margin of his Bible or in a commonplace book; and he frequently recommended this practice to others, as one which he had found very useful in arranging and consolidating his thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

HIS PUBLIC MINISTRY.

We are compelled to pass over many circumstances which followed in his history, our main object being to present him to the reader as a Pastor, a Minister, and a Christian, during that part of his life in which God so eminently owned his ministry in the edification of His people, and in the conversion of sinners. In so doing, however, we would not forget the apostle's words, "*By the grace of God* I am what I am," and would remember, also, that no one more sedulously gave the glory to Him to whom alone it is due, than did the subject of this memoir.

From the time of the Church in John Street being formed, Mr Evans laboured intensely after its purity. He was not contented to walk by the light which was held up by others, or simply to follow in the path which had been trodden by those who had gone before him. He sought his original in the Word of God, not as expecting to find there the *specific model* of a Church of Christ, but the truths, principles, and discipline by which it is to be moulded and influenced. He was deeply conscious of deficiencies in carrying out what was his constant effort for twenty-six years to effect; yet he faithfully did, according to his opportunities, what he could to accomplish that which he believed to be the design of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the gathering and pastoral care of a Church; and it was precisely in this aspect that he rejoiced in his position as a Nonconformist. All who were familiar with his inmost heart knew

what tender regard he cherished for many holy men who were ministers in the Church of England, and how absolute was the freedom of his mind from prejudice on the subject of Establishments; but he saw clearly, and felt strongly, that what he considered to be the Scriptural idea of a New Testament Church was impossible of accomplishment in the Establishment itself.

Those who know anything of a pastorship in London are aware how great are the impediments to the satisfactory oversight of a people, arising from the distances at which many of them reside. This was painfully felt by Mr Evans. He visited the members of the Church at their houses, as far as time and strength would permit; but he found the adoption of other means indispensably necessary. He set apart certain days when he was to be found at the vestry of his chapel, to receive any persons wishing to converse with him, and the interviews to which this arrangement led were frequently of a most interesting character, and tended not only to bring him into acquaintance with some whom he could otherwise have little known, but in very many instances to discover and develop Christian life, and encourage to the open avowal of it, and to stimulate to active and devoted service in the Church of Christ.

The Church was also divided into districts according to locality. Men of God, who had approved themselves by their consistent walk, had the charge of the sections of these districts as visitors, and each district was under the superintendence of a deacon, so that by means of this simple machinery, the pastor was in possession of the general condition of the Church, and also became acquainted with any case that especially required his attention or visitation. The members belonging to each district met on appointed evenings, and at certain intervals Mr Evans was present in rotation at one of these meetings, which were devoted to prayer, reading the Word of God, and conversation over its contents.

While these modes of supplying what was wanting in pastoral visitation were in active operation, it was to the meetings of the whole body of the Church, with its pastor and deacons, that he more especially looked for the realization of the scriptural idea

of the true fellowship of the saints, and for the maturing, as well as the development, of those principles of spiritual life, whose influence was to pervade and govern their whole being.

His aim, in the exhortations which he then gave, was to unfold and enlarge upon the mutual relation subsisting between the Church and its exalted Head, and between the members reciprocally; and upon the solemn obligations arising therefrom. His ardent and holy, yet sober solicitude for its purity, both in principle, practice, and influence, as illustrating the character of its Lord, was only equalled by his desire that such pure and holy influence should be the growth of union with Christ, and increasing scriptural intelligence. His dominion over all, the subjection of all grace and gifts to Him for the mutual benefit of the Church, was strongly and affectionately inculcated. One of the modes of its exhibition, in which, however, from various circumstances, he had but little success, was that the grace and endowments of the officers of the Church, and the other members, as well as those of the pastor, should contribute to their general instruction and edification. Among the causes to which his small success in realising this object may be ascribed, was probably the fear under which many laboured who had some measure of qualification for such service, of being identified with, or of giving countenance to, certain recent movements of fanaticism,* and of bringing into disrepute a means of mutual benefit, which they concurred with him in believing to be as scriptural in principle as consonant with sound reason. Occasional addresses were, however given, and had Mr Evans's life been prolonged, his influence would, in all probability, have gradually effected an object which he deemed to be vital to the growth of the Church.

He had long arrived at the conclusion, that as plurality of elders in each Church was essential to Scriptural order, and cherished the desire, founded on what he strongly believed to be Scriptural authority, that the Church should place around him a few gifted and spiritually-minded brethren from among themselves, to sustain the office of elders, to labour co-ordinately

* Irvingism.

with, or subordinately to him in the spiritual oversight of the Church, as distinct from, but in entire co-operation with, the deacons. Various causes combined to delay the accomplishment of this desire; among others, the long disuse of the practice in the Churches, and the wholesome dread on the part of the Church of being suspected of a desire for innovation. In the meantime the service required, was to some extent, as far as their time and opportunities allowed, rendered by the deacons, whose sympathy with him in his anxiety for the moral and spiritual welfare of the Church, and whose harmonious co-operation with him in everything relating to its wellbeing, awakened and sustained in him the warmest brotherly affection for them, and often drew from him the remark, that they were "a band of brothers." The affection was on their part cordially and with the most tender veneration reciprocated.

He himself held, as has been already implied, the doctrine of believers' baptism, and that none other than believers were subjects for that ordinance, but he desired that the Church of Christ which he had gathered at John Street should be based on a broader foundation than that of any ritual distinction. Its arms therefore were opened wide to all who confided in the sacrifice, and yielded themselves to the authority, of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he always firmly maintained that he could not be the pastor of a Baptist Church, as it would involve the rejection from Church fellowship, and from the table of the Lord, of many whom God had received, and who might, from their holy character, be advanced to higher rewards in heaven than many who agreed with him on this subject. He, however, invariably suggested a candid and prayerful consideration of the subject to those who were candidates for fellowship with the Church, leaving it to the decision of conscience and judgment, as in the sight of God. A large number of the members were, indeed, Pædo-Baptists, as were also several of the deacons, and so far was this from being the least barrier to Christian intercourse or communion, that many of the communicants were unaware of the views of their fellow-members on the subject.

A careful examination of the Word of God on the subject of the Lord's Supper had satisfied Mr Evans that the family of God should meet around his table every Lord's-day, and the Lord's Supper was therefore celebrated every Sunday evening, when those who agreed with him on the subject, remained after the usual service, while the majority of the Church assembled together with him on the first Sunday of the month. These were always peculiarly happy seasons, in which he enjoyed much of his Master's presence.

In the admission of members into the Church he was most cautious that they should first give satisfactory proof of vital godliness; but, if he were once assured of this, he considered, that however weak and feeble they might be, they ought to be united with the saints of God, in order to their being nourished by the means of grace, and association with other believers. If, however, any doubt was entertained on this subject, their entrance into the Church was always delayed till it was removed; and this very delay was often the means of much good to the individual. His desires for the sanctification of his people were intense, as the letters addressed to them during his occasional absences—which are appended to this volume—will fully prove: he watched over them with a holy jealousy; and where he saw any one going astray, either in doctrine or in practice, that person was sure to be regarded by him with peculiar vigilance. He ever bare in mind the precept,—"If a man be overtaken in a fault, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness;" and, in many cases, souls were restored to holiness and peace by this means. Where, however, this could not be effected by private admonition, and circumstances demanded investigation, the self-denial, patience, and prayerful diligence which he evinced, were most touching and remarkable, and must be fresh in the minds of those who assisted him; and where charges were proved to be correct, and the individual could not be brought to repentance, he suffered no circumstances of friendship or private feeling to influence his judgment for one moment,—the honour of his Lord and the purity of His Church were dearer to him than any other consideration. The solemnity of his deportment, and

the deep feeling which was evident on these occasions, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them.

At the sick and dying beds of his flock he was constantly to be found, administering sound and wholesome warning, instruction, or consolation, according as he judged it needful. He was greatly favoured with witnessing the peaceful and happy departures of many of his people. He found these seasons most profitable to his own soul, and while his sense of responsibility at the death-bed was deep and awful, his entire sympathy and warm feelings especially fitted him for access and usefulness in the hour of affliction.

The following letter to his wife shews something of the character of a ministerial day :—

"*Hampstead, Dec.* 3, 1841. *Friday.*

"I am glad to hear on the whole so favourable a report of dear M., and that your dear parents are as they are. May you all receive the support which you need, and which your Heavenly Father is so willing to bestow, and may *you* especially receive great and abundant spiritual supplies, much of the inward sealing of the Spirit.

"Yesterday was a fatiguing day, but my soul was encouraged. I walked to Robert Street, Hampstead Road, where the phaeton overtook me. I called on Mrs G., and prayed with her and her recovered son ; then called on old Mrs Butler, who was out. I then went to Mrs Danby, prayed with her, having done the same the day before. I then called on Miss Vos, prayed with her, and was there about an hour with her and Mrs R. I then went to T. P., who is in very imminent danger, and sees two physicians to-day. I prayed with him and his wife, and hope well of both of them. I then sent home the phaeton, and walked to Mrs S., who has been very seriously ill. I prayed with her and her niece. She is in a very nice state of mind. I called then on Mrs L., who I am happy to say is out of the shade in no small degree. I prayed with her and her sister, Mrs E., and reached the chapel at three, where I met by

appointment a young man who had something on his mind, professing to have received great blessing under that sermon, 'In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' I prayed with him, and was nearly knocked up, ordered a mutton chop, which I had at four, saw a little of His goodness who gave it me, slept for about ten minutes, then had a young man, Mr H., calling on me, by appointment also, about the Trinity. I think we must have been together about an hour. I recommended him to be urgent at a throne of grace, to read the Bible candidly, and get Wardlaw. It was a solemn but an affectionate meeting. Then came Mr A., who had coffee with me, and then the deacons till nine; brought Mr A. home, and came to my own fireside a little after ten. I left home a little after nine, so that I was pretty well tired. But it is blessed service.

"On Wednesday I called, before my Bible class, on Mrs Danby; Mrs K., to talk to her about Mrs Danby; on T. P., and Mrs D., who is in great trouble. The class was a very large one, and in the evening our lecture, considering Mr A. had his missionary meeting at the same hour, was well attended, about fifty, I suppose; 'Our eyes are upon Thee' (2 Chron. xx. 12). They were strikingly attentive. O that God may condescend to bless! It was rather awkward that the W——s should be there, as they heard the same sermon on the Tuesday previous. But that is of little importance. It is a great relief to me.

"Yours,

"J. H. EVANS."

It was not, however, to the members of the Church alone, or to the matured believer, that Mr Evans confined his attention. To the young persons of his congregation he devoted a large share of his time, forming them into Bible classes, where he met them, as a father with his children, loving and being loved. With the female Bible class this was especially the case, and here it pleased God to grant a large blessing; many were converted through this instrumentality, and many led on and encouraged in the right ways of the Lord. With the young

men he found a difficulty, arising from the late hours of business in London; but for two years he met them once a month in the vestry of his chapel at six o'clock in the morning, leaving his home before half-past five for that purpose, and often spoke of the happy meetings he had with them at that period, which only his state of health obliged him to discontinue. He also was in the habit of preaching a sermon to young people at the opening of the year. And, after the formation of a Maternal Association, which consisted of mothers who met once in every month for prayer for their children, he assembled these mothers occasionally, to encourage and exhort them on their duties and responsibilities; and these opportunities were greatly valued by those who partook of them. The younger children of their families he likewise collected twice a year, and addressed them in a manner suited to their tender age; and most interesting was it to witness him in the midst of his youthful auditory, whose attention he completely riveted, while he always acknowledged they were the most difficult congregation he had to address.

The various associations by which the Church of Christ maintains an aggressive warfare with Satan and the world, all claimed and had a portion of his regard. Schools, the Society for visiting and relieving the Sick Poor at their own habitations, the Christian Instruction Society, the London City Mission Society, Foreign Missions,—in all these he took a lively interest, though the demonstration of it was principally limited to his own congregation; his natural temperament leading him to withdraw from public meetings, and all his powers being fully occupied in his weekly routine of engagements.

In preparing for the pulpit Mr Evans spared no pains. Often was the expression heard from his lips, "I am not an inspired man, I *must* prepare for the pulpit. What! shall I give to God that which costs me nothing?"* His usual habit was, when

* The choice of subjects, it need scarcely be observed, formed a matter for much prayerful thought and consideration. "If you select a subject, he would say, because it is an easy one for you to preach upon, there is no blessing likely to result from that sermon." His own plan accordingly varied. He looked first to his people to supply him with a text for the coming Lord's-day. If any circumstance had occurred within

he had decided upon his subject, to commence by noting down the thoughts upon it as they occurred to his mind, without any regard to order. He then consulted commentators * on the passage, or treatises on the doctrine or precept on which he proposed to preach, and in any difficult or important subject, great was his labour and research in this way; and finally he wrote a complete and copious sketch of his sermon, with all the principal heads and leading ideas fully arranged, and more or less filled up, according to circumstances. He did not, however, use these notes in the pulpit, and never had any assistance of the kind, always preaching from memory and the help given at the time. This was sought in earnest prayer; indeed, he may be said to have studied and prepared his discourses in prayer, and to have delivered them in prayer, and here, no doubt, was one cause of the blessing which attended them. He always went into his pulpit from his knees, and returned to them again on coming out of it, and the fervency of his supplications could only be known by one who might casually overhear them, and by that God to whom they were addressed. His scheme of Gospel truth, while it possessed much of the spirit of the preceding, had much also of that of the present age. The distinguished men who embraced the broader view of Calvinism, and who in their day had been singularly honoured of God in build-

the week of a providential kind which affected them generally, this would often determine the subject of his address on the Lord's-day which followed; or if he had discerned seeds of what he considered an unsound or partial view of truth springing up amongst any individual members of his flock, this he would regard as an intimation from God, directing him to meet the error. Many came to him from week to week for private conversation,—some inquiring, some doubting, some in distress of soul from outward calamities, some vexed and harassed by Satan,—these have often furnished him with his Sunday text; and from this fact, there can be little question, followed much of the power and substance and reality which were to be found in his words. He was combating errors whose existence he knew, for some who held them were his hearers,—solving doubts, and removing difficulties, not imaginary, but such as had been presented to him for answer,—comforting many with the consolation which God the Spirit had blessed to one. This was one secret of his experimental preaching, for by this means the pastor and the minister were both brought to bear upon the people, and the experience of the one character acted upon the ministrations of the other.—Ed.

* Scott, Henry, and Dr Gill were his favourite commentators. The firs the valued most highly for his sound Scriptural views of truth. "I never like to preach a sermon," he would say, "without having seen first what Scott says about it. If he takes the same view, I consider then that I am tolerably safe."—Ed.

ing up His Church, had gone to their rest, and had been succeeded by those who, while they included in their testimony many truths of great practical importance, suited also to a time in which the kingdom of Christ was to be more largely extended than at any previous period, had yet allowed the class of truths above alluded to, if not to fall into disuse, yet to hold a less prominent place in their teaching than the Word of God exhibits. Mr Evans aimed at combining the substance and spirit of both these classes of truths, and while he fully stated the total and entire depravity of man by nature, without ability to turn himself to God, the free, sovereign, electing love of God, flowing through the cross of Christ, and the absolute need of the power of the Holy Ghost to commence in regeneration and carry on in sanctification His work in the soul—he was fettered by no shackles of human system; and while he maintained that the atonement of Christ was for the sins of His own people, he felt himself at full liberty to proclaim the Gospel as free to every creature under heaven. The truths which search and probe the conscience, and urge to a full surrender of the whole spirit, soul, and body to holiness and love, in all the detail of daily life, both domestic, social, and public, in retirement, and in business, were pressed home upon his hearers; but he delighted also in statements of truth which contribute to the nourishment and strength of the believer; upon the principle that service could only be continuously and cheerfully rendered by those who were well supported and sustained, that the love and practice of the precept were only diligently exemplified by those who lived upon the promise. Hence many were gathered round him, and ended their days in fruitfulness under his ministry, who had been trained up under what has been technically termed high doctrine, who would have been repelled from the precept which they afterwards learned to hold as dear as the promise, had the sceptre of their Lord been so exhibited by him as to conceal from them His cross. It was a common saying among the most spiritually-minded, and the most consistent in conduct, of the worshippers at John Street Chapel, that the way in which, in his ministry, the practice of the believer was

blended with the highest privileges of the Divine life, led them to enter with increasing and hearty love into his own beautiful perception of the mode in which religion intermingled itself with the whole course of life. He would frequently, on coming out of the pulpit, ask the question, "Was it a *holy* sermon?" "Did it press *holiness?*"

With respect to the subjects selected by him for the pulpit, he usually had some *series* of sermons before him, for one part of the day at least. During the course of his ministerial life he therefore went over in preaching many portions of the Word of God, some more than once. The Epistle to the Ephesians, the tenth and following chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of the Gospel of John, many of the Psalms, particularly the twenty-fifth, thirty-second, forty-second, fifty-first, eighty-sixth, hundred and thirtieth, and hundred and forty-second, and several chapters in the Song of Solomon, are some which he selected.* At other times he would take a subject, and dwell upon it in various points of view; as, for instance, the chief hindrances to spiritual growth in the believer, which he considered in three sermons: Want of spiritual diligence,—Conformity to the world,—and the Power of unbelief. Another subject dwelt upon, at considerable length, was, The various practical errors

* His reason for adopting frequently a course of sermons had to do not merely with the continued interest and sustained attention which it produced in his hearers, but he declared he found it profitable for his own soul. He believed that it contributed towards the whole of the Gospel being brought before his own consideration, and thus before that of his people. It can scarcely be questioned that every minister loves to contemplate more especially particular aspects of Divine truth, and that there are certain doctrines of the Bible which it is his delight to bring more prominently forward than others, not always because they are most important, but because the natural tendency of his own mind, or circumstances which affected him in the earlier days of his ministerial life, may have made these truths especially dear to his heart, and the exhibition of them therefore in his ministry falls in with the current of his thoughts and meditations. But there is a danger here, lest other parts of Divine truth, of equal importance, should not have their proper place and due prominence assigned them. Hence my father advised an occasional going through a chapter, verse by verse, till it was completed. The adoption of this plan compels a minister to consider and bring before his people certain portions of the Word of God, which otherwise would probably have escaped him. He finds himself forced to preach upon a text, which, but for its occurring in the course, he never would have selected at all. "Preach the whole truth and the whole of truth," was his counsel and his practice. "Keep none of it back because it may not be palatable to your hearers, or uncongenial to yourself."—Ed.

existing in the Church of God, with regard to the person and work of the Holy Ghost.

His sermons on the Sunday *evening* he always sought to make interesting, by taking some *fact* or *narrative* from Scripture for the groundwork, as he considered that his congregation was a more mixed and fluctuating one than in the morning, and that the minds of those who had been spiritually engaged throughout the day were wearied, and required a subject which did not involve deep thought.*

He carefully watched over the state of his own soul in relation to his ministry, and frequently spoke of the snare it was to a minister to be compelled to preach and pray, whatever might be the state of his mind at the time.

His manner in the pulpit was deeply solemn and earnest, and when warmed with his subject, it became impassioned and powerful; and he expressed himself in vehement, though always chaste, language.

His prayers in public were remarkable for simplicity, absence of effort, and variety of petition. He evidently felt himself a poor sinner in the presence of a heart-searching God, yet an accepted child, pleading for promised blessings. He presented before God with holy boldness whatever was upon his mind, and he carried his fellow-worshippers along with him in spirit, giving utterance to the labouring thoughts of many hearts, whether in confession, petition, thanksgiving, or intercession. He prayed

* With regard to the evening sermon, it was his decided conviction that one regular sermon a day was enough for both minister and people. By this he meant, one discourse upon a single verse of Scripture, with its two or three logical divisions and practical inferences. For the Evening Service, he preferred, in his own judgment, the exposition to the sermon. The taking a wider compass of the Word of God for his text enabled him to give to his people a more enlarged view of the portion selected. It must be remembered, the evening congregation is generally of a more miscellaneous order than the morning. "We ministers," he would say, "are, for the most part, too deep; we are not shallow enough. We take too much for granted. The mass of ignorance among large numbers of our hearers is astonishing, and yet our sermons are framed upon the supposition that all are acquainted with doctrines and terms, concerning which a vast multitude have no clear or accurate ideas." By coupling several verses together, he felt that he could give a more general and comprehensive view of the truths of revelation; and if for his evening discourse he did not always adopt the exposition instead of the sermon, it was because he felt it right to yield in such a matter to the wishes of others, whose judgment and counsel he valued.—Ed.

with believers, and *for* the unconverted, and brought before God the cases of such as were in sickness or affliction with much importunity, yet delicacy of expression.

The subject of this memoir stood in a peculiar position in the Church of Christ. The having been formerly in the Established Church, and still holding communion with many of her most valuable members and ministers, together with the power and spirituality of his ministry, induced many, who were never under other circumstances within the walls of a Dissenting place of worship, to frequent John Street Chapel. This was more especially the case on the week-day evening, when ministers and Christians of every denomination, and from all parts, might be seen listening to and enjoying the word which he preached.

The following is an extract of a letter from the late Rev. W. M. Caldecott :—

"*Jan.* 27, 1832.

"On Sunday morning, I attended Mr Evans's, and heard a most powerful address from him on the great sin of the Jews, 'their heinous, detestable, and condemning sin,'—the rejection of Christ,—from that passage, John xv. 22. In laying open the *causes* of it, he extracted the following from Scripture :—they hated His *sovereignty*, as Luke iv. 26–28 ; His *atonement*, John vi. 54–60 ; His *rebukes for sin*, John vii. 7 ; His *humble station*, the son of a carpenter ; His *ways*, receiving publicans and sinners, and His *holiness*. Then briefly closing with the extent of their hatred and ill-treatment, he impleaded and convicted the children of this generation of the same sin. On the antipathy to His *sovereignty*, he was very edifying, and made me feel that, though I own the truth of salvation being all a sovereign act of grace, I had much to learn in submitting to this truth in heart, and suffering Him to put his foot upon my neck. Truly this is the foundation, and Mr E. laid it deep. On the denial of His *divinity*, he shewed, with his characteristic plainness, that our Christ is one, and the Socinians' another. On the denial of His *sinless humanity*, he remarked, with great force, that we need a lamb without blemish, perfect in what He *is*, as well as perfect

in what He *does*, and he declared that by denying this and confessing the atonement, men are more inconsistent than the Socinian, who first unfits Him for His atoning office, and then, of course, rejects the atonement; whereas, the former first unfit Him, and then lean upon His work. Then came a most affecting and most faithful exhibition of the hatred which is now excited by His *holiness*. He asserted holiness to be his grand essential attribute, and to be stamped on every portion of His saving work. 'His promises are holy, His commands are holy, His consolations are holy,' and therefore do His people love Him; and the sign which he instanced of genuine conversion both humbled and comforted me, viz., that he who has felt Christ's blood on his conscience will long for Christ's sway over his heart. His second head was, That they who hate the Son hate the Father also. Beginning to tell us why (because Christ is the visible representation of the invisible Jehovah, and reveals and exhibits and exemplifies the Father's heart), having asserted that he knew no view of Christ more beautiful than this, and proceeding to improve it, he became so hoarse that he was forced to stop. It was the Lord's doing, and I felt that we had already received enough for the whole week; and I don't know whether the peculiar situation in which he left the subject,—just throwing back the door of the lovely scene, and putting us into the antechamber,—did not quicken our curiosity, and fix our longing eyes, and make our bosoms swell with wonder and admiration, more than if he had led us by the hand into the depths of the mystery as he has himself explored it. I saw Mr E. after the service, and tasted a hasty word of holy affection with him."

His own opinion of his sermons, however, differed widely from that of his hearers, and his trial of mind in consequence was frequently very great from the low estimate he formed of them. Often, when he had apparently preached with great power and acceptance, he was in extreme distress from feeling how little he had entered into, and developed, the subject upon which he had been treating. This was not affectation, it was the honest con-

viction of his judgment before God, and arose, in part doubtless, from the deep views he had of the Gospel of reconciliation; and it might also be permitted by a loving Father, lest his talents in preaching, and the high-toned spirituality of his discourses, should, through the artifice of Satan, prove a snare to his soul.

Mr Evans had no sympathy with those of his brethren who feel it right to take a public part in the politics of the day. He maintained that the Christian minister's path led him into a far higher sphere. At the same time he felt a lively interest in the welfare of his country, in public events, and in the affairs of the nations of the world at large, and to this he was moved by the enlarged and active benevolence of his nature, and more especially by the conviction, that by the complicated movements of His providence, God was slowly but surely working out the great designs of His grace. He did not object to unite in petitioning Parliament when any measure was in agitation which he conceived would infringe upon our rights as citizens, or our liberties as Christians, as he considered such Petitions a legitimate means of making known the feelings of the nation. He was a loving subject of our Queen, always prayed for her in the public assembly, and, when she was placed in any circumstances of danger or alarm, with especial earnestness and warmth. He upheld submission in all temporal matters to the powers that be, and while he thought that Dissenters ought not to be taxed in order to defray the expenses of a religious establishment to which they conscientiously object, he was so far from disputing the payment of this tax, that he was especially careful that it should be promptly done, as he considered that while any law was in existence, however obnoxious it might be, it was binding, and that the legitimate mode of obtaining relief from it was not by rebelling against it, but by decided but temperate Petitions, in a Christian spirit, to the Legislature for its removal.

During the many years he laboured in London, he made a decided stand against the prevailing errors of the day, as they successively manifested themselves. By Irvingism he was sorely tried, and some of his oldest, and as it had appeared, most faithful friends, were lost to him by this heresy; yet he was faithful to

his God and to the light of Scripture, and in public and in private solemnly testified against it. He felt also bound, at a later period, to warn against what he saw contrary to the spirit of Christ in those called "the Brethren;" and while he loved very many among them as indeed brethren in Christ; he felt, and he asserted, that they in truth separated, not united, the family of God; and as union among God's people was always his avowed and cherished object, he could not agree with them either in their principles or line of conduct.

In contemplating Mr Evans as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, occupying a conspicuous position and exercising a large amount of influence over his contemporaries, both ministers and private Christians, by whom the truths which he uttered were conveyed to various, and even remote parts of the kingdom and of the earth, the question,—What was the secret of his power? becomes one of deep interest. His scheme of Gospel truth was, as we have seen, drawn in his earlier years of ministerial service, direct from the Word of God. The law, in the length and breadth of its claims over his whole nature, had discovered to him how completely he came short of the glory of God; he was alive without it once, but when the commandment came, he fell under it, as he was wont to say, self-condemned and law-condemned. In this state the Gospel of the grace of God met him, and he found it to be indeed "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," sufficient for his pardon, his peace, his holiness, his happiness. From this time, and to the end of his days, the religion of the Gospel was his all; it was not an appendage, to which he could look either as a mere means of safety, or as an accomplishment; it pervaded and governed his whole being,—"Old things had passed away, all things had become new." The question with him was not, With how little can I serve God? how much can I reserve for the world? but, How may I present my body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God? He wanted no endowment, either natural or acquired, to render his society acceptable and beneficial to any circle into which he chose to enter; his nature was eminently social: but when once his Lord had gained the dominion of his heart, all his social tendencies flowed into

one channel, and were consecrated to the eternal welfare of his fellow-creatures,—to him "to live was Christ." His life thus became a rich illustration of the truths which he had embraced; spirituality, without the slightest tendency to sanctimoniousness, pervaded it throughout. It will be readily perceived, that his ministry, formed on such a basis, would exhibit the attainableness, as well as the blessedness, of a religion that affected the conduct of every day, and of all the day; and that it would have a naturalness in it, and would exercise a power over his hearers, in comparison with which all that could emanate from mere professional attainment would be as nothing. Whatever of natural talent, genius, and learning he possessed—and these were great and various—were all and always consecrated to this especial service, but they were always held, designedly and tenaciously, in their due subordination; they were kept behind the person and the cross of his beloved Lord.

CHAPTER VI.

DECAY OF STRENGTH, ILLNESS, AND DEATH.

TURNING from this sketch of Mr Evans's life and ministry, from which the reader cannot but perceive how every faculty was fully on the stretch, it will not be matter of surprise, that though the vigour of his body and the energy of his mind carried him on in the work in which he delighted, yet that with the advance of years there should be some warning that he must circumscribe his labours.

The first attacks in the head, he thus tenderly communicated to his son :—

"*Hampstead, May* 18, 1843.

"MY DEAREST J——,—I believe that you are a letter behind, but cannot be satisfied that you should hear from any other source any information respecting myself, which might occasion you any degree of alarm or anxiety. You are aware that, when I met you at Salisbury, I was suffering from my head. I thought it right, therefore, to get the advice of Mr B——, who recommended rest and a fuller diet, and prescribed twice for me. In consequence of this we went, as you know, to Brightwell. On my return, I found all my pain return, and, after applying again to Mr B——, and having on a dozen leeches, and still deriving no good, I went to Dr M. H——, under whose prescriptions I am now going on, but with little improvement. He forbids my preaching more than *once* on Sunday, and again

on the Tuesday; and this for two weeks has been the case, with my lecture at home on the Wednesdays. But still I have almost continual pain. Dr H—— says that it has arisen from doing too much, and told me plainly that if I persevered, the consequences must be serious. Of course, therefore, I have but one alternative. The will of the Lord be done. May there not be one rising thought that repines at it! Oh that I may derive all the sanctifying effect of this, to me, trying dispensation!

"Dr H—— speaks very hopefully as to my doing well with care and decrease of work, but medicine, he says, can do little good. You must not feel alarmed, my beloved J——, at this piece of information. It is a warning note, I confess. But every such admonition, if received with the ear of faith and love, only leads to the anticipation of eternal blessedness. Oh, to be every day and hour living for it under the cheerful rest of a good hope through grace!

"All blessings rest upon you, my dearest J——. Cultivate secret prayer above all things. There is too much of the outside in us all, but I believe, as a man is in secret, so is he.

"Your most affectionate father,

"J. H. EVANS."

The letter which follows, addressed to his daughter, is marked by similar cheerfulness in the midst of much inward trial and outward perplexity about his Church. His own failing powers seemed to affect him but little, saving as thereby his labours for his Church were necessarily curtailed. And the difficulty of filling up the gap which his own partial withdrawment from public duty occasioned, will be readily understood by all who knew the position he occupied in the Christian Church.

"*Taplow, May* 30, 1843.

"MY OWN BELOVED CHILD,—Once more do I take up my pen in my old corner in the east room, under the great chesnut overlooking Mr N——'s garden, to write to one so dear to my heart. Once more do I transport myself in thought to the

banks of Burrampooter, place before my eyes the snowy tops of the Himalayas, and picture to myself, what is inconceivably dearer to me than all the rivers and mountains in the world,—my own precious C——; her dear husband, and the two bairns so much beloved, though unknown, except through the fond medium of their still more beloved mother. I really think that these monthly flights are exceedingly beneficial to me, as well as delightful. Not that you are ever fairly out of my thoughts. Do I sit in the corner of the drawing-room at home, look at the picture of my own precious father, touch the piano, play over 'Change is our portion here,' fix my eyes on the little pretty drawings that hang on the walls, turn to the window where I caught the last look of my departing child, go into the garden and mark that part of it which I used to consider as particularly and especially hers,—do I walk out on the heath and watch the old green firs up by the Spaniards,—all, all remind me of my own precious C——. And yet these stated periods are all beneficial to me in this way: they remind me of the mercies of God to me, in sparing you, watching over you, blessing you, though at so great a distance; they remind me of my entire dependence on Himself for the continuance of the blessing; and they also remind—oh! that, through His mercy, it may yet be with far increasing force,—not only of the time when, should He see fit, we may meet here, but when, through most wondrous grace, we may meet to part no more for ever. You will hear from the G——s, I dare say, my dearest C——, that I have not been quite so well of late. This is the case still. The truth is, I have for a length of time been overworked. I may say this has been the case for years, and yet I have seen no remedy for it. But, for a year past, I have felt it more distinctly, and pain in and a sense of pressure on my head have been the consequence. Within the last three months this has increased; and after consulting Mr B., and finding no relief, I have applied to Dr M. H——, and he forbids me to preach more than once on the Lord's Day, and says that other help in the week is imperatively necessary. This I am now endeavouring to procure, I mean as a permanent thing. For this last month I have only

preached once on the Sunday and on Tuesday evenings, and this, with my Wednesday lecture twice a month at home, constitutes the whole of my preaching. Dear C—— S—— and myself conversed together on this subject last October, and I opened my mind to him unreservedly, for, of all the men I have ever seen, he is the one who, I humbly conceive, seems in all points the most suited for the post. We have great love for each other, agree exceedingly—I might almost say, altogether—on the subject of Divine truth, he is eminently spiritual, and our wives have a particular and very especial love for each other. He has promised (D.V.) to come up to town in August and take the pulpit during my absence, when we shall be able to judge how far this thing is of our Heavenly Father's approval or not. I trust we can both say that our chief concern in this business is to glorify His name. You will possibly receive this before he actually comes to town, or about the time. Make it, at all events, a matter of peculiar prayer; and forget not that, as it is a subject of no small trial, it may be made a means of very large measure of sanctification to myself and to us all. I confess that, should this arrangement prove itself to be of God, I am prepared to anticipate great blessings from the real sanctity of his character, and that of dear P——. Thus, my beloved child, my Heavenly Father is giving me gentle admonition that I am but as grass, and like the fading flower of the field. May my last days be my best days, holiest, happiest! As it regards my own comfort, it is much promoted in one respect by this arrangement; for the evening sermon was a greater press upon body and mind than I can well express, and I have altogether more time for personal, and, I hope, profitable study of the Word; and to have an associate such as C—— S——, promises to be a great source of comfort, that is, the Eternal Spirit can make it to be so.

"I know, my love, this recital will at first give you pain, but on serious thought you will rejoice; for had I gone on as things were, there is every probability that the issue would have been that I should soon have ceased altogether; whereas, through the Divine blessing, with care not to over-press, I may be en-

abled to go on with this measure of work for years to come ; and it may be more usefully, and with more of the Divine unction of the Eternal Spirit. My conscience will be more happy, and the Church better watched over.

"Do not you see how, for the most part, God works in a *mysterious* way, His wonders to perform? We expect the blessing in our way, He chooses to bestow it in His way. It is needful that a sentence of death should be written on all, yea, upon ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in the living God.

"How hard do I find it to maintain any real spirituality when I am out ; sometimes self-reproached for having been too silent, sometimes for speaking too much ; sometimes for speaking of myself, sometimes of others, and not sufficiently kindly of them. You must not be surprised, though you would do well to be humbled, when you discover this in your own case ; but better still, if, aware of our danger, with diligent prayer to God we seek His grace, receive help, and conquer.

"All tender love to dear James, abundance of kisses to the children.—Ever, ever, your most affectionate father,

"J. H. EVANS."

For eight happy months he and his people were cheered by this return to his former engagements ; and having now the valued assistance of a beloved brother in the ministry,—the Rev. Charles Shepherd, who, as a son with a father, served with him in the Gospel, it was fondly hoped that the Lord would long continue them to labour together in this part of His vineyard. But He had decreed otherwise.

Occasional severe attacks of tic in the face, wakeful nights, nervous agitation, with pains in the head after study or preaching, obliged him to abridge his engagements in a degree ; yet with every increase of strength, gained by retirement into the country or other means, he would recommence with fresh alacrity. For a considerable period, as stated in the preceding letter, under the advice of an eminent physician, he preached but once on the Lord's Day, having the kind assistance of other ministers for the evening service. He afterwards, however, again preached in the

evening very short sermons, while he took no share in the former part of that service. During these years he and his people were anxiously and prayerfully looking out for permanent help, both in the pulpit and out of it, but before they had succeeded, and while things were in this unsettled state, deeply trying to him and to them, as week by week much was left undone which he could not accomplish, though he constantly exerted himself beyond his power, his health, in January 1847, sustained a severe shock by an alarming attack of bronchitis, which was followed in the spring and summer by repeated illness, so that he was laid aside for months. This, while his mind was deeply exercised amidst his bodily sufferings by the trial to which the Church was exposed by the constant change of preachers and want of his pastoral care, was a season of especial blessing and spiritual enjoyment to him; the truths he had preached and lived upon for so many years were now brought with fresh power to his own soul, and he tasted their sweetness in their sanctifying effects, the Spirit witnessing with his spirit to his adoption. Some weeks spent at Scarborough were blessed to his recovery. He returned in October, and was again enabled regularly to preach on the Sunday morning and Tuesday evening, and to engage with caution in his usual routine of work.

As the summer of 1848 advanced, it was evident to those who best knew Mr Evans that he had overtasked his powers; he felt it himself, and with great difficulty kept up till the time he had fixed upon for his summer vacation. The retirement and bracing air of Cromer, to which he repaired, failed to restore him, and he returned to London after a prolonged absence, utterly unfit for any public engagement. His friends, as also his medical advisers, hoped that perfect rest for some months might be the means of recruiting his lost energy, and conscious as he was of entire inability to preach, the trial to him was mitigated by the hope that he might after a time be able to enter again upon the Lord's service, though he felt it would be in a very limited measure. His anxiety during the following winter, as little or no progress was made by him towards recovery, was intense respecting his

people, not only as regarded the present, but feeling his life to be in a precarious state, his concern was very deep for the continuance of the Gospel in that chapel, which was endeared by the associations of so many years. He was willing to make any sacrifice for this end. Many plans were in agitation, and, among others, it is satisfactory to know, was that of offering his present successor the position he now occupies, though Mr Evans was not permitted to witness the realisation of his hopes.

In a letter dated May 1849, he wrote: "I have received a note from ——, wishing that Mr Noel should be invited to assist us temporarily during the indisposition of dear C. Shepherd, and to this I could feel no sort of objection whatever, if, as he says, the Church wishes it. Nay, it would rather remove a difficulty; for whilst it would pledge us to nothing, yet should he accede to the wish, and the Church really approve of his ministry, I should be at no hesitation whatever in following out what I have already told G—— that I fully intend doing, namely, if * * * to offer the chapel at once to Mr Noel, with the surrender of my life interest. But if we wait *only* on the Lord, and delight ourselves in Him, He is sure to give us, in His own way, the desires of our hearts." Again, at about the same date, he wrote:—"Our Heavenly Father is pleased sorely to try faith, submission, and patience; may He graciously strengthen all these in the exercise of our own souls, and then we shall be great gainers, even if John Street Church be, *as a Church*, among the things that were. I fully believe that the Lord has long had a controversy with us,* and, indeed, said as much to the Church at one of our Church meetings. Oh to be willing to hear what the Lord is speaking to us, speak *what* He will, *how* He will, *when* He will, and *by whom* He will! The only thing that now strikes me to suggest is, that as Mr H——† wished me to part with my life interest in the chapel, I should place no impediment in the way, provided only the chapel were sold to Mr Noel. If this were the case, the Gospel at all events

* Alluding, not to the moral condition of the Church, but to the absence of such means as he often alluded to, for its spiritual advancement.

† Mr Drummond's solicitor.

would be secured; and although the Church, as a Church, might, and probably would be scattered, yet the greater of two objects would be thereby attained, though, alas! the lesser would be lost, whereas if things remain as they are till my death, both objects would be lost altogether. I write to you in the deepest distress, and yet not without a degree of blessed confidence in God, that not only He *can*, but that He *will*, bring good out of this complicated evil."

Amidst the anxieties and trials of this period, the return of his daughter from India with her husband, after eleven years' absence, cheered and comforted him; but it pleased God here also to send a heavy affliction, in the death of his son-in-law, and his beloved child becoming widowed under his roof.

The following letters were written to his daughter immediately after the death of her husband:—

"*Brightwell, May* 13, 1849.

"My dear and precious Child,—More dear to me than ever before, because of his removal from you, though it be but for a little moment, who was (and so he deservedly was, for it was by your Heavenly Father's gracious appointment) by far the dearest of all earthly beings to you. Well! beloved C——, it is but a separation for one brief stage of life's brief journey, and then you will be with him for ever. In the meanwhile, he has already reached the home to which you are journeying on; and though now with sad, and, it may be, with oft-faltering step, yet you, too, and *I*,—oh! wondrous thought!—shall soon be there also, with him again; and what will be far better, with Jesus Himself. And so happy is he, being there, at this very instant, that all the tears which you have shed, and of all who loved him so upon earth, could not prevail upon him to come down, even if it were only for a moment, for ten worlds. 'What!' he would say, 'go down to a world of sin, myself a sinner, once more? that be far from me, Lord; for dearly as I love my C—— and my precious children, yet I love Thee *infinitely more*.'

"And now, my own precious one, do not—oh! do not forget how very near your own eternity is. Oh, how do we lengthen

out time's brief and little span; and how do we shorten eternity's ceaseless and immeasurable duration! The hand that moves this pen shall soon be cold and motionless as his, but the soul, the inward life that guides it, is durable and lasting as Deity. Is it not wondrous that, with this truth written out in God's own Word, as with a sunbeam,—written in every one around us, and that, too, by God's own hand,—and written, too, in every feature of our face, and in every fold of our fluttering tabernacle, that we should *think*, and *act*, and *feel*, as if our prospects were for a moment and our trials for ever? The journeying *traveller* acts not so; the weather-beaten *sailor* acts not so; the wounded *soldier* acts not so; yea, the very *ant*, as he toils over his rough and painful path, with his food in his mouth, acts not so. May they, through the Spirit, be our instructors,—yours and mine. Above all, listen to the gentle remembrances of the blessed Spirit, as He reveals to your mind the ten thousand mercies of your past life, as He reminds you of tender interpositions, gentle rebukes, which were but the graver features of a Father's love, sent with this loving remonstrance, —'My daughter, give me, oh! give me thine heart;' above all, as He speaks afresh to your broken spirit, with, 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us *all things?*'

"Dear and much-loved C——, that you should not grieve, *your ever living Husband does not require;* nay, the opposite to this is supposed by Him who has removed him whom you have lost from you, Joel i. 8. But forgive me if I say, do not walk in the footsteps of your poor father, who, when he was bereaved and had his living idol taken away, strove too often and too long to replace the loss, by putting a dead idol in its room. God hath dried up one cistern, that you may go afresh to the living Fountain, and drink from it as you have never drank from it before. Let God and men and angels now see what is in you. Let your patience and faith and submission to the Divine will be now seen, that it may be known your only Beloved, first and last, hath been *Christ.* Your Heavenly Father never thought this world's painted glory a gift worthy of you,

and therefore He hath taken out the best thing it had in your sight, that He might Himself fill the heart, which He has wounded, with *Himself*.

"Let the moveables go, the inheritance is yours; you are a child of the house, and joy is laid up for you. He who loves you better than you love yourself hath been loosing you at the root from perishing things, to take the faster hold of your heart. Precious C——, for the Son of God's sake, let Him not miss His hold, but stay and abide in the love of God, as Jude saith, ver. 21. This is not a field, my child, where your happiness groweth; it is up *above*, where dear James now is, with the great multitude (Rev. vii. 9), which no man can number, of all nations, kindreds, people, and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. What you could never get here you shall find there. The day of your redemption draweth nigh; and remember, that star that shined once in Assam and Tezpore, is now shining in another world with far greater lustre and beauty and glory.—Yours, my own child, in all the affection of a fond and sympathising father,

"JAMES H. EVANS."

"*Brightwell, May* 17, 1849.

"My heart is with you, though my poor body is absent, dear and precious C——. I do not forget you, nor your deep, deep trouble; but what is far, far more, God—your God and his God who has left us for a little while to sojourn with Him for ever, He does not forget you: His tender loving eye is ever upon you, as His poor, afflicted, tried, and tempted child. I say tempted, because full well have I ever had cause to know that there is no trial but what brings its own peculiar temptations with it. But His eye is upon you; yes, the eye of Him who has with His own righteous hand, and as loving as it is righteous, afflicted you. His ear is open to your cry, however faint and feeble it may be, and often is. He marks the falling tear; He hears the half-smothered sigh; and He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, in a sense weeps as you weep, sighs as you sigh, and that not merely

nor chiefly because you are afflicted; although that afflicts Him (Isaiah lxiii. 9), for it is said, 'In *all* their affliction He was afflicted;' but more than this, because so much is sin bound up in our nature, and such is its evil and God-dishonouring nature, and so impossible is it that without true and real hatred of it we can be saved, that He chiefly mourns that we should require trial after trial, and some, too, that cut us to the very heart, in order to draw us to His heart and to the heart of His Heavenly Father more closely, more tenderly, more unreservedly.

"This day will be, as I well remember and truly feel,—will be to you a day of peculiar trial, *very, very* peculiar. May it be a day of very peculiar rest in Him who Himself calls to you with His own tender loving voice, 'I am He that was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore.' I live *with* thee, my poor afflicted one; I live *for* thee; I live *in* thee; I live *with* thee, never to leave thee by night or by day, in sickness or in health, in thy drooping mornings and in thy sad evenings, when the heart faints and the spirits sink, when faith is weak and nature is strong; I live with thee to fill the place of him who is gone, to do that which no creature can do, and *more* than fill it, much, much more; I live with thee to comfort and to satisfy, yea, to sanctify; I live with thee, my child, when every earthly prop sinks and dies; I live *for* thee in heaven to plead thy cause, to communicate grace to help, from above, grace in every time of need, the hour, the moment; I live *in* thee to sustain thee as thy very life. Such is His sweet and tender voice, the tender, loving voice of His own loving heart; and my prayer for you this morning, at an hour when I hope your eyes were graciously closed in sleep, was, that you might really hear it in all its sweetness and tenderness and love this day.

"We must be misers in divine things, my own dear and beloved child; not only fearful of losing what we have, but ceaselessly covetous of more. I hope, and *humbly* may I well do so, that I feel *rather* more of this than I once did. Little as I have derived all the benefits which I ought to have done from your own dear and precious mother's death, little as the weanedness from earth, the world, and the creature, and from *self* which I

have learned, yet the blessed Spirit does not leave me without some degree of inward witness that sin is more hated, Christ somewhat more precious, the world more felt to be more thoroughly empty, and the creature more entirely incapable of satisfying, than it once used to be; and I still am enabled, though with a poor faltering voice, to say, after an interval of more than eighteen years, that the *incomparably* greatest affliction of my life (yet how I loved my father and felt his death God only knows) was, and *still* is, among the chiefest of its mercies. I now feel as if I could not have gone to heaven without it. I now feel that I never could have believed, even from the testimony of God's own Word, unless in this school of bitter pang the Comforter Himself had not taught me, that there was a Brother not only *in* that adversity but born *for* it; and that the Great and Lofty One who inhabits eternity, could in my own nature stoop so low as to place His arms, low as I was, lower still, still beneath me. Neither, as I now feel, could I have discerned but in the school of painful and humbling discipline, how near to idolatry was the fond love which I had for the creature, nor how displeasing to Him, whose love dims all other as the bright sun the twinkling star, must have been that all but worship which I gave to her I had lost, for I almost felt that in her I lived, moved, and had my being. But my paper bids me conclude. I had meant to have written to the dear Major, to whom give my true love, but have not time.

"In all the love of a fond father, I am yours, in the tenderest sympathy,

"JAMES H. EVANS."

As the summer advanced it was thought advisable for him to visit Scotland, as travelling was recommended to him, and a short residence there had, on two former occasions, been of essential benefit. Previous to his departure he assembled the members of the Church on Sunday evening, June 24th, at the table of the Lord, and, before he left them, addressed a few words of exhortation and comfort. It was a solemn and refreshing season, but little did he or they anticipate that they thus

met for the last time on earth. His last public address, a few days later, at the house of a valued Christian friend in Leicestershire, where he rested on his way into Scotland, was to a few friends and cottagers assembled in the kitchen on the Sunday evening. The scene is thus described in his words :—

TO MR G——.

Wibtoft, July 2, 1849.

My dear Brother in the Lord,—My own health is good, and I am somewhat strengthened in nerves. Yesterday evening a goodly company assembled in the kitchen, and other parts of the house, I suppose nearly a hundred of the neighbours, consisting of the Independent minister at Ullesthorpe, our brother M——, some farmers, and their labourers; and *I in my way* preached to them. But it was without any real power of collected thought; yet the Lord, whose truth I was enabled to declare in much feebleness, helped me; and He helped me also to believe that He would in due time help me more. "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, for the *help* of His *countenance.*" "Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." John Street Church was never more dear to me than it is now, never so, I am sure, when it was as a gallant ship going right before the wind, and though her course is now slow, and her sides rather beaten in, and there are many leaks, yet I do not despair, and if the Lord who has humbled us, shall Himself condescend to humble us by His humiliations, great mercy will it be, and great blessings shall we receive. Oh, my brother, it seems to require much humbling process in providence and in grace, to bring us down to the low spot where the cross can be clearly discerned, and the heart of God distinctly read. Pride, I have no sort of doubt, has had deep root in my own heart, and I think that I see strong shoots of this deadly weed in that dear Church. If He who hates the proud look, and resisteth him who hath it, gives us to see, and abhor the deadly plague, we shall indeed have cause to be eternally thankful.

D.V., we leave this place to-morrow for Edinburgh. May His presence go with us, without which nothing is holy, nothing is happy, and may His glory be our high aim and single object.

Mrs Evans unites with me in affectionate regards to yourself and your dear wife; and ever believe me,

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. H. EVANS.

"To you which believe, He is precious."

He was benefited by the change during his abode in Edinburgh, where he spent five weeks, and enjoyed the society of his friends, and the means of grace with which that favoured place abounds. He afterwards took a tour through some parts of the magnificent scenery of the Highlands, and from thence repaired to Stonehaven, a small place on the sea-coast, fifteen miles south of Aberdeen, for the advantage of sea air and retirement; and here it pleased God that the accident should occur which was to terminate his earthly existence.

The following letter was addressed to his aunt, a few days before the accident took place, and which, in spite of the failing strength of his nerves, exhibits much of the buoyancy of his more vigorous days:—

"*Stonehaven, August* 22, 1849.

"MY DEAR AUNT,—We are now at the extreme of our tour, and think of returning (D.V.) as soon as our house is vacant. I very much long to be at home once more; never during any absence did I so long for it. But we acted rightly, as I humbly conceive, in using *every* means,—and now we have used them,—and if they are all ineffectual, which may be possibly the case, and as I am inclined to suspect will be probably so, we have but one place for our mouth,—and that is *the dust*,—and one home to dwell in, the sure and certain promise of a gracious, all-wise God, and tender Father.

As to the state of my nerves, and my general health, I can say but little on the first of these, but as to the latter, it was

never better. As a proof of it, I took a long and somewhat fatiguing walk before breakfast, and am really fresh at this moment, though, I suppose, it could not be less than four or five miles.

"Dear and beloved aunt, I find it hard to submit the whole will to God, really to submit. It is comparatively easy to say, I submit, but oh! how much there may be, under cover of those two words, of secret murmuring! My friends may think me composed, serene, resigned, yet a secret fretfulness, almost hidden from my own spirit, may weaken faith, enfeeble prayer, grieve the Holy Spirit, and displease God. 'It is but a little thing,' wrote the apostle, 'to be judged of man's judgment;' little indeed! 'He that judgeth me is the Lord.'

"That Church and congregation have been too much of a cherished idol. I have fondled it, and I fear, fallen down before it, for nearly thirty years; but the God who is jealous of His people's love, now takes it from me. In infinite wisdom and faithfulness He does it. But it is the loss of a beloved Isaac, and costs me dear. Yet I trust that I can say, "I am dumb, and open not my mouth, for Thou doest it." Oh, for grace to glorify God in these fires, and to learn the lesson which they are designed to teach me! If the issue be more sanctity, more submissiveness, more humility, more yielding up of my spirit to God, what a gainer shall I be! Oh, to be a quiet spectator of the open grave at the bottom of my hill, soon to be descended, and the brightness above it and beyond it!

"As to our peregrinations, they have been of a most multifarious character,—steam-vessel, steam-coach, phaeton, sociable, droskey, dog-cart, gig, sailing-boat, noddy or cab, stage-coach, ten-toes scrambling among such shingles and broken pieces of rock as would amaze the good people of Hampstead, and one of Devonshire Terrace. But in the midst of all these, we have been in safety; not a pin, not a trace, not a screw has been out. But I must say that the greatest danger that we were in was on the *coach*. That was really fearful; sixteen or seventeen hanging on the outside, and the coach swaying fearfully all the time, during our one hour and a half stage. But safety was our por-

tion, and our God gave it to us. We have been soaked in the wet, and as quickly dried again. We have been in thunder-storms, in the midst of forked lightning, but our Conducting-rod took it all away from us; yet I confess that I did put down my metal umbrella, while I quietly sat, the rain pouring down my cloak. As to the scenes that we have visited, they have been as multifarious as our vehicles. We have seen some of the most beautiful, I should suppose, upon this earth; some of surpassing beauty and magnificence, such as would tire me to describe, and you to read after I had described them; mountain, hill, and dale of the most astonishing sublimity have been passed by us. But I will spare you and myself too. Here we are at last, in a very plain and unattractive country, but we are on the sea-coast to the north of Montrose, in very indifferent lodgings, but in a healthy place, where the air is pure and bracing, the walks not pretty but invigorating, the cooking wholesome and good, and the water excellent. By the bye, it is more difficult to get good lodgings than you can well imagine, except in Edinburgh, and then imagine two-and-fifty stairs to ascend to our apartments, where we had a fine view of the distant mountains, and the fine river Forth, studded with shipping. But imagine the fifty-two stairs, two or three times a day! There, however, we remained five weeks, in order that I might have the advantage of Dr H——'s advice. Thence we went to the midst of the mountains, the air of which was very beneficial. Thence we travelled with the Thompsons to this place, the chief attraction of which is a Free Church minister, whose preaching we all greatly admire, Mr T. as much as we do.

"You will ask, What effect has all this moving about had upon my spirits? Sometimes I confess that it has been very trying, and to my spiritual state I can hardly say beneficial; yet, on the whole, I think the necessary exertion has been good, and my visit here has certainly been a blessing.

"But as to Scotland, notwithstanding all its advantages in a spiritual point of view, I am sorry to say that I have seen more intoxication here than in our worst English towns, and it is an

allowed fact that there is a far larger quantity of spirituous liquors sold than in England.

"But my head bids me conclude. How it grieves me to hear that you are, on the whole, not so well! May the God of health give you, if not restored health,—which indeed I could earnestly pray for, if consistent with His will,—yet all comfort in pain and suffering, and a blessed anticipation of the land of perfect health!

"Your loving and affectionate nephew,

"J. H. EVANS."

On the 5th of September, while driving his wife and a friend in a hired phaeton, the horse became alarmed and ran away with fearful rapidity, going down a steep hill, and the carriage coming in contact with a wall at the bottom of it, Mr Evans was thrown out with great violence. The injuries received were very extensive; he was deeply bruised and cut; but no bones were broken, nor was his head seriously hurt; so that, although the sufferings and disfigurement were great, and it was evident the nervous system had sustained a considerable shock, his recovery was confidently anticipated for the first few days afterwards, and his friends were filled with joy and thankfulness at his wonderful preservation.

The letters which follow were the last which issued from his pen. They were written to different members of his family in England, all within a week after the accident occurred. Among them is also a letter addressed to one connected with his people at John Street:—

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

(Written in pencil, with a tremulous hand, the day after his fall.)

Sept. 6, 1849.

BELOVED C——, MY OWN PRECIOUS CHILD,—I write these few lines just to assure you that God has mercifully preserved me in the very midst of danger: "who redeemeth thy life from destruction" has been brought very close before me. May the life pre-

served be the life consecrated to His glory who preserved it! May the whole soul be His who redeemed it by His blood! I hope that we shall soon be on our return home; but writing is painful, though to write to you is pleasant.

Ever your most affectionate

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Sept. 7, 1849.

I just write a line, dear and beloved C——, to assure you that I am slowly convalescing. I was brought low, and He helped me. May I lie in the dust in humble acknowledgment and praise!

Your mother has told you the particulars of the wondrous deliverance, for wondrous indeed it was; and when you see my clothes,* you will think so. I must not write more.

Yours in tender love, as your loving father and friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MR G——.

(The following was *dictated* by Mr E., but written by his wife.)

Stonehaven, Sept. 7, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—Although I have a half-finished letter to you in my writing-desk, yet I cannot lose a single post in replying to your letter of this morning, which I do from my *bed* of trial, mingled with mercy, after a most wonderful deliverance from what appears to have been the jaws of death, having been thrown with great violence from the box of a phaeton, in which I was driving my wife and the Free Church minister's wife of this place, on Wednesday afternoon. Surely it was but a little inch between me and death. The horse which I was driving ran away, going down hill, and struck the carriage on a narrow bridge at the bottom with a violence that threw *me* off, though not those in the carriage. I am covered with severe bruises and cuts, but no bones broken nor material

* Alluding to the way in which they were rent in the fall.

injury sustained in the head, though it seems a marvel that my skull was not fractured, and I killed on the spot. Such is God, and such have been His tender mercies in redeeming my life from destruction. I am, through His mercy, going on well; I have no fever, and the wounds are healing kindly.

Nor was this the only mercy; my dear wife was not thrown out, nor was our friend; the horse regained the middle of the road, and as he ascended the hill, slackened his speed, and was, after about half a mile, easily stopped by one on the road. Thus were we preserved to each other, by signal and special interposition. O for a heart never to forget His tender mercies, which are fresh to us every moment; may they be as fresh in our too oft forgetful memories!

I turn to your letter, which appears to unfold a greater mercy still.* You are in possession of my whole mind. I need not, therefore, enlarge. The lot was cast into the lap, and no part of the disposal was with ourselves.

I write in the greatest haste to save the early post, that you may get this to-morrow evening. In much love to yourself, the deacons, and the dear Church, I remain,

Yours gratefully and faithfully,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS AUNT.

Stonehaven, Sept. 8, 1849.

MY PRECIOUS AUNT,—If I can only write a short letter, yet a short one you will consider better than *none* from me.

With the particulars of our rescue from danger, a danger the most imminent, you are, I doubt not, acquainted. They are these: I hired a phaeton to drive out my dear E——, and the wife of the Free Church minister of this place. We took a pleasant drive of about five miles, and we were returning home, when on going down hill, the carriage pressed upon the horse behind. The consequence of this was, that from a trot, he broke out into a *violent gallop*, and when we came to the bottom

* Referring to the probability of Mr Noel accepting the offer of the chapel.—ED.

of the hill, where was a bridge, I was unable with all my might to keep him in the middle of the road, the carriage was thrown with great force against the bridge, and I was thrown off between the carriage and the bridge. My dear wife saw me fall, and saw no more; she thought I must be killed on the spot. On the ground I lay for some time unconscious, but after uttering some incoherent sentences to myself, I slowly crawled upon my legs; a man coming up told me the lady was safe, but so perfectly unconscious was I, that I had forgotten all about the lady; and leaning on his arm, I crawled on the road to meet her, and when we did meet, it was indeed a meeting from the dead. I then found that after I was thrown off the driving-seat, the horse went on full gallop till he came to a hill, and then slowly slackened his speed, and was stopped. But O what a sight did my dear E—— see! But the particulars, if through God's mercy we meet. Suffice it to say, that my face was covered with blood, my clothes one mass of shreds, yet, wonderful to say, not a bone broken, nor any *very serious* mischief. Surely God himself was my preserver, and no one else. Everything now is, through His mercy, progressing favourably, and when my doctor permits me, we return home, at least homewards. Ever your loving nephew,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Stonehaven, Saturday, Sept. 8, 1849.

Again I take up my pen, dear and beloved C——, just to assure you of my tender love, and to say that I still continue daily to progress. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, who *forgiveth all thine iniquities*, who *healeth* all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and *tender* mercies. Oh, with what a loud voice does He speak through His Word, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He *careth* for you." What a care did He shew for me and mine, in the very article

of the most imminent danger; my poor bruised body, and my clothes, declare that I was indeed upon the brink of the grave. And then your precious mother, a galloping horse without a driver, the reins trailing on the ground, and both safe, and what is far better, both in some measure conscious that Jesus is with us, our Sun, our Shield, the Saviour of our poor souls, our Brother born for adversity. When I fell, I for some time had but little consciousness, but it slowly returned, and I scrambled up as I could, and walked towards your mother: our meeting was a sort of restoration from the dead. And now we have to say, may the life restored be more than ever dedicated and consecrated to the glory of God. It has been a time of deep searching of soul. The character of God was my alone trust, God as revealed in Christ. I have had no power of long thought, but a sin-forgiving God was my trust, and my hiding-place, and I *felt* that He was so to me. As my body is recovering its strength, though slowly, my mind also, through God's mercy, recovers also; but I feel that it will be a long time before I am what I was before; but my prayer is for more than this, —far more, I want great *gain* by it. I want, and I trust earnestly pray, that I may be what I was not before, a far more devoted and faithful follower of my beloved Lord. Unsanctified trials become deep afflictions.

May God bless you and your beloved children, give you all grace for every trial, *little* and great. But I conclude,

Ever your affectionate father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.

(Written from dictation.)

Stonehaven, Sept. 11, 1849.

BELOVED J——,—You doubtless have heard all the particulars of our late awful accident, yet most providential deliverance; the remembrance of which, I hope, will never be effaced, I mean as to its lively impression, from my mind. Surely God was a delivering God: without this, and without the special

interposition of His power and love, myself and my dear child had never met, till we had met around the throne. More of the particulars when I am more able to write, and somewhat stronger. At present I am deeply concerned about your dear wife, and wish particularly to know how she is. Pray write to me without delay here: give my kind love to her, and tell her how fervently I pray for her, and that her soul may receive a large blessing through this long-continued feebleness, and may *you* receive all the consolation of a Father's tender love, and especial strength, when the spirit seems to droop; and find that greatest of all blessings this side heaven, a conscious sense of nearness to God. I often think of you, and pray, though not so often as I should, that first in your own soul (for it ever begins there) you may receive large communications from God, and then prove an extensive means of good to poor sinners, so that I may have to say to you as my strength decays, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Strength will not allow me to write much, but I am,

Your loving father,

J. H. EVANS.

A week, however, had scarcely elapsed, before an abscess formed unexpectedly in the limb which had received the greatest injury, accompanied by fever, which, in a few days, assumed an alarming character; the danger became extreme, and his children were summoned. He rallied, however, from this attack, under the able and judicious medical treatment that was within reach, and hope concerning him again revived,—again to be disappointed; for repeated attacks came on, and three months of suffering and distress were allotted to him, and to those who nursed him during the gradual bringing down of his earthly tabernacle. He deeply felt the distance from home and from all whom he loved, except his own immediate family, and the inconveniences of small and confined lodgings (although the best which the town, quite in its infancy as a watering-place, afforded); and it was the will of Him who knew what was needful to complete the sanctification of His servant, and to

fit him for His own presence, that he should pass through deep waters in these last days of his pilgrimage. Doubtless, much of the trial may be attributed to physical causes. The shock to the system caused by the fall, and the fever produced by a constant succession of abscesses, acting on the previously overwrought brain and nerves, induced a high state of nervous excitement, and very frequently delirium, during nearly the whole of the illness. Satan also was permitted to take great advantage of these circumstances; and, in this conflict, the enemy of his peace harassed and tempted him to the uttermost, though he could not obtain a final victory. Often were those around him reminded of our Lord's words to Peter,—"Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." His soul, however, was deeply distressed, and each fresh attack of illness was marked by a period of darkness and temptation, most painful to himself and to those who waited on him. Still, when reason had her sway, he held fast his confidence; and, even at other times, in the midst of his despondency and agitation of mind, his hatred of sin, his love to Jesus, and anxiety for the souls of others, were most evident, even when he was incapable of hearing the Scriptures read or receiving any outward help. It was a relief to him at intervals, during the former part of his illness, to dictate some sentences relative to the exercises of his mind; a few which we present to the reader, as shewing the deep views of sin, the longings after holiness, and the clinging to the cross of Christ, exhibited by him, notwithstanding the strong temptations which beset him:—

"*October* 10. — The only proof that yet remains that the *Spirit* has not left me, is that my soul is not given up to hardness and contempt of God's Word and commandments, and that still my sinking spirit cries out, 'Lord, save me, or I perish.' The only proof that *Jesus* has not left me, is that still I plead, 'To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteous-

ness,' and that still I can say, though with a stammering voice, 'Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.' The only proof that the *Father* has not left me, is that I stake my soul's salvation simply upon His faithful word, 'Whosoever believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' and that the Father of Mercies is, of all His names, the dearest to my soul.

"*October* 11. — 'Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' Lord, I dare not say that I have not followed after it, though with feeble foot, and too oft halting pace, have I followed it; yet I dare vouch, precious Jesus, that it is not Thy blood alone, nor pardon, nor peace, nor acceptance in Thee, that I could have been satisfied with. I have longed to be like Thee, been ashamed of my shortcomings, loathed myself on account of them, and in Thy strength followed hard after Thee, and though always coming short, and never satisfied, yet enabled in truthfulness to say, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.' 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.'

"I stake my soul upon what God has said, and upon what the Son of God has done. Lord, Thou knowest it is not upon what *I* have felt and done, but upon what *Thou* hast done, I stake the salvation of my soul. Thy righteousness is my one hope, without any righteousness of my own to plead for one moment. Believing God, I trust in Thee alone. If God's Word be true, as most true it is, I am justified.

"'Whom not having seen ye love.' And do not I love Thee, blessed Saviour, with all my coldness, half-heartedness, lukewarmness? Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee. Can ordinances satisfy me? Can Thy Word satisfy me, if I find Thee not in it? Do not I love those that love Thee, and can I truly love those that love Thee not? Are not my happiest moments with Thee? Is there a sin I would not lay down at Thy feet? O that I may love Thee so well that everything may be as dross compared with Thee! May Thy presence cheer me in life's dying hour, and then, O fill me with Thy love for ever and ever in heaven, and this shall be my glory!

"*October* 13.—'Prepare to meet thy God.' Solemn words, words too seldom thought on, too little realized, but words that must be truly realized by every child of man. Yes, we must all meet God,—the heart-searching, rein-trying, truth-requiring, holy, holy, holy God,—that God who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and who cannot even look upon iniquity; who has an irreconcilable enmity with all iniquity, while the very perfections of His nature constrain Him to meet it wherever it can be found, not only with His temporary, but with His everlasting displeasure. O then, dear Lord, how can a poor sinner as I am dare to meet with Thee, but in Him whose precious, precious blood cleanseth all who believe in His blessed name, and in whose perfect righteousness all who truly believe in Him are justified from all things! and how can even these dare to meet with Thee, but as they have the witness of Thy Spirit that this righteousness is theirs, for it is *unto all* and *upon all* them that believe,—all, however weak their faith, however tried their spirit, however at times cast down their souls. Yes, this is their alone confidence in meeting such a God as Thou art. It is not in the rectitude of their principles, however conscious they may be of uprightness before Thee, however sincere they are in the desires of their souls, for Thou hast made them so, for Thou hast given them a new and divine nature, that makes them long after Thee as their ever-satisfying good, and rest in Thee as their only abiding portion, though sin be their grief, and their shame, and their sorrow, and the honest aim of their souls has been to walk with Thee; and this, through grace, after many a sad departure, they have been enabled to do; yet this righteousness is their alone confidence; this alone bears them up in the prospect of living troubles and dying realities; amidst the sinkings of nature, and the faintings of the spirit. This righteousness alone satisfies Thy justice, and magnifies Thy law; glorifies Thy nature, and is more pleasing to Thee than if they had themselves in their own persons never sinned in thought, word, or deed; more pleases Thee than all the obedience of men or of angels could ever please Thee, either in earth or in heaven. The righteousness of men and of angels could be but the righte-

ousness of the creature, whereas this righteousness is of God, of God in my nature, having wrought it out in union with the Godhead, as an eternal and infinitely acceptable sacrifice before Thee. Under the shadow of this righteousness, but *only* under its shadow, may I prepare day by day to meet Thee, to walk with Thee on earth, giving up soul, body, and spirit, to Thyself, meet Thee in the homage of my heart, meet Thee in the surrender of my will, meet Thee in the consecration of my life, meet Thee on earth; till, welcomed home by Thy most free promises of sovereign and most unmerited grace, I meet Thee in heaven, conformed fully to Thy most blessed Image, never, never, never to sin against Thee more."

We prefaced these fragments by stating that they were dictated during the former part of Mr Evans's illness. He was subsequently incapable of any effort of body or mind, and for the last six weeks, when his sufferings were the most severe, his exhaustion was so great that he was unable to make the slightest exertion, and never even had his bed made during the whole of that period.

Through the tender mercy of God, in answer to the prayer which was made for him without ceasing, peace was restored during the last fortnight of his life; but he was then little able to speak, and his articulation was so indistinct that the meaning of what he said could not always be gathered. He sent, however, on the last Sabbath of his life, November 25, a message to his people, that he felt his sins and his deservings more than ever, but that he stood accepted in the Beloved notwithstanding all. "In Jesus I stand: Jesus is a panacea." On his wife inquiring if he had any directions for her, his reply instantly was, "Beware of Antinomianism;" and on being asked, if he meant by that, the resting on the doctrines of grace, without watchfulness of the walk before God, he answered, "I do; all *that religion* is a fallacy."

Much Scripture was read to him during his last days and nights, but he heard it in silence, though he testified how welcome it was to him. His latest expression of consciousness,

about two hours before his departure, was that of opening his eyes and raising them to heaven, as the text was repeated, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness;" after which, life gradually ebbed away, till he did awake in the presence of his Lord, at half-past six in the morning of December 1.

We feel, at the close of what we have here presented to the reader, in how small a degree we have done justice to the character of this eminent servant of God. Our *aim*, however, has been, not to eulogize the man or the minister, but to bring glory to Him whose he was, and who made him what he was, and our *object* in drawing up this little sketch of his life has been, to serve as an introduction to the letters and papers which follow in this volume, and in which "he being dead yet speaketh."

It will be proper to add, that his remains were brought to London, and interred in the cemetery at Highgate, on the following Thursday, December 6, in the presence of numbers of his sorrowing flock. He left, with his characteristic humility, a written direction, that the text, "God be merciful to me a sinner," should be engraved on his tombstone, thereby intending to prevent any lengthened inscription concerning himself, which was, of course, complied with. His affectionate people, however, erected a plain but handsome tablet to his memory, in John Street Chapel, a copy of the inscription on which, appears on the following page :—

IN MEMORY OF

THE REV. JAMES HARINGTON EVANS, A.M.,

SOMETIME FELLOW OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND CURATE OF MILFORD, HANTS,

FOR WHOSE USE, ON HIS SECESSION FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT,
THIS CHAPEL WAS ERECTED, WHERE HE LABOURED FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS,
THE FAITHFUL AND BELOVED PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST HERE GATHERED.

HIS MINISTRY,

TO WHICH
HE CONSECRATED WITH UNWAVERING PURPOSE ALL THE RICH ENDOWMENTS
OF HIS MIND AND THE WARMEST AFFECTIONS OF HIS HEART,
WAS EMPHATICALLY
A FULL AND FREE EXHIBITION OF THE GOSPEL OF RECONCILIATION,
THROUGH THE ATONING SACRIFICE OF THE SON OF GOD.
TO EXALT THE GLORIES AND TO ASSERT THE AUTHORITY OF HIS
DIVINE MASTER, WAS HIS CONSTANT AIM,
THAT SINNERS MIGHT BE ATTRACTED TO THE CROSS,
AND THAT SAINTS MIGHT BE ANIMATED TO GLORIFY HIM IN THEIR LIVES
AND EXTEND HIS KINGDOM.

HIS LIFE

WAS THE FAITHFUL TRANSCRIPT OF HIS MINISTRY.
THE LOVE OF GOD SHED ABROAD IN HIS HEART ACTUATED HIS WHOLE CONDUCT
AND MOULDED HIS CHARACTER;
HE FOUND THE GOSPEL WHICH HE PREACHED INDISPENSABLE
TO HIS DAILY PEACE,
AND IN HIS SINGULARLY PURE AND CONSISTENT DEPORTMENT
HE GAVE UNCEASING EVIDENCE
THAT THE GRACE OF GOD WHICH BRINGETH SALVATION
IS THE ALONE SOURCE OF HOLINESS AND LOVE.

IN HIS CHARACTER

WERE COMBINED DEEP HUMILITY WITH LIVELY DEVOTION AND SPIRITUALITY,
ENTIRE CONSECRATION TO THE SERVICE OF CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH,
FERVENT LOVE TO THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH,
WITH UNCOMPROMISING FIDELITY TO CHRIST
AND AN UNFLINCHING TESTIMONY AGAINST THE SPIRIT OF THE WORLD.
TO THESE DISTINGUISHING TRAITS MAY BE ASCRIBED
THE EMINENT USEFULNESS THAT ATTENDED HIS PASTORAL LABOURS
AND THE HONOR WHICH THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH PUT UPON HIS MINISTRY
IN THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS TO GOD.
HE WAS CALLED INTO HIS MASTER'S PRESENCE AND TO HIS GRACIOUS REWARD,
AT STONEHAVEN, IN SCOTLAND, ON THE 1ST DECEMBER, 1849,
AGED SIXTY-FOUR YEARS.
HIS REMAINS ARE INTERRED AT HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

THIS TABLET

IS ERECTED AS THE EXPRESSION OF THE LOVE AND VENERATION OF
HIS SORROWING CHURCH.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS EVANS,

LETTER I.

To the Church of Christ and Congregation in John Street, King's Road.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS,—In the trying and afflictive circumstances under which I am placed, in the peculiarly heavy loss which I have so lately sustained by the death of my beloved wife, among many mitigations of my trial, the sympathy, tenderness, and love of those around me have not been wanting.

Sudden as was the blow, unexpected, unlooked for, and trying, most trying in its consequences as it must prove, yet has it been a balm to my wounded heart, and a cordial to my sometimes fainting spirit, to be assured, and assured of it I am, that I have many who bear me really on their affections, and who in the arms of their faith, take me and mine to a throne of grace and goodness and mercy; and amongst these none more than yourselves. In this I perceive the loving-kindness of Him who thus inclines the hearts of men towards me. In this gentle carriage I discern His gentleness from whom it comes, the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush, and who will not suffer it, though on fire, to be quite consumed.

The stream is sweet, but the great source from which it flows makes it sweeter still. Blessed is the prospect that cheers the

weary pilgrim in this vale of tears, of that happier world where he shall drink for ever at the fountain-head of bliss, and never thirst again.

I feel persuaded I do not misinterpret the real utterance of your hearts when I assert that my loss has been your loss also, that in this hour of suffering we have indeed suffered together, that not only have I and my beloved family endured one of the greatest earthly bereavements, but that yourselves also have lost, though it be but for a little moment, one of the Church's brightest ornaments. I write not this to glory in the creature, I would glory only in the Lord, who was made unto her "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," who made her what she was, who was her refuge as a poor sinner, when on earth, and who is her glory as a spirit made perfect now in heaven. In Him we may glory, and in Him, my dearly beloved friends, let us glory; who has thus, we believe and doubt not, taken to himself the soul of our dear sister, and my most dear wife, delivering her from that which was her greatest grief, sin; and giving her possession of that for which she longed the most ardently, holiness, perfect conformity to His own blessed image; and in this we ought to rejoice, in this, by His grace and Spirit, though sorrowful, we *will* rejoice, even in Him.

In drawing up this brief memoir I know not to whom I can address it with such manifest propriety as to yourselves. You knew her well, you loved her tenderly, you bare her continually on your hearts to a throne of grace when in the trying hour of sickness, and you cherish a fond remembrance of her now that she is in that land where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick." No one will read this statement with a deeper interest than yourselves; none will more readily overlook its deficiencies whatever they may be. In the spirit of love and grateful acknowledgment of all the tenderness you have shewn, of all the sympathy you have displayed, I present it to you, and may your prayers and earnest supplications mingle with mine that the God of all grace would so bless the perusal of it, whithersoever it may go, that as the eye glances on its pages conviction may fasten upon the heart, and arrest the conscience,

and the solemn warning be made effectual, that speaks to me, to you, to all, "*Prepare to meet thy God.*"

It is scarcely necessary for me to say, my dear friends, that if my beloved wife, during the season of health and strength, had been informed that she occupied so large a portion of unfeigned and affectionate regard as the event of her death has proved to have been really the case, nothing would have occasioned her more surprise; indeed she never could have believed it possible. Retired, diffident, unassuming, she thought far too meanly of herself to have suspected for a single moment that her withdrawment from the circle in which she was called to move, could have excited a sympathy so widely extended, a sorrow so tenderly felt.

[*Note in the original.*—The writer of this memoir cannot but think it right to make use of this public opportunity of presenting his deep, grateful, and affectionate acknowledgments of the various and repeated tokens of kind and tender sympathy from all ranks of society, and all denominations of Christians, during the season of his severest trial. To the ministers of the Gospel of love, both in the Establishment, and out of it, his warmest thanks are due for the prayers which they offered up for the recovery of his dear wife in submission to the will of God. May they descend in blessings upon their own heads, and especially if they are ever called to enter the same or a similar furnace of affliction, may they meet with the same sympathy. He blesses God for this token of their love.]

Far less would it have entered into her mind to have imagined that her unpretending life could have supplied materials for a memoir, however short, in any measure adapted to meet the public eye, or that anything which she did, could excite any interest beyond the range of her own immediate family, of those who knew her, of those who loved her.

This conviction, and a secret persuasion that anything like a public exposure of habits, domestic and retired like hers, would have been painful to her mind, had she been alive on earth, for a time, I confess, operated as a hindrance to me in drawing up this present statement. Two reasons, however, have influenced

my decision and removed the seeming objection. In the first place, I feel quite confident that if the drawing up of this memoir should contribute in any degree whatsoever to the display of the Divine glory, to the exhibition of the fulness and sufficiency of Christ for life and for death, to the awakening of one sinner to a serious and solemn preparation for that sudden arrest that may in one moment come upon him even as it came upon her, or to the consolation and sanctification of those who already believe; no one now upon earth, I feel fully persuaded, would so approve of this publication as herself. And as to her own estimate of the too great insignificancy of her life for a public memoir, while in the high and holy and near approaches of the soul unto God, the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and no man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him, yet must it also be acknowledged that we are frequently the most inadequate judges as well of our own character as of the estimate which others form of us. For that very poverty of spirit, that brokenness of heart, that humility of mind, most precious gifts of the Holy Ghost, which lead the soul to prostrate itself before the throne of grace with the very prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," may sometimes lead us to conclude that as we are nothing, and less than nothing and vanity before God's greatness, so are we of little estimation in the opinion of our fellow-mortals.

I cannot but remember also that while a life may present but little of that incident which the world may esteem great or important, while the noiseless tenor of a peaceful way may afford but scanty material for the gratification of mere curiosity, childish fancy, or learned research, yet may it be a memorial, however lowly, of the goodness, faithfulness, tenderness, and love of God; yet may it be an exhibition of the reality which there is in the Gospel, of the efficiency of the atoning blood for the pardon of sin, for the peace of conscience, and holiness of heart; of the excellence and substance of His righteousness "which is unto all and upon all them that believe;" of the power and sufficiency of the grace of God to support the fainting spirit under all the trials of life and all the sufferings of death.

Nor can I forget that in the balance of Him who weigheth all things, not as they seem, but as they are; every believer's life is not only not unimportant but most important,—that while foolish, thoughtless, gay, and giddy man, seeing through a wrong medium, the medium of time and not of eternity, views objects as they are not, and is deceived, He who can never be deceived, beholding everything as it is, with whom millions of ages to come are as the passing moment, and the boundless expanse of eternity future, as an instant ever present, seeth not as they see; with Him the tear that falls in secret for sin, for sin it may be unknown and unnoticed by any eye but the eye of the Omniscient, even of Himself, falls not unobserved. "Thou tellest my wanderings, put thou my tears into Thy bottle, are they not in Thy book?" (Ps. lvi. 8.) The sighings of real repentance, the desires of those that be sorrowful, He will not despise. David felt this; "Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee." (Ps. xxxviii. 9.) While the tinsel and the glare with Him are nothing but the exhibition of man's rebellion, pride, and folly,—the humble, the poor in spirit, the broken and contrite in heart, are they in whom He taketh pleasure, on whom His eye delighteth to dwell. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." (Isa. lxvi. 2.) With Him the desire to do His will, to walk with Himself in His own appointed way of justification and sanctification, to aim at His glory, to love His presence, to submit to His will; this is everything, and all the rest is as nothing.

It is here, my dear friends, we discern the nature of the real importance of life. Principle is everything with God! It is motive that dignifies action. It is not so much *what* is done, as *why* it is done, that gives a lustre to the conduct of the child of God; and in this point of view the life of my beloved Caroline assumes a *character*, I might almost add, a *dignity*, which nothing of a mere earthly nature could ever give it. Such is, at least, my own decided opinion, and under this conviction, under the constraint of higher motives than of affection however tender, of remembrance however endearing, I have arranged this little

tribute to the memory of a dearly beloved wife, or rather let me say, I present this feeble acknowledgment of lowly gratitude to Him whose grace and whose goodness made her what she was to me—a precious loan entrusted to my care, and that for good, for a period of within a few weeks of one-and-twenty years.

I will confess that the drawing up of this brief memoir appears to me in the light of a solemn and important duty, convinced as I am that it was my great mercy to have been united to a Christian of no ordinary character. I cannot but indulge the cheering hope, that as it pleased the Father of all mercies to make her in life no little blessing to numbers, so He may graciously condescend to own her also in death, and to render this narrative of her unpretending career a channel of real, lasting good to many more, for His great name and dear Son's sake.

LETTER II.

My dear wife was the second daughter of the late Thomas Joyce, Esq., of Freshford House, in the county of Somerset, a magistrate and one of the deputy-lieutenants of that county. The village in which she passed her youth is situated in the neighbourhood of Bath, and is remarkable for its picturesque and beautiful scenery.

She was born May 6, 1787, at Bradford, Wilts.

When very young, it appears that she was sent to a large and highly respectable school at Corsham, under the care of Miss Whittaker.

From this place she was removed in 1794 to Stapleton, near Bristol, where she remained till 1802—the commencement of her sixteenth year, when she left school altogether.

Of her residence at Stapleton she always delighted to speak in terms of the warmest affection and gratitude. With the advantages of solid instruction she experienced a kindness and tenderness only inferior to what she found at home. While there was a strictness of discipline maintained, the conductors of the school, Miss Booth and Miss Wilcox, seem to have been

fully aware that the basis of real discipline, the discipline of the heart, is love.

In this school she acquired those habits of redeeming the time, of diligent application and persevering industry, which so peculiarly marked her after-life, and which, when guided and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, rendered her in so many points of view an active, laborious, and patient servant of Christ.

But it was also here that the first impressions of Divine truth were made upon her heart by the secret but effectual energy of the Holy Ghost.

By what little and apparently insignificant means does the all-wise Disposer of events fulfil His own will, and effect His own purposes! How little does He stand in need of mighty instruments to accomplish that which He has appointed! He speaketh but the word, and it is done, "He commandeth, and it standeth fast."

A maiden lady, of the name of Counsell, who, from a situation of the greatest affluence, was reduced to the humbler but respectable one of giving instruction in drawing, was the high and honoured instrument of communicating lasting good to her young pupil.

It was her practice (O that it were more generally and hopefully pursued by all who themselves see and feel the real importance of eternity and eternal things!) to drop some word during the lesson or after it, calculated to impress the mind of her young and tender charge with the consideration of the great things of another world. Nor was it in vain. He who stirred up the heart of His servant to make the attempt, blessed the endeavour, and made it effectual. During our last visit to Bristol, in January 1828, we called on Miss Counsell together, and she then most thankfully acknowledged the tender mercies of God communicated to her mind in that early period of her life through her instrumentality; and never can I forget the interesting visit to that dear and holy woman. Never may I lose the sweet savour of that affecting interview. It was not at the first Miss C. retraced the features of her former pupil—so long an interval had occurred since they had seen each other—

but as the remembrance of them returned, and she was told of the days that were gone, and of the goodness and tender pity of the Lord, what heartfelt acknowledgments came from her lips! what confessions of His unutterable mercy to her on this behalf! It was, indeed, a solemn meeting, ever to be remembered. They met then no longer as instructress and pupil. Time had silvered the forehead of the former, and an interval of nearly six-and-twenty years must have left no little impression on the features of the latter; but their countenances beamed with joy. They greeted each other as fellow-heirs of the Kingdom—as partakers of the grace of God—as travellers together in the same eventful journey—as looking forward to the same happy home; and they met, little as we then suspected it, never to meet again, till as pure and perfect spirits they were to be united before the throne of God and of the Lamb, to be separated no more for ever.

During her stay at Stapleton, occasional visits to a lady of the name of Heath—a relation of her mother's, then residing in Cumberland Street, Bristol, a person of deep and unaffected piety—were also made highly useful to her, and were the means, in the hands of a gracious God, of confirming and strengthening her previous impressions. The holy conduct of this valued friend, more than what she said, left a strong effect upon her mind, and my dear wife often reverted to it in the after-years of her life.

I believe, my beloved friends, we are but little aware of the influence of a really consistent example. Often have I had cause to remark its overcoming power upon others, in the instance of my dear departed wife. It steals upon the mind, in the hands of the Eternal Spirit, with an energy at times mighty and irresistible. When we perceive a certain effect from avowed principles not to be accounted for by any other—an effect, plain, obvious, certain, undeniable—when we discern a devout spirit, an unaffected humility, ardent earnestness in the things of God, attended by benevolence and denying of self, laborious exertions in promoting the good of others—and much of all this my beloved Caroline discerned in the character and

conduct of Mrs Heath—no wonder it left, by the Divine blessing, a powerful impression upon her already awakened and susceptible mind. It is as the silent flake, that makes but little noise, and yet we see the mightiest tenant of the forest fall prostrate before its continued falling.

About this period, and very possibly as an effect resulting from these serious impressions on her mind, Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* was read by her with lively interest. Whatever may be esteemed defective or erroneous in that book (and I have never read it), it was the means of deepening the work which was already begun in her heart. Death and judgment, fleeting time and ever-during eternity, heaven and hell, were now felt to be subjects of most grave and solemn moment. Her conscience was evidently awake, and although her judgment, it is more than probable, was but little informed as to the freeness, fulness, and glory of the Gospel plan of salvation, yet was she no stranger to the fear of God or the throne of grace. She now became more watchful over herself as to principle and practice.

It was in this state of mind she spent many years of her life. In the bosom of her family, in the quiet enjoyment of that retirement and domestic privacy which she loved, her days passed quietly along. Her mind, however, was during this period advancing gradually, but slowly, in the Divine life. Although destitute of almost all outward spiritual advantages, yet was there still some progress in the reception of the great verities of Gospel truth. In that all-important one, the article of a sinner's justification before God through the imputed righteousness of Christ, often have I heard her say that Cooper's *Doctrinal Sermons* were made to her of essential benefit.

[*Note in the original.*—In which, her acknowledgment, it is but candour for me to join, and confess how great a blessing they proved to myself also.]

Though her natural disposition was remarkably cheerful and lively, although brought up with the expectation of inheriting a large fortune, although living in the neighbourhood of a gay and dissipated city, yet were her real delights manifestly of another character than those of this world.

When I first knew her, in August 1808, at which time she was one-and-twenty, there was even then the element of that sort of life which in after-years proved the very sweetest solace of her existence. To visit and read to the sick and dying in all weathers, to call upon and work for the poor, to teach women advanced in life to read, to instruct the children of a Sunday-school, which her sister and herself maintained out of their own yearly allowances, were even then among her highest gratifications. In the midst of all her native vivacity of character, I do not hesitate to make the assertion that some of the happiest moments of her life were, even at that period, spent in calling upon the old clerk of the parish,—a holy, devoted man of God, a Wesleyan, who, with an income of £100 a-year, devoted, it is believed, at least half to the service of God. It was her delight to call upon him, and talk on the things of salvation, and there can be no doubt much good, as well as pleasure, was derived in consequence.

In all this, in the ready obedience and delicate attentions which she exhibited to her parents and sister, in her frank, gentle, and cheerful carriage to all around, it is deeply interesting to remark the early material of that character which, by degrees, so expanded and displayed itself in her after-life.

The 24th of April 1810, was the eventful and happy day of our union. After an engagement of about a twelvemonth, my beloved father married us. Often had she prayed that never might such an event take place unless for her real spiritual good, and often has she confessed her grateful conviction that this prayer and desire of her soul were, on that eventful day, most fully, most effectually answered.

My beloved friends, you will pardon me, I know, if I acknowledge that the remembrance of this is a cheering cordial to my spirit, unworthy as I feel myself to have been united, and that for so many years, to such a woman. Removing her, as I did, from the bosom of her family, where, if anything, she was too fondly beloved, it is a solace to my heart to believe and know that the marriage was not only with the most entire approbation of the parents,—and this I conceive to be no little point,—but

with the most evident approval of Him whose favour is better than life, and who put His own broad seal upon it, by not only giving us as much unbroken happiness as is consistent with our present fallen condition, but in making it one of the greatest spiritual blessings of our respective lives.—I am, &c.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It was towards the autumn of 1810 that we went to the curacy of Milford, a retired but beautiful village, situated on the sea-coast of Hampshire, in the neighbourhood of Lymington, and here it was that the real strength and sweetness of her character began to display itself. Here did her mind become more deeply impressed with, and more spiritually influenced by, the Gospel of Christ. And here, too, did she diligently and laboriously set herself to be indeed my helpmeet in the care of a populous and extensive parish, and in this, her loving labour, the Master whom she served was graciously pleased to give her abundant success. It was in this spot the principles of action that had been stored up for so many previous years were not only developed, but brought out into manifest use and exercise.

But before I proceed to enter into this detail, it will be necessary that I just revert to an event which became one of very deep importance to us in our after-life,—I mean the loss of our first child. With the exception of the decease of her mother, which was a deep trial to her, and took place the year after our marriage, this was, it may almost be said, *her first trouble.* The child had never been well from its birth, in August 1811, and died in February 1812. We both felt this affliction acutely. It was our first-born; it was our only child. The death of her mother, whom she dearly loved, was a real affliction to her; but this was bitter water indeed. And yet how manifestly was this bitterness made sweet, and the death of this dear child overruled for good! Even this sorrow was turned into joy, and the garment of praise given for this spirit of heaviness. It is plea-

sant to retrace the little minute circumstances of God's providence, and to remark what important events are in His hands the result of apparently inconsiderable causes.

In one of our walks through the village, during this season of affliction, we called at the lodge of a gentleman at that time residing in the parish; two aged Christians kept it. We loved to converse with them. Their hearts were grieved to see us grieve. We were oppressed and afflicted; the hand of God had touched us, and we were troubled; and yet was it in that lodge, humble and lowly as it was, that God Himself vouchsafed to be our Comforter. The inmates of that poor dwelling felt for us and mourned with us. The Lord taught them this,—they were His children; and they were led by Him to suffer with their suffering minister.

An old volume lay upon the drawers; it was Hill's *Sermons*, then a very rare book, although it has since been reprinted, and has passed through many editions. They entreated us to read it, for they thought it might prove a comfort and solace to our minds.

Here was one of those trifling incidents which might scarcely have been noticed, or, if noticed, might have long since passed away and been forgotten, had not God Himself, the all-wise Disposer of atoms as well as mountains, events minute as well as great, marked it out in the diary of our lives by the effects which followed it. We took the book to the vicarage, and it was through the perusal of it, and the train of thought and of after-reading to which it gave rise, that in process of time an entire revolution of sentiment was produced in our minds. The sermon which was particularly impressed on us was not the one which they (if I remember rightly) mentioned, but the twelfth, entitled, "Past Tokens of Divine Favour an Encouragement against Present Fears." "But his wife said unto him, If the Lord were pleased to kill us, He would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands; neither would He have shewed us all these things, nor would, as at this time, have told us such things as these."

Upon the reading of this sermon there was a very peculiar

blessing, not only in producing the comfort and support which we so much needed, but in leading us to reconsider and diligently compare with the Word of God, and finally to surrender, as opposed to that Word, some of those views of truth we had formerly received, and concerning which we had entertained no manner of doubt or uncertainty. The effect of this was a decided change as to principle, and certainly, in some things, as to practice also.

As to principle. Before this period our views of truth had been decidedly what are denominated Arminian. I do not use this term, my dear friends, as one of reproach, or as the shibboleth of party; nothing is more opposed to my inmost soul than the chilling atmosphere of a narrow, contracted spirit; and this I need not urge, because you know it. In reference to those that differ from me on these views of Divine truth, I will confess, that I do not expect to meet with many upon this earth more full of the love of Christ, or more full of love for the souls of men, more humble, more devoted, than I have seen in some who hold those opinions of which I am now writing. Neither do I believe that that which is really Arminianism can be, as a whole, fairly charged upon them.

Still, however, in order to make myself understood, I must thus write, and you must not misconceive me. We denied the doctrine of the electing love of God, and the final perseverance of His saints. We believed that, although the heart of man was corrupt and depraved, yet was there still some good thing in it which was to give efficacy to the grace of God; that, although man was dead in sins, yet was there a living spark in the soul, a free agency in him who was the slave of sin, a power to will in him who was taken captive by Satan at his will; although a resurrection of the body from the dead, we knew, demanded all the power of Omnipotence, without co-operation on the part of the subject, yet we believed that the resurrection of the soul did mainly depend upon co-operation on the part of the subject; and, while all other creatures were formed by the great Creator, the new creature was in some degree, however small, self-created.

I am not aware of over-statement in this; as far as I am able

to express my own opinions, these were our real sentiments. We should have denied, and did deny, all merit in the creature, although it seems an inference necessarily arising from such premises. It was, notwithstanding, an inference that we never drew.

Now, however, by degrees, another, and a very different impression of Divine truth was, through the goodness of its Author, made upon our hearts. This effect was produced nearly at the same period in us both. After so long an interval, I cannot now say what were the precise workings of my dear wife's mind on this important subject. This only would I add, that in the things of the Gospel, in every subject connected with the welfare of her own soul, it was a remarkable feature in her character to unite with great sweetness and gentleness of spirit, a firmness and a decision which led her to act and to think for herself.

The issue, however, was, that nearly about the same time a corresponding alteration of opinions took place in our minds. God's electing love; the security of the covenant, as laid in the surety engagements of the Son of God; the invincible operation of the Holy Spirit upon the heart; were, by degrees, doctrines acknowledged, and at last truths cordially received.

Nor was this change of *principle* without some changes of *practice* also. The doctrines of the Gospel, when really believed, are all influential, sanctifying truths. I trust I can say we found them, in some small measure, to be so in ourselves.

Our views of the sinfulness of sin were, I doubt not, deepened at that period. A more endearing view of God's mercy in its Divine sovereignty; a more encouraging conviction of certainty in salvation; a more cheerful aspect over the whole Gospel, as it regards the saints of God; and a more feeling perception of the danger of the unconverted, were, I have reason to be deeply humbled as I acknowledge it, some of the gracious effects which were then produced.

We now began to be more diligent in our parish, and more to separate ourselves from that which we esteemed the world. Dinner-parties with the wealthier portion of our parishioners we

had from the first declined. We then saw no reason wherefore we should refuse invitations to occasional evening parties, where music was introduced, and in which we both joined, for my dear wife was not only what is termed a very good player, but her singing, especially of Handel and Italian music, was of a superior order; but from these we now felt it to be our duty to withdraw.

The effect of this alteration of sentiment and practice was soon visible. As statements were brought forward in the pulpit, differing from former ones (and I have to bless God, that, in the midst of so many causes for abasement and deep contrition before Him, I have not been permitted to be guilty of that act of moral delinquency, the holding sentiments derived from the Word of God, and not daring to avow them), a strong opposition was manifested by numbers in the parish. Some degree of strong persecution was the consequence, and, after a time, many absented themselves from the church altogether. But, on the other hand, as these doctrines of grace were more unfolded, numbers were awakened by the Spirit of God to a sight of their ruined condition as sinners. Many were brought under deep convictions, many in the course of time found the name of Christ as ointment poured forth, and in their lives, with but very few comparative exceptions, exhibited, and continued to exhibit, from that time to the present, abundant proof that the work was of God.

This was a period, my beloved friends, which I cannot easily forget. So little experience had I, at that portion of my life, of the goings forth of God in His sanctuary,—so little was I versed in those effects, which it sometimes pleases Him to produce by His blessed Spirit on the consciences, hearts, and lives of men, that when the first appearance of such a result seemed to present themselves—when first two or three, then a few more, then more still, till within a very short time twenty or thirty appeared in a state of deep and solemn conviction as to their views of their own sin and ruin,—I was literally as one that dreameth—and it was a continual question with us both, How can these things be? Nor was the conviction of its absolute reality

settled in our minds, before, on a visit to a neighbouring brother in the ministry, we found a similar train of events in his parish.

You will, my dear friends, admire and adore with me the wisdom and goodness of God giving so vast encouragement in the hour of sharp and trying distress, and yet fulfilling His own work, by means in themselves so manifestly, so entirely inadequate to their accomplishment. Here were two individuals who had not themselves been long in the ways of God, in a sense babes in Christ, who had been only very recently convinced of the absolute reality of many of the doctrines of the grace of Christ, and yet no sooner were these doctrines published and avowed than they were owned and blessed; and so owned, that no less than eighty or ninety individuals were, there is reason to believe, savingly converted to God.

Boasting was, it must be allowed in this instance, remarkably excluded; the creature was not only nothing, but was here *manifestly* nothing; it was weakness itself that was made strong, it was ignorance that was made wise. This was, as it may be supposed, one of the most interesting eras in my beloved wife's earthly career. In every sense she was indeed a fellow-labourer. In my visits to the sick of the parish and to the workhouse, she was my constant companion. And on the Fridays, which were wholly given up to calls on the people, she used ever to be with me, although the situation of the parish in regard to its extent, and the badness of its roads in the upper part of it, rendered the attempt always fatiguing, and frequently hazardous. These days, notwithstanding her natural timidity, were, to her, a sort of festival—a joyous holiday, the return of which she gladly and fondly anticipated.

But this was only a small part of what the love of Christ in her heart led her to undertake. Frequently did she love to steal out alone to the neighbouring cottages, and talk to the poor—read the Scriptures—explain small portions of the Word of God—and pray with them. While classes of the men came to me in the evenings, after their work; one class, and sometimes more, of the women came to her in the mornings, as they could

leave their homes, for an hour each class, when she would open, as the Lord enabled her, such passages as she thought most adapted to their state. On the Sunday (as I preached three times, twice in the church, and once in my own house) I could attend the schools but little save in the morning, she bore the chief burden, if that can be called burden, the bearing of which was to herself so pleasant and delightful. To this work she especially set herself, and laboriously and diligently did she discharge it.

Here was an individual laying herself out for God. And so obviously and manifestly did the Lord condescend to bless her in these her lowly endeavours to serve and glorify Him, that not only many in the school, but numbers throughout the parish, were converted to God, through her instrumentality; some of whom, dying in the faith and love of Christ, have long ere this gladly welcomed her admission into a sinless, perfect, and happy state of being, and many more, still in a vale of tears, mourn over her departure from them (Acts viii. 2), whilst they can still rejoice at her great and incalculable gain.

With a few remarks I would close this letter. In her reading to and talking with the poor, she was blessed in a remarkable degree with not only an earnestness, closeness, and faithfulness of address, but with a patient forbearance—she had the high art, and God gave it her, of presenting truth in a winning, attractive point of view. It was not only truth, but desirable truth, which they heard from her lips. To this she added a remarkable gentleness towards them—a kindness of heart, shewing itself in kindness of manner.

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These were frequently the means, in the Spirit's hands, of winning many souls unto God. (Prov. xi. 30.)—I am, my beloved friends, &c.

LETTER IV.

Before I proceed, my dear friends, to enlarge on that part of our life which has been occupied in London, I must briefly

advert to our withdrawment from the Church of England, in 1816. I say briefly, because, in a short memoir, like the present, it would be quite out of the question to attempt to give any detailed reasons of our conduct in that very important step—a step of which, with all our ardent love for very many members of the Established Church, and while some of its ministers are among my nearest and dearest friends, neither my beloved Caroline nor myself ever saw any reason in after years to repent.

This our removal from the circle, in which not only we had been born, but in which, too, we had been, I trust, new born, was at the time among the greatest trials of our lives. Early association, long predilection, even long habit, the strong feelings of our respective families, to say nothing of motives less defensible than even these, all placed a broad barrier in our way; but the stronger scruples of conscience prevailed. They were as a mighty torrent that impelled us forward, and at length forced their way through every opposing obstacle. Let me not by this seem remotely to insinuate that those ministers who live and die within the bounds of the National Establishment are thereby under any suspicion of mine of acting *against* conscience. That is altogether far from my thoughts. Sensible am I, and that in many instances from personal observation, that many of them are men holy, upright, and conscientious; men that fear God, love Him, walk with Him, much more nearly than I have ever done. An insinuation, therefore, of this sort would be as groundless as it would be uncharitable — as wantonly severe towards the individuals themselves as opposed to the loving, unsuspicious character of the Gospel of peace.

But in respect to ourselves, called as our minds had been to the subject—yea, driven to it, and that for many years—convinced from Scripture grounds, as we fully were, of the necessity of the step, nothing remained for us but to act as we did. In January 1816, we accordingly left the Establishment, and quitted Milford, so dearly, so tenderly beloved altogether.

It was during our visit to the neighbourhood of Taunton for

the next succeeding four months that we were both convinced of the propriety of believers' baptism, and were accordingly baptized, and in the November following came to London.

We are now, my dear friends, arrived at a period in our lives that will always bring with it a painful reflection as it regards ourselves, while, as it respects that Being who was to us so merciful, so gracious, so patient, so long-suffering, may it ever be accompanied with the deepest convictions of contrition, gratitude, and love. Spiritual declensions are frequently at the first almost as imperceptible in their symptoms as they are slow in their progress. Even as the very principle of disease, decay, and death is at this moment in our bodies, yet we perceive it not, so in our souls many a deadly latent evil may hide itself in our system, only to be fully developed by its future tendencies to our destruction. Previously to our leaving Milford, errors as to doctrine had been partially embraced, and some perversions of the Word of God received instead of its wholesome interpretation. Justification through the imputed righteousness of Christ occupied more of our thoughts, more of our prayers, more of our conversation, than Sanctification by the Holy Spirit of God. That our outward conduct was such as was inconsistent with our profession was by no means the case. My dear wife was, through Divine grace, far too habitually in the fear of God, she was too much under the influence of the spirit of prayer, for any such effect to prevail in her heart and life. But there was a baleful system at least partially received, and the consequence of this was, as it must ever be, declension. The work of Christ, as having finished transgression and brought in an everlasting righteousness, was a subject on which our minds seemed to dwell with ceaseless delight; but the work of the Spirit in His Church and people, as revealing and as sanctifying and meetening for glory, applying Christ and His work to the believer in all its blessed effects of holiness of heart and life, was very inadequately dwelt upon. The great end of justification, sanctification, was not indeed denied; it was at times to a certain extent developed, but it did not maintain that prominent place, it did not stand out in our picture as it did in that which

was delineated by the unerring expositors of truth. There was an idea which we fondly embraced, that if the doctrines were preached, sanctification must be the necessary result; but it was forgotten that the very pressing the point of personal holiness upon the believer on the ground of a free justification, is not only one great appointed means for its attainment, but the very means also of endearing the righteousness of Christ to the soul; that the very aim at conformity to the will and image of Christ exalts the glorious truth of our perfect acceptance in the work of the Saviour, and makes it exceedingly precious. It was not remembered that the Gospel to be really profitable must be wholly, not partially, received; that in the gloriously appointed remedy of the Great Physician, every ingredient is far too precious to be lost; yea, that not one particle of it can ever be systematically omitted, but to the serious injury of the patient himself.

I cannot but believe that to the above-mentioned source may be justly attributed many of those painful evils which ensued. The work of the Spirit being undervalued, the Spirit Himself was grieved, and He shewed us that He was so, for not only did He permit us to fall into great confusion with regard to that new nature which is His own blessed work in the soul, but also in respect to His own Divine personality, and, at last, in reference to the gracious person of our dear Lord Himself.

Here was a dark and gloomy cloud hanging over that once bright landscape which at Milford glowed with the cheerfulness of the morning. In 1819, I was, for wise ends I doubt not, permitted to publish some of my crude undigested opinions, and scarcely was this done, before that blessed Spirit began once more to guide me back to the fountain of light, and the good and tender Shepherd to restore my soul and lead me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. But as all this has been detailed at length in my *Letters to a Friend*, published by Nisbet, I need not now expatiate upon it. Suffice it to say, by degrees the thick film passed away. By degrees the mind was humbled, through the grace of God, and brought low; the spirit mortified and subdued; the soul was led into a

healthier atmosphere; its faculties were placed in a better position for the reception of certain truths,—of those truths which God had ordained to be its spiritual food and nourishment in the midst of a vale of sorrow and of tears. We were once more brought to sit, I trust in our right minds, at the feet of Jesus.

But it will be asked, What was the state of my dear wife's temper and character during this painful interval?

To every reflecting person it must be, I conceive, obvious, that it is quite impossible to suppose that any errors, and especially those of the deep and vital character I have lately specified, could have been even partially received without their attendant evil. If truth sanctifies, the aberration from truth injures the soul. That, to a certain extent, this was the case with my dearest Caroline cannot be doubted. I only wonder at the grace, goodness, and most tender mercy of God, that these effects were not greater,—were not more obvious, not more perceptible.

In retracing this deeply afflictive stage of our journey, it seems to me nothing short of the special interposition of a Father's love could have prevented the deadly poison from spreading over the whole system in us both. Truth, however, and I trust gratitude, compel me to add, that while there were undoubted symptoms of spiritual declension, such as having far lower thoughts than the Scriptures warrant, of what the Holy Spirit can achieve in the soul, in the way of actual conformity to the image of Christ, and consequently, less hopeful expectation of attaining it—and this was in itself a serious declension—while the work of grace in the soul was tried and sifted almost to the very uttermost; and this I cannot but think to have been one great end wherefore this fiery trial was permitted—yet did the spark, though surrounded with the mighty waves of inward temptation, still burn brightly; still did the fear of God strongly prevail in her soul. Even then the law of the Spirit of life made her free from the law of sin and death. Sin was her great grief, and Christ her chief joy. She was still laboriously active in His blessed service, and in communion with God were the happiest moments of her life.

It would not be right to omit observing the way in which she was gradually led back, and brought to feel more intensely the vast importance of sanctification; that the great end of all the doctrines, of all the promises, of all the precepts, is holiness; that conformity to Christ is next to His own glory, after all, the one great design of God in all the purposes of His grace; that every truth is blessed to us only in proportion as it sanctifies.

Every truth that she had formerly received, she, in a sense, now received afresh from the hands of God. The Holy Spirit, as I have often heard her say, went over in her experience every doctrine of the Bible as at the first. Even the Bible itself was given to her anew from the heart of her covenant God and most gracious Father. The effect of all this was striking and obvious to all who knew her. Her views of sin were far more pungent, far more searching, far more influential. There was a decided growing into Christ for wisdom, for righteousness, and for redemption. While the principle of self was more decidedly crucified, secret prayer became now more than ever her delight, and the Word of God the man of her counsel, self-examination more the habit of her soul; and thus was conscience kept more tender, and Christ more effectually endeared and lived upon.

Thus, my beloved friends, was Satan taken in his own gin, and caught in his own net. Thus was this tremendous evil overruled for good. Thus, as the Spirit's work was really endeared to the soul, was (as it ever must be) the work of Christ more really apprehended, more really valued, more really precious. And although the remembrance of the evil had a pungency (truly, it was a sin ever before her) in the heart of my beloved Caroline, at times unutterable, yet out of this deadly poison did the Lord produce that which was to her profiting, and to the glory of His own blessed name. To us belong shame and confusion of face; to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, for His name's sake.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

One effect produced in the character of my dear wife by those deep and distressing exercises of mind into which I have entered in the previous letter, was a timidity of spirit. She had too deeply felt the evil not to dread its recurrence. She had walked too much in the very fire not to greatly fear the least appearance of an approach to it. Whatever looked like a trenching upon the point of sanctification, of undermining its strength, or even undervaluing its importance, was the object of her utmost dread. This was a wholesome, healthy effect, the result of that fear of the Lord that leads men to depart from evil, and which is the instruction of wisdom. (Prov. xv. 33; xvi. 6.)

That it may occasionally at that period have existed in rather an excess, or, to express myself more correctly, that it may sometimes have degenerated into somewhat of a legal fear of what are really the privileges of true Christian liberty, I believe to have been in some degree the case, and this I know was the conviction of her own decided judgment during the later years of her life.

That such an effect should have arisen can excite no surprise. There is a counteraction that takes place in the operations of mind as well as of nature. A mind supported and restrained, through Divine grace, by uprightness and integrity of motive, has a reclaiming power in itself,—a self-correcting influence which, sooner or later, regulates its own movements; and it is quite consistent with this principle, that at times there may be a verging to one extreme, in order to counteract a previous tendency to its opposite.

Thus was it in the present instance. My dear wife had seen too much in others of the serious evils arising from a slighting of a certain portion of Divine truth,—yea, in her own immediate experience had, to a certain degree, felt them too deeply herself not to be exposed to the force of a counter-influencing principle. Perhaps her state at that time might be safely termed an over timidity of spirit.

It was at this juncture an acquaintance with a Mr Adams, in the Isle of Wight, proved to be one of the greatest blessings of her life. This event took place in September 1823, and ever shall we have cause to praise and bless God for this His mercy towards us, at this period of our existence. The gracious aspect of the Divine character, the compassion of God in Christ, His readiness to pardon, His delighting in mercy, His glory in forgiving freely, fully, readily,—were truths upon which he was led to insist and enlarge, and which she was led cordially and gratefully to welcome and receive. This exhibition of the grace and goodness of Jehovah,—so winning, so endearing, so overcoming,—was, in a peculiar and prominent way, held up as the basis of all real sanctification,—the groundwork of all real holiness of heart and life. Upon this framework he loved to build the necessity of maintaining a constant sense of nearness to God, of watching over little declensions, keeping short accounts with our Heavenly Father, of constant confession, and application to the blood of Jesus, for a sense of pardon, for cleansing from the guilt, and cleansing from the power of sin.

This was precisely that view of truth that was peculiarly adapted to her existing circumstances. Anything of a less gracious, of a more severe character, any display of doctrine that would have exhibited Jehovah as clothed in terrors, as surrounded with thunder, and storm, and tempest, would have acted as a strong repellent; but this bright and beamy display of the holy, holy, holy God, became the most powerful . . . . . (Here the MS. is unintelligible.) Such a basis for sanctified principle to stand and rest upon, such a touching representation of the heart of God, moving, yea, breaking the heart of man, was the very medicine for her soul; it was just adapted to her emergencies, and it was applied and administered to her spirit by the Spirit of God. This was the means of producing a tenderer view of the Divine character,—a more loving perception of His name and nature. The broadest views of His grace were more clearly discerned to be not only compatible with the highest desires after holiness, but to be their very support and foundation.

It was this exhibition of the grace and benevolence of God, together with His holiness and spotless purity, made by this His honoured servant, and which the Spirit had so condescended, in a very peculiar manner, to bless to her soul, which so much endeared him to her Christian regard and affection. Nor was this diminished, but strengthened, by perceiving in his own character a striking union of an extreme sensibility as to sin, and a generous love arising from his view of the readiness there was in a Father's heart to run towards the returning prodigal, though a great way off, and freely forgive him.

How often do I remember her fondly recurring to one of the last conversations she was ever permitted to have with him, at Ryde, in August last! Ah! my beloved friends, can I ever forget that solemn, that affecting conversation? Even the external scene was striking; yea, captivatingly beautiful. We were at the extremity of the pier; the moon shone brightly on the waves that just rippled at our feet, while the long line of coast towards the back of the island was before us; there sat my beloved wife, a dear sister and long-loved friend, herself too now in glory, a valued brother of the ministry, with myself, listening to this dear man of God. Well, well do I remember how his spirit seemed at that moment more than usually wrought upon and expanded in the deep things of God. The Holy Spirit seemed, if I may so write, to open the very heart of God to his view. With what a solemn hand did he touch the strings of a mighty harp,—"Testify against me, saith the Lord." "It seems," added he, "as if Jehovah would argue thus: 'Come, my creature, I will stand at thy bar; I will even act as if divested of my very Godhead. If thou hast aught to bring against me, bring it;—aught of unkindness, bring it; aught of severity, bring it; if thou hast aught to say against me now, say it. What more could I have done that I have not done? Have I not given my Son? Have I not given my Spirit, and promised Him to all? Do I not give Myself to be the portion of my people for ever? Shew me wherein I have been a wilderness to thee!'" In this deep and solemn strain was he led to open up to us the love of God, and not without a strong and

powerful effect on all our minds. On the heart of my beloved wife, I have reason to believe, it made, through God's blessing, an impression which was to the hour of her death never effaced. It was, indeed, but a continuation of the same strain which was rendered so sweet to her soul in 1823. But the remembrances of it, under such circumstances, cannot but be, to myself at least, inconceivably affecting. There was, besides this, one feature more in the character of Mr Adams which much struck her. She saw in him a remarkable tenderness towards the weakest exhibition of grace, and, at the same time, an intense desire to stir up the feeblest to reach after all that God has promised to give. He encouraged the weak because they were as much Christ's as the strong; but he encouraged the weak not to settle down in their weakness, because all strength is in Christ. She thought she saw in him a peculiar tenderness of conduct towards those in whom he saw much inconsistency, but it was that tenderness that was calculated to win to an unreserved conformity to the will and image of God. This was just suited to her case; weak, yea, weakness, she felt herself to be, but to be really holy she longed most ardently.

Nor ought I to omit that, in consequence of this intimacy, Owen, on the 130th Psalm, was read at his request and recommendation, and proved for many years, through the Divine blessing, a storehouse of spiritual wealth, and a treasury of rich communication to her mind.—I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

All efforts are reducible to their causes, and are strictly proportionate to them. As the knowledge and love of God in Christ became more deeply experienced in the soul of my beloved wife, it is no wonder that her spirit became also more devoted, her labours more filial, more free, more abundant. For years previously to the last closing scene upon earth, it was a matter of surprise to some who knew her, how it was possible for any one individual to go through her weekly course of employment.

While the neatness, quietness, and regularity of her household, the comfortable, happy home which she was the means of forming for her husband and children, and the length of time which she kept her servants, all bare unequivalent testimony as to the excellence of her private and domestic arrangements; while attention to various pecuniary matters, and some of them of a complicated nature, occupied much of her time, yet, in the promotion of public objects, was she found more than usually laborious. She attended the weekly meetings of the Union Benevolent Society at John Street, of which she was one of the most active of its supporters, and also regularly took part in the monthly lying-in Committee of that useful institution. On the first Wednesday in every month, after examining individually every child of John Street School, the boys and girls alternately, consisting, collectively, of nearly three hundred children, she went to the London Female Penitentiary, where, after being present at the Committee, she visited the wards, and talked with, and explained the Scriptures to the women, whose affectionate regard towards her was, from time to time, most unequivocally expressed.

Once a month she attended the Hampstead Workhouse, to read the Scriptures to the sick and aged poor, and was, I believe, one of the most constant at the Bible Committee. Besides this, she had the sick cases of the John Street Benevolent Society, in Hampstead, to visit and relieve.

In addition to these engagements, a field of usefulness, most important in its nature, and to herself most delightful, was lately opened to her on the female side of Newgate. No employment was to her more truly pleasant than this little labour of love. To read, and, in her simple way, to explain the Gospel of salvation to the chiefest sinners by the blood of Christ; to address these outcasts of society with "Repent, and believe the Gospel;" "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon," was the very joy of her heart.

Never shall I forget the intense satisfaction with which she spake of her going down to Woolwich in company with a lady of the Committee, to see and address the female prisoners that were on board the convict-ship there previously to their sailing, and of the affection, gratitude, and attention which they displayed towards her.

On three Tuesdays in the month (a pious friend taking her place in the family, for this was the only day we were absent from home together), she devoted herself, as you know, to the important work of accompanying me in my visits to the people; and on the first Tuesday in the month she spent the whole day at the Chapel, in order to see as many females of the congregation as were desirous of conversing with her; an opportunity which many of you personally experienced to have not only been delightful, but, through God's blessing, most profitable.

In retracing here what the Lord enabled her to do on His own day, her labours will, I doubt not, seem extraordinary. At nine in the morning she addressed the children of the Sunday-schools, both boys and girls, for half an hour. From a quarter before ten to a quarter to eleven she attended the public prayer-meeting, a means of grace especially precious to her. From eleven till one she was at the public service. From a quarter past two to a quarter past three she joined the teachers' class, when I went over with them the heads of the morning sermon, previously to their examination of their respective children. From a quarter past three to a quarter to four she taught her own class in the school. At four she again addressed the whole school. After which, she either called on some sick person, or saw some of the newly-admitted female members of the Church in one of the vestries. At half-past six she attended again the public service.

This, though it was pleasant to her spirit, yet does it appear as if it must have been burdensome to the flesh. It was hard work, but it never appeared to injure her; and, according to the opinion of the medical friend who attended her in her last moments, it never did injure her. Indeed, so it seemed, for on the Monday she was always as perfectly well as on the Saturday,

the Lord giving her strength equal to her day. She was blessed with a remarkably strong constitution naturally, which, so far from being impaired by her active life, as some may have imagined, was far more vigorous, far more robust, during her residence in Hampstead, than either before her marriage or in Milford, and never so much so as of late years. It seems but right, my beloved friends, to assure you of this, lest any of you should conceive that her exertions were the means of shortening a life so very, very precious to us all. In one sense, indeed, that this was the case cannot be denied, for the immediate cause of her being removed from me was undoubtedly her addressing the school. Her great anxiety to be heard by all the dear children led her to speak with more than usual energy—and this was the means of producing that painful event, that in nine days left me a widower, and my children motherless. But this exertion, as a friend, a physician, told me, had no more to do with any impairing of the constitution than a violent fit of the toothache.

I confess, neither will you be surprised at it, that I feel no ordinary concern on this subject.

One great means of bringing so much to pass in the course of each day, was the habit of rising at half past five in the morning, and a system of punctual regularity through the day. "Redeeming the time," was a lesson which, in her early life, she learnt at Stapleton—it was a sanctified lesson at Hampstead. What with private devotions, regulating her domestic concerns, teaching her children, attending societies, visiting and instructing the poor, taking exercise, and her own improvement, I can safely say, that many, many weeks have passed, without her having one half hour to spare, for even an otherwise necessary avocation.

It was a special display of her Heavenly Father's love that, in the midst of so much employment, He enabled her to maintain real spirituality of mind. Owen remarks, in some of his works, that the more spiritual our occupation is, so much the greater is our danger of resting in it, and stopping short of God Himself. From this, however, through His abundant grace, she was mercifully preserved, and He gave evident proof that when He

calls to manifest service, He can administer all the needful supplies of His Spirit in that service. Two great preservatives were bestowed upon her,—delight in near communion with God, and a peculiar relish for the Word of God, in the latter of which, where alone I could adequately judge, so peculiarly was she favoured, that, let me or others speak to her at any time, of the Book of God, she always seemed prepared and ready. She was never weary of the subject. Hour after hour would she dwell on the delightful theme. She found it an inexhausted and inexhaustible mine, and it was her highest joy to explore it.

This, I humbly conceive, my beloved friends, to have been the real secret of her daily walk. Where there is much of prayer, confession of sin, and application to the blood of Christ for healing of conscience and purity of heart, we may be sure that a tenderness of spirit and spirituality of mind can be maintained under circumstances the most trying, and which prove to many the most unfavourable. Religion, personal religion, was with her the subject uppermost in her mind, and so strongly was this the case, she has often told me that she thought she could say the consideration of her own soul was scarcely ever absent from her thoughts for five minutes together during the day.

LETTER VII.

My dear Friends,—We now draw near to the closing scene of my dearest wife's earthly career, a scene so glorious, so far raised above all worldly things, a scene so cheering to the soul, affording so singular a display of the Divine goodness, wisdom, power, faithfulness, and love, that bitter as is the anguish when I reflect upon the most trying loss which I and my beloved children have sustained, yet in the midst of the sorrow, pungent as it is, does it bring a solace to my spirit that is at times unutterable.

On the morning of the Lord's-day, Feb. 27, at nine o'clock, my beloved Caroline was *in perfect health*. The morning being

very wet, we went into London with part of the family in a double fly; after leaving her at the school, I proceeded to the chapel while she addressed the children. I have since been informed that her address that morning was more than usually solemn and affecting. She earnestly warned the children against the dangers of delay, since death was so near. It might be that year, that month, that week, that day, yea, that moment. How little did she suspect that she herself was to be the most striking comment perhaps, which those children were ever to receive on the awful truth of her own words!

During the prayer-meeting, on not seeing her or my son in my private room, which adjoins the vestries, I went up-stairs, where, to my inexpressible surprise, I found her lying on the sofa in great pain, and then learnt that she had been taken ill at the school, and brought to the chapel in a coach. At this time, I confess, I felt little if any alarm, attributing the pain to spasms, she having been a few months before attacked in a similar way, from which attack she had in a few hours recovered, so that on the next day she felt no sort of inconvenience whatever. Still, however, I thought it best instantly to send to a medical friend, who was at that time in the vestry below, at the prayer meeting, and he was with her during the whole of the service.

After my morning sermon (and ah! my dear friends, how little did I anticipate, as I glanced at the empty place in her well-known pew, that never was that place to be occupied by her more!), on going up-stairs, I found her still in much pain; and this continuing, notwithstanding the various remedies which were applied, about four I wrote a note to Mr Brodie, who came in the course of the evening. The next day he saw her three times, and on the third visit, at nine in the evening, in consultation with Mr Lawrence. They both considered there were some dubious symptoms in the case, that would not warrant an operation, till other remedies stronger than those that had been used were tried, and agreed to come again the next day at half-past eight in the morning.

That night I sat up with her. Can I ever forget its long

and tedious hours? Never, while memory retains its place in my mind. It was her peculiar wish that we should be quite alone. She dozed at intervals, during a great part of the night; as she awoke I repeated a verse or two of Scripture, which was frequently the means of lulling her to sleep. But still the state of her mind seemed to me dark and cheerless; when I attempted to converse, there was no response, no echo, no real interchange. It was evidently an hour of great temptation; it seemed as if the enemy of her soul were taking all advantage of her excruciating pain, of her extreme weakness, and of the agitation of spirit to which she was exposed in the use of those expedients to relieve her, to which she meekly submitted, inadequate as they proved. It was his last effort, and his triumph was of short duration.

Yet this trial was, you may well suppose, a deep aggravation of my bitter suffering. The hours were advancing slowly on towards the moment when I expected nothing less than a most painful and dubious operation, when I might perhaps be called to lose my chief earthly joy. It was between five and six o'clock, and in little more than two hours and a half the two surgeons were to arrive; all seemed against me. The mountain that had once appeared so strong, now trembled to its foundation. In a few hours I might be called to be a witness to the agonies of one so very, very dear to me, whom hitherto I could never yet summon courage to see even bled; and her state of mind seemed little prepared for the hour of trial.

But this gloom of night was but the harbinger of a bright and glorious day. The love of a Father was too tender to suffer her to be tempted above that which she was able to bear; a covenant Saviour was found stronger than Satan, and the Spirit of light and life more powerful than the spirit of darkness and death. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." About six o'clock she said to me, "Let us pray and read together as we have been accustomed." Upon this, I read to her the history of the prodigal, Luke xv. After praying with her, I left her for

a little time, and on my return, which was rather less than an hour before the surgeons came, what was the joy of my soul, how deeply affecting a proof did it give me of a covenant Father's most kind, most tender, most loving pity, when I heard her say to a Christian sister, waiting on her, "Oh, if my beloved husband did but know how those words, which he just now read, were applied to my soul, 'When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' I now feel what a direct ray from the Saviour means, I know that He is mine, and that I am His, and that if I die I shall go to Him. Should the operation be necessary, I am ready to submit to it." The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, did indeed pour, like a river, the rich consolations of the Gospel into her heart, and brought forth His rich and pleasant fruits there. The winning, tender, forgiving character of God in Christ was revealed to her in the way of simple faith, and all was quietness. The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, disclosed Himself again to her view, in the Son of His love and by the Spirit of His grace; and love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, were the blessed consequence.

The operation was now decided upon. Thinking that she might not have strength to speak to her children after it had taken place—indeed, not knowing what might be its immediate result—she sent for the two that were with her, and addressed them lovingly and solemnly.

At this affecting period I was in the vestry below, engaged in prayer with two or three Christian friends, when she sent a message to us, not to cease praying during the whole of the operation.

She then turned to those in the room, saying, "Pray for me," and then, as supported by Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness, while a Christian female friend held her hand and read the 107th Psalm, without a movement, a groan, or even a sigh, she meekly endured for a quarter of an hour the most severe and excruciating torture; and so did the Lord support

and sustain her in this her hour of need, that, as she afterwards often declared, never before had she such near and sweet communion with God as in that period of most acute suffering.

On the next day, Wednesday, March 2, it was my peculiar mercy to have a long conversation with her. Her soul seemed full of the love of Christ, in blessed possession of the "joy unspeakable and full of glory." "More have I learned of Christ and His fulness during the last three days than in all the twenty years previously. I now understand what a direct view and manifestation of Christ to the soul means. Oh, if any one were to speak to me of what I have done for the Lord, I should say, *Filthy, filthy!* Nothing but Christ, nothing but the blood of Christ, nothing but the righteousness of Christ, can satisfy me." Her heart seemed indeed full of Christ, and, satisfied with His excellency, she spake of His Godhead as the foundation of all, and said, once and again, that the basis of all her confidence was fixed in a Triune Jehovah. The following was taken down by a Christian sister who, with two others, tenderly and affectionately waited on her till the moment of her death :—

'On Thursday night, when I entered the room, Mrs E. took my hand, and, kissing it very affectionately, said, "How glad I am to see you! I love the people of God. The Lord knows it, and, therefore, He sends His servants to wait upon me." She requested a text to meditate upon. As I was going up-stairs to her room the passage came into my mind, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Upon repeating it she seemed to eat the words as they were spoken. "Thank you, thank you," was her first exclamation. Afterwards she said, "What a word is that to me now, 'Cleanseth from *all* sin!' No exception there." The night passed much in the same way. She frequently prayed most sweetly, though at times much exhausted with repeated faintings. She mentioned the twenty-third Psalm, which was repeated to her, when she lifted up her hands, and manifested the delight it afforded her. I then left her for some time. When I returned I repeated to her many other portions of Scripture. She said, "Christ is indeed precious to me—very precious to me." Friday morning she

spake of the temptations and darkness of mind she had experienced on the Monday previous to the operation. She mentioned her sufferings, but restrained herself, saying, "I will not talk of pain, but of Christ." She said, "During that period of darkness I was even led to question my adoption; but Christ did most tenderly assure me that He Himself had set that matter right, and did most graciously manifest Himself to me." While the operation was proceeding, this, she said, was her support, "He led them forth by *a right way*," Psalm cvii. 7; adding, "The very presence of Christ was with me at that time. I felt pain to be no pain, for Jesus Himself bore my pain."

'Though frequently checked, and told not to speak, she was so full of the Lord Jesus Christ she could not refrain, but seemed as a cup running over. Her feeling of gratitude for what was done for her was exceedingly great; even the smile of her countenance was a sufficient indication at whose hands she received it all. In the use of every means, she said, "Pray all of you that the Lord will bless it." And on everything she took she besought first the Lord's blessing.

'Speaking of her children she said, "I should like to see them all converted to God. I believe I shall meet them all in heaven." I spoke of what was David's experience on this head: "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." She was then silent in prayer for some minutes. There can be no doubt that this solemn season was spent in especial and importunate prayer for the souls of those beloved children. When she broke silence, she said, "Yes, thus it is; the Lord *hath* done all things well." "Blessed God, take not thy presence from me. I cannot live without Thee. It is *heaven* when Thou art here." She mentioned what had been her petition the day before:—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done;" and soon after she raised herself, and broke out into strains of praise, saying, "I praise Thee, O God. I thank Thee, O blessed Jesus, that Thou hast kept me from rebelling against Thee."

'On Saturday morning she was much worse, in a state of much

exhaustion and faintness, constantly uttering deep groans and heavy sighs. A female friend asked the cause of those sighs. She answered, "Much weakness." This was a most solemn season; "Now," she said, "for a word or two of prayer." Mr D—— (her medical attendant), fearing her being over-exhausted, said, Mr Evans will pray down-stairs. She answered, "That would be best." At her request several of the Psalms were read to her. She was afterwards quite composed, and lay as though she were asleep; but it appeared she was at that time enduring great conflict with the enemy of her soul. She desired I would sit with her alone, as she could not bear the least whisper in the room. When I only moved in the chair, she said, "Hush! be silent as the grave!" She asked, "Are we quite alone?" I answered, "Yes, and yet not alone," to which she replied, "Jesus is ever with us." Taking my hand, and kissing it very affectionately, she said, "Oh! what a severe conflict have I gone through this day! But the Lord hath delivered me, since Christ has so manifested Himself to me as I have never before known, except while undergoing the operation. He is ever present with me; nothing but the presence of Christ could have sustained me under it."

'She seemed to fear lest the Lord might permit Satan again to disturb her peace, and requested me to watch with her alone. But the Lord did not again suffer Satan to molest her. All was light, for the Sun of Righteousness beamed in upon her soul.

'She soon after broke into strains of gratitude for preserving mercies, and frequently said,—

"There's not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast."

And again,—

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

'The peaceful look, the glistening bright eye, the sweet smile on her countenance, seemed to indicate that her heaven had commenced in the soul.

'When her medical attendant was with her, she said, "Now repeat me a verse." The words were repeated: "Cast thy

burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee." She replied, "That will do."

'During the night Mr D—— was called up to assist her, when she spoke of Heb. xii., which Mr D—— read to her. It seemed to comfort her much.

'At one time, after much suffering, she exclaimed, "I feel a little pain, but, oh! I will not talk of pain, but of Christ." She added, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." "Blessed Jesus, sanctify this affliction to my poor soul, and to the Church, whether it be for life or death." "How kind God is! What a tender God we have to deal with! How mercifully He ordains everything! Jesus teaches you all to be kind; He makes all my bed in my sickness; He gives me His dear children to wait upon me. How He honours me!—He who is God as well as man; God in our nature. Great is the mystery of godliness;—God manifest in the flesh. Ah! that is the foundation."

'Speaking of the relaxed profession of the day, she said, "Oh that every individual member of the Church might take a thousand steps towards God!" She then spoke of the sermons she had lately heard from John xiv., how they had been blessed to her, adding, "I do find indeed the Holy Ghost a Comforter to my soul, though my short career has been made up of unbelief and rebellion against God, trusting too much to frames and feelings,—too much of self, too little of Christ."

'She observed one day to Mrs D——, "We shall have to look back on *this* affliction when we get to heaven as one of our greatest mercies."

'To all the concerns of this world her soul appeared dead; and never was one single observation, with respect to anything concerning this life, heard to come from her lips; so completely did the Lord deliver her mind from earthly cares.

'Alluding to the room in which she was then lying, she said, "How kindly has the Lord dealt with me in fixing me in this spot! Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks, for this is the will of Christ concerning me."

'Whatever was proposed, as being for her good, she cheerfully submitted to. She said, "Tell Mr T—— how his two texts have been blessed to my soul: 'I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me;' and, 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous *runneth into it*, and is safe.'"

'Sunday Morning.—As she appeared restless, she was asked if she was suffering any pain. She replied, "No pain: Christ is all, and in all,—enough for all." I said to her, "This is the Lord's-day." She smiled, and said "Is it the Lord's-day? Is there any service here?" I replied, there were two services for prayer. She said, "How tenderly Jesus has ordered all things, that I should have nothing to disturb me!" Upon which she lifted up her hands, and prayed for some minutes, but in silence.

'She said, "How I love to hear the bells ring!—they seem to call us to a place of worship. Health is a talent when improved to the glory of God, and money is a blessing if used in His service, for we are but stewards."

'When reminded of that portion of Scripture, "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost,"—"Yes," she replied; "if our bodies be the temple of the Holy Ghost, how ought we to use every means the Lord has put into our hands to preserve that temple!"

'Throughout the day she was frequently praying and praising. Christ was all her theme.

'During the ensuing night she expressed a desire to see her medical attendant. She was then sinking, and it was thought advisable to inform her that all hopes of recovery were gone. Mr D—— sat with her some time, and when an opportunity offered, calmly took her hand; upon which she smiled, and said, "My dear friend!" Her friend, Mrs H——, was also present at this time. The scene was truly solemn; but most delightful was it to the souls of those who were with her, to hear her receive the announcement there was no hope of recovery with all the calmness and composure of mind, which nothing less than that most blessed truth, the realization of Christ is enough for all, could have produced. Mr D—— said to her, "Do you feel in

any measure disturbed in your mind?" She replied, "No." "Do you feel Christ precious to you?" "Yes, He *is* precious." "Have you any thought that you shall recover?" She replied, "Possibly." "But you are aware you are in danger,—in *great* danger?" "I suppose that I am."

'Mr D—— then said to her, "You have said that Jesus is a firm foundation?" Raising her voice, she replied, "Yes, He *is* a firm foundation. Precious Christ!" "You feel no unwillingness to go to Him?" "To be with Christ is best of all. I shall rejoice to go to Him. I shall see Him as He is!" Mr D—— said he thought it better to apprise her of her real situation. She replied, "I thank you; it is very kind. I thought I had a good constitution, and that, if it were the Lord's will, I should recover; nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done." She then mentioned her dear husband, children, sister, and Mrs Hodgson, severally by name. After this she was very low during the night and the early part of the day, with, however, comparatively very little of the delirium which is usual in cases of mortification. So mercifully, tenderly, and kindly did her Heavenly Father deal with her, that she retained all her faculties till within the last two hours of her death.

'On Monday afternoon she took a most affectionate and affecting leave of her husband, children, servants, and all around her. The Lord did indeed graciously impart unto her strength for the occasion. At the close of this trying hour, she said, "Now every earthly tie is dissolved; tenderly as I love my husband, now I feel Christ to be my husband, my all."

'During the course of her illness, she sent her dying love to the children of the Sunday School. By her daughter, who was returning to Hampstead, she sent a message to her sons, charging them to seek Christ above all things. Her concern for the Church and for sinners was very great, saying, as she held out her arms, "Ah! if I could but take them all to Christ!" She mourned over her half-service to God, adding, "Religion is a vital principle—it is a reality"—repeating, with much emphasis, and pointing to her heart, "It is a reality—it is union

with Christ, and consists not in mere notions, nor in frames or feelings."

'When we were all around her, she said, "My dear sisters in Christ, give up everything for Christ—give up *everything*; you *must* give it up. Store your minds with the Word of God, that when you want it, and can neither read it yourself nor hear another read it to you, you may have it with you, and the Holy Ghost bring it all to your remembrance. Sound Jesus abroad, publish Him in the Church, publish Him everywhere—go on and prosper. I want the image of Christ; I want Him in everything, every moment."

'Towards evening, she prayed most earnestly that the Lord would take her to Himself, if it were His blessed will, *that night*, begging us to pray that it might be so, and that it might be without much suffering; and the Lord granted her request. She said, "Come, blessed Jesus, come quickly, for I cannot stay here without Thy presence; I want thee every moment. Oh, Lord Jesus! do not depart from me for one moment!" Upon this she beckoned with her hand. I thought she was in want of something, but she regarded me not. Her mind seemed quite absorbed with Jesus. In the midst of some restlessness she continued speaking of her Lord, till seven minutes past midnight on Monday, when she fell asleep in Him whom she had given such evidence that her soul loved. The last text which she mentioned was, "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?" (Ps. cxxx. 3.)'

A Tablet, a copy of the inscription of which is transcribed upon the following page, was placed over the vault in the chapel at John Street, where her mortal remains were for a time deposited. Mr Evans signified in his will his desire that he should be interred in the Cemetery at Highgate, and that the remains of his wife should then be removed thither.

Beneath is a copy of the words which appear upon the Tablet erected in the school-room, where the disorder which terminated her life first attacked her.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

CAROLINE,

SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE T. JOYCE, ESQ.,
OF FRESHFORD HOUSE, SOMERSET,
AND THE BELOVED WIFE
OF JAMES HARINGTON EVANS, MINISTER OF THIS CHAPEL,
WHO DEPARTED HENCE TO BE WITH CHRIST,
ON TUESDAY, THE 8TH OF MARCH 1831, AGED FORTY-THREE YEARS.

AFTER A LIFE OF NO ORDINARY USEFULNESS AND CONSISTENCY,
IN WHICH SHE WAS ENABLED TO EXHIBIT
MUCH OF THE TEMPER AND CHARACTER OF THE GOSPEL WHICH SHE LOVED,
SHE GENTLY BREATHED OUT HER SPIRIT
IN THE JOYFUL ANTICIPATION OF ETERNAL BLESSEDNESS,
RESTING HER ONLY CONFIDENCE IN THE ATONING BLOOD
AND PERFECT RIGHTEOUSNESS OF
"IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US."

TO HER, TO LIVE WAS CHRIST, AND TO DIE WAS GAIN.

READER! BEHOLD A MONUMENT OF GOD'S RICH AND UNMERITED GRACE,
AND TO THE PRAISE OF THAT GRACE BE ALL THE GLORY.

THE WORDS WHICH
WERE HER COMFORT IN SICKNESS, AND HER SUPPORT IN DEATH,
WERE, "TRUST YE IN THE LORD FOR EVER,
FOR IN THE LORD JEHOVAH IS EVERLASTING STRENGTH."—ISA. XXVI. 24.
"TO DEPART AND TO BE WITH CHRIST IS FAR BETTER."—PHIL. I. 23.

HER EARTHLY REMAINS ARE DEPOSITED IN THE VAULT BENEATH.

THIS HUMBLE
TRIBUTE OF CHRISTIAN AFFECTION IS ERECTED IN MEMORY OF

CAROLINE,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF THE REV. JAMES HARINGTON EVANS,

BY WHOSE PERSEVERING EFFORTS
THESE SCHOOLS WERE ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1819.

WHILE BY HER SUPERINTENDENCE AND INFLUENCE
THEIR PROSPERITY WAS GREATLY ADVANCED DURING HER LIFE,
IT PLEASED HER HEAVENLY FATHER
THAT HER EXERTIONS ON THEIR BEHALF
SHOULD BE THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF HER DEATH, MARCH 8TH, 1831.

THIS TABLET IS RAISED AT THE REQUEST AND EXPENSE OF THE TEACHERS.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE,

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE,

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.—ON THE LOVE OF MONEY.

Milford Vicarage, January 11, 1814.

I ARRIVED here safely on Saturday evening, I thank God, without the least accident, and found our dear Caroline and baby quite well. Anxious shall we be to hear by this day's post that you are gradually recovering, and have experienced no return of your old complaint. Indeed, when I reflect on the danger in which you were, how near, to all appearance, to the borders of the invisible and eternal world, I can but look back on the event as a very awful visitation. I would fain, too, consider the dream as a warning for my dear father's everlasting good, and would hope that this sickness, severe as it has been, has been sent in mercy. That this hope should be realized, that we should see one whom we so tenderly love as we could wish, as he himself will wish when he and his dear children and wife shall meet before the bar of a heart-searching God, how readily would those children sacrifice every earthly comfort and become the poorest of the poor! How does one serious thought of eternity sink this world to nothing! My dear father's life has been one uninterrupted course of worldly prosperity. He has had all that he wished for, and if the world could have made a man happy, it would have made him happy. But I would ask himself, What was it all to him when he thought himself upon his deathbed? It gave him no pleasure, because he was well con-

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE,

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE,

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

firmly fixed here, for he that buildeth upon the Rock shall never be ashamed. Indeed, when a man, under the teaching of the Spirit, is led to see what a poor unworthy sinner he is, how sin mixes itself in all he thinks and speaks and does, how can he think of appearing before Him who is the Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts, in any other way than in Christ, even in Him who is the way, the truth, and the life? Where is that which can wash out his numberless transgressions, but that blood which cleanseth from all sin? Where is that righteousness which can present us faultless before the throne,—all our righteousness being "filthy rags,"—but that righteousness of God which is "by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe"? Let good works have their proper place, as evidences to the world of what we are; as fruits of faith, they are in and through Christ, pleasing and acceptable to God; but as to deserving anything, having sin, yea, much sin, in the very best of them, there is but one thing that they deserve, and that is death, the wages of sin being death.

We leave this place next week, if it please God. We purpose reaching London by about Friday week. I almost tremble at the prospect of preaching in town, but the Lord's will be done. The children are quite well. Caroline sends you every kind love, with your affectionate and grateful Son,

J. H. EVANS.

TO THE REV. T. S——.—ON SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

London, Dec. 10, 1822.

MY DEAR S.,—Many things have occurred to prevent my writing to you of late; many have been my engagements, and wanderings to and fro. I have some good excuses for my silence and some bad ones; but however slow my pen has been, my heart has often been towards you full of much love and affection, as it will ever be. If it were in *His* mind that it should be so, who ordereth all things for the real happiness and good of His people, I could wish that so it might be, that the bounds of our

habitation might be marked out nearer to each other than they have been; but this we must leave to the sovereign decision of His infinite wisdom and goodness, although that most precious encouragement, "in everything by prayer," gives me liberty even here. How many blessings do we miss because we pray so little!—"ye have not, because ye ask not." May the Spirit of grace and of supplication be poured forth more abundantly upon both our souls, that we may be led to make use of and enjoy this our highest and most exalted privilege, surely the highest and the most exalted we can ever enjoy, next to the enjoyment of God Himself in heaven. I have lately been much considering the subject of the necessity of the believer's waiting upon the Lord in order to his spiritual growth and happiness; my mind was led to it, not merely by the experience of its necessity, as it regards my own soul, but from frequently meeting among many professors of religion, and even some who commended themselves to me in other points as real Christians, a sort of temper of mind which mournfully appeared to forget that the blessings of the Gospel, stand in the Word of God, connected with the use of the appointed means, and so connected that it is a miracle in the dispensation of grace, that is, a disturbing and breaking through the regular order of things, where God communicates the blessing without them. The farmer manures, ploughs, sows, harrows, and God gives the dew, the rain, the cold, the heat. Thus, although we are God's husbandry, and all the power and all the blessing is from Him, God works in us, and by us, and gives us the blessing, in His own appointed way. Although this is a very obvious, and, in a word, a generally-acknowledged truth, yet among very many in the world,—many, too, who hold what is termed a high code of doctrine,—it seems acknowledged *only* in word. How frequently do we hear from such the bitterest lamentations of their own want of spirituality of mind, when, in truth, the lamentation ought to retrograde one step more, namely, to their own neglect of God's mode of spiritual husbandry. Their mode of conversation seems to leave it a problem yet to be solved, whether they that wait upon the Lord shall or shall not renew their strength—whether they shall or

shall not mount upwards as on eagles' wings—whether they shall or shall not run and not be weary, walk and not faint. This has been, I confess, of late, deeply impressed on my mind,—I suppose by the evident perception of the evil. It is so much easier to lament, confess, mourn over the evil, and even feel it, than use those means which are appointed for its correction, that it can excite but little wonder that it should take deep root in the carnality of our hearts. May we not as fully depend, be as fully assured, and ought we not to act in the full confidence of that assurance, that if we are diligent in the use of the means we shall be most certainly made fat; that if we keep His words the Lord will most certainly dwell with us and abide with us; that if we in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make our requests known unto God, careful for nothing, the peace which passeth all understanding shall be our most blessed portion? Is it not just as true that all this shall be, as that he that believeth shall be saved?

December 12.—I have been prevented till now finishing my letter. How much do I wish to see you, and to assure you that the bond which ties us together is for eternity! In that point of view, how little do all the narrow boundaries which man has formed, appear to the eye! One is lifted up above the lines which stand between Churchmanship and Dissent, and seems to view the congregated family—the assembled people of the living God—the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven,—all born of a new and heavenly birth, and loved with an unchanging, everlasting love. In this point, knowing, my beloved brother, your election of God, how utterly impossible it is that any change in things external can damp the regard which I bear, the affection which I feel! We are all, with the exception of little F——, quite well,—my two other children just mercifully recovered from the scarlet fever. With regard to spiritual prosperity, things go on, I trust and believe, more under the Divine blessing than they have done. Sinners, I have reason to think, are converted, and I feel quite persuaded that believers in the congregation are more athirst for God than they were. The congregation is small, if we con-

sider the size of the chapel, but not if we consider the size of the preacher, and the proximity to St John's,—400 to 500. There is a general spirit of kindness towards me, for which I ought to be thankful. Have you received my sermon on Lot? The subject is of vast importance, to my apprehension. A worldly profession is the worm that seems to devour many a promising gourd. I have seen, I fear, many such instances in a little night.

Our beloved friend, L. G——, is a shade better, but, I fear, in a very precarious state. I see her frequently, and behold no mean display of sanctification by the truth, through the power of the Spirit of God. I see her holy, meek, resigned, and happy. There is a most evident spiritual growth, and never, I am persuaded, was she so conformed to the image of her Lord. Give our united kind love to Mrs S——. May every spiritual and temporal mercy abound towards you both!—Ever believe me, dearest S.,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON, A BOY OF ELEVEN.

Milford, 1824.

MY BELOVED CHILD,—How dearly I love you, you little know; indeed I may not be aware myself of all the affection which I bear towards you. I often think of you, and pray for you. My earnest desire towards God is for your real good and happiness. But, my dearest boy, you need not to be assured of this, for you know it well, that I have you in my heart and in my prayers. I trust that you, too, have been led to pray for me. Go, my dear child, often to a throne of grace, and while you lift up your little heart for yourself, for the forgiveness of your sins through Jesus Christ, for the Holy Spirit to convert and make you holy, for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. xii. 14), do not forget your dear father and mother, who need the same blessings for themselves. I have often

answered inquiries about you since I have been here. The poor people love me very dearly, and because they love me they love those who are dear to me. If you were here, you would say to me, "Papa, you preach too much." But to this I should reply, "I would not, if I knew it, injure my own health; but while I stop short of this, I must desire to preach the Gospel as far and as often as I can." By the time that I return, if I am graciously spared, I shall have preached nineteen sermons in eleven days; and in all of them, my beloved child, I have, in my imperfect way, endeavoured to lift up the only Hope for my soul, and for your own soul.

Give my best love to dearest C———, and most affectionate regards to dear Mr and Mrs D———. I hope that you are respectful, obedient, and kind to them, grateful for their extreme kindness, and shewing your sense of it by your obliging behaviour.—I am, my dearest boy,

Your attached Father,

J. H. E.

TO HIS AUNT.—ON THE TEMPORARY LOSS OF HIS CHILD.

Hampstead, July 16, 1824.

MY DEAREST AUNT,—If my affection were to be estimated by the length and frequency of my letters, it would appear in a point of view but little to its favour. I must, however, appeal against such a tribunal, and assert, that experience declares that real affection can be as little tried by such a standard as air can be weighed in a balance. Still, however, I am not guiltless in this matter. I could write oftener, either if I had less to do, or did what I did more methodically. One half of our life is spent in making resolutions, and too much of the other half is employed in breaking them. I little thought when I was at Salisbury that I should have been so bad a correspondent, but I also as little thought that I should have had so many things to engage, and sometimes try my mind, since that period . . . . in temporals; the long visiting dying cases, and the charge of

many souls, to say nothing of things nearer home, in spirituals, have left me with many things undone, and many done amiss. We have also, in the midst of our daily blessings, to record one in which I am sure of your and my beloved father's tenderest sympathy. A short time since dear F—— opened the gates of the garden, and by himself walked up nearly to the Castle on the Terrace. When we came home from our morning walk we were told he had been lost for nearly half an hour. Persons were sent off in all directions, and finding all ineffectual, I had him *cried*, but to no purpose. My beloved Caroline was wonderfully supported, but when we found every person returning with no intelligence of the dear child, an hour and a half having elapsed, we shut to the door, and were praying together to our Heavenly Father for resignation to His will, when we heard a knock at the front door, giving us a faint hope that he was found. After much inquiry this was found to be the case, and, after losing him for two hours, he that was lost was found. Oh! what an additional mercy is this to record and feel to our life's end? I verily had given him up as stolen by gipsies, or run away with by the poor Irish for the sake of his clothes. It was a trying moment, but the Lord was our support, and He was enough. Give our tenderest love to my dearest father. We purpose going to Mrs Wall's on Tuesday for ten days. Would that I could on the wings of an eagle speed my flight to Salisbury!

Ever believe me, your ever affectionate,

J. H. EVANS.

TO THE REV. R. D——.

Hampstead, October 8, 1826.

MY BELOVED FRIEND AND BROTHER,—May this letter find you in the enjoyment of that greatest of all blessings, a sensible nearness to the Saviour of sinners, with all the blessings which result from it. How much, how very much, do I long to see you, earnestly desiring to behold your face, for the love which I bear you in the Lord! And yet, my brother, how much

better, how infinitely better, were it to see but the skirt of the Master's garment, than to behold all that ever shall behold Him, of which happy number I believe him to be one to whom I am now writing. Oh! how infinitely shall it exceed all our poor and wretched conceptions—all our poor, cold, heartless enjoyments, if enjoyments they may be called, which are frequently gone almost as soon as they are felt, when to see Him as He is shall be the blessed exchange for seeing through a glass darkly —when the *αἴνιγμα* shall be everlastingly unravelled—when we shall walk by sight and not by faith, and know even as we are known; and yet to behold a faint resemblance of Him—and this is all we can among His children,—to see those who love Him and follow Him, and sit at His feet,—this is an unspeakable blessing. Often do I think, and think again, of those two days I spent with you and your dear wife at C——. They were sweet at the time, and their remembrance is sweet. You were too kind to me. But I wish to see the Lord's kindness in your kindness,—yours the stream, His the fountain. For the last four months I have been more or less occupied in answering my former work on the Trinity. As soon as it is printed,—which will be in a few days,—I will send you one. I expect your opinion will be, "dry, but true."

Write me a line very soon, informing me how you are, for I have heard that you have been but an invalid. It was Miss H—— who told my wife so. If you have been, I am assured that He who sent the bitter waters can send the branch that makes them sweet. But I shall long to hear, for you are very dear to me.

November 2.—You will perceive by the above date the length of time which has elapsed since the commencement of my letter. I have now to thank you for your kind and affectionate letter, for your sermons, but above all these things, for your love and regard, which is very soothing to my heart. You say little of your health; I trust, then, you are at all events better, even if you have been ill. Your sermon I have read over with a brother's eye,—that is, I read it with just such an eye as if I had never known the individual who wrote it, and with all the

partiality of unfeigned affection. It strikes me as a wise and prudent, and I must add, a very beautiful sermon; while at the same time my love bids me say, that I think you have perhaps gone a little too far in the hopes you express as to your brethren around you. You may, however, answer me with, "King Agrippa, I know that thou believest." I am, however, a very inadequate judge. May the Eternal Spirit make it an abundant blessing! Things go on here much as they did. There is a gracious owning of the Word preached, and many souls are in an interesting state of mind. But there is such a thing as numbers feel to their cost, ministerial fruitfulness and personal barrenness. This I have deeply to mourn over. The time, however, of full deliverance draweth nigh, the period of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Caroline unites with me in very kindest love to dear Mrs D—— and yourself, and ever believe me, my dear friend and beloved brother,

Yours ever affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A DEACON OF THE CHURCH AT JOHN STREET.

Salisbury, January 7, 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN A CRUCIFIED LORD,—It is my earnest hope and my prayer, that I may be permitted to be with you again on the next Lord's-day. I had many thoughts of you all yesterday, and was not without prayer that He with whom is the residue of the Spirit might pour out His Spirit upon minister and upon the people, that the inward unction might attend upon the outward word, and thus satiate the soul with fatness. Without this all is nothing and vanity. To be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, in order that Christ may dwell in the heart by faith, is the one thing for those who have, through boundless grace and sovereign mercy, been led to receive Christ, in order that they may be filled with (wonderful, amazing mystery!) *all* the fulness of God, of His grace and His

goodness. Ah! my dear fellow-traveller through the *rough part* of Christ's suffering kingdom, soon, through the riches of stupendous love, to reach the *smooth plain*; yet a little longer, a little farther on, and then what shall we think of our past grovelling in the mire, of our low views, low desires, low walking? How should we pray for faith's bright and gladdening view of the things unseen, a near glance of eternity, and a present realizing of those things which God hath laid up for those that love Him! I have you and my dear brother H—— much in my heart, in my warmest regards, and pray that, after I have known our other two deacons as well and as long, I may love them as unfeignedly, which I can have no doubt of, when the Lord of the family shall bring us into that near and close acquaintance with each other, and shall enable us to commend ourselves to one another in the fear of the Lord. For my own part, I am convinced in my judgment fully of this, that with Him all things are alike easy, and that there is but one thing which He cannot do, and that is, deny Himself,—that he can make unfitness fit, and folly wise, and such a poor worthless being, like myself, an able minister. Amen. Amen.

Give my kind love to the dear people of John Street, *i. e.*, to as many as you may see. Tell them how much, now that I am away and in a strange land, I feel their kindness and their affection towards me; how much I miss it. But I know that they pray for me. May they abound yet more and more. My Christian affection to your dear wife, in which Caroline joins cordially.—Ever, my dear brother in Christ,

Yours, most truly,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A. S., ESQ.—AT THE CAPE.

Hampstead, January 16, 1829.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—A little interval of leisure gives me an opportunity, which I have long desired, of thanking you for your kind present of the cask of wine, which I receive

as a token of regard from you, or rather of the Lord by you. It was very kind of you to think at all of me, who, the longer I live, find myself so unworthy of all regard from the people of God; and yet not to have the affection and esteem of those whom God loves, would be one of the severest trials to which I could well be exposed. I am glad to find that your soul still is looking at the cross of the Saviour; that you can find no rest elsewhere. It is impossible that you ever should, for He is *the Peace* of His saints, and there is none out of Him. If you should feel disposed to write again, which I should be glad if you would, tell me as much as you can of the state of your own mind, for I still consider myself, in some sort of sense, your pastor. At least, this much I can say, I feel, and think I ever shall, a real concern about you. Oh, may your soul prosper and be in health! The surrender of the heart to God is the great thing in religion,—"My son, give me thine heart." This God requires, and this He will have. A sight of the cross will give it, and nothing else. O thou eternal and ever blessed Spirit, draw our poor hearts, through a Saviour's blood, to a Father's bosom.

I know that it will be a gratification to you to hear that it pleases the Lord to give me great encouragement in my ministry at the present period, for which let all the glory be His. The congregations are very large; souls are converted; and the saints, for the most part, are in a healthy state of mind, longing after sanctification on the broad basis of a free justification. The Church, which has now been formed nearly five years, is going on well. More than fifty each year, for the two last years, have been added to us, and we are in much peace. It was the Lord's will to give us £1000 for our Benevolent Society, about two years ago, by a legacy. All this is great goodness, and calls for great acknowledgments and great abasement of soul. May He give, with all His other mercies, deep humility and fervent gratitude.

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if possible, I shall look forward to a day or two, but with no children, as we had better be alone; and look forward to it too with a delight, melancholy it may be in some of its shades, but unfeigned, from the real affection we bear you both. Caroline is writing to your wife, I believe, by this post, and I know not what reply she has given to your kind invitation, but this is the current of my own wishes: I know hers is the same, if the plan be practicable. Give every affectionate regard to her; and when you see dear Mrs Bird, tell her how much we think of her and hers, and that we do not altogether forget her at a throne of grace, beseeching a good and gracious God to bless, support, and sanctify her and them, under and by this afflictive bereavement. May the Lord enable us who have children to be as if we had them not, us who have wives as if we had them not, and to wean us from perishing creatures, that, while we thankfully receive them, we may be ready to part with them at His bidding.

Ever believe me, my dear Friend and Brother,

Yours, most affectionately in a never-dying Lord,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE TO A CLERGYMAN.

June 27, 1831.

MY DEAR MRS S——,—I have long been desirous of writing to you, first to thank you for your kind note, and affectionate sympathy, and then to express to you how sincerely and unaffectedly I congratulate you upon your marriage. Indeed it cheers my heart to see the goodness and tenderness of God towards you in thus uniting you to one of his own children, and that under so many circumstances wherein He has displayed His gracious and minute consideration of you and yours. Your union with a minister of Christ, your residence at K——, and thus being placed in a sphere of no ordinary importance, while the first and last of these no doubt at times suggest many serious and solemn reflections in the way of your own responsibility, yet are they most delightful and encouraging displays of God's

mercy and goodness. May that gracious Being who has thus disposed your path, fit you for all its emergencies, and fill you with all its blessings. If He ever, and at any time condescended to make me of any service in the least, to yourself or your dear sister, I sincerely thank Him. This is of Him, and the praise shall be to Him. But, if I might as a friend, presume to offer one portion of advice, it would be this, that you begin as you purpose to go on. O that that God, whose strength is made perfect in our weakness, may enable you to display a meek, holy, decided example, severed from the temper, spirit, and practice of the world! May He render you the follower of him whom the Lord has given you, as he follows Christ; and yet as you learn from his lips, and most of all from his example, may you be fitted to be his lowly counsellor, his gentle adviser, his faithful support in trouble, disappointment, and depression. May He whose grace is sufficient, grant you all this and more than this, even all that He has promised to them that patiently and diligently wait upon Him. I bear you upon my heart, and this must be my apology for writing thus. I have drawn a portrait, the features of it are fresh upon my spirit. I once had the original, but she is gone to the Father who lent her to me. Forgive me, I had not thought to have written thus. Present my unfeigned Christian love to your husband. My daughter Caroline sends her most affectionate regards, and believe me, my dear Mrs S——,

Your very faithful Friend,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS SON.—RESPECT THE BASIS OF AFFECTION.

West Cowes, July 4, 1831.

My dearest J——,—It gave me the truest pleasure to hear from you rather a more favourable account of yourself, and that you had so pleasant a journey to Salisbury. I feel persuaded that, with care and prudence, regular not violent exercise, and attention to the diet and the not getting wet, much, under the

Divine blessing, may be done, and although you may never be stout and athletic, yet you may enjoy much health, to be devoted, I trust, to Him who can give and who can withhold. Be assured that I feel deeply, most deeply, interested in all that concerns you. I think my dear J—— needs no assurance from my pen, that notwithstanding the faults of which he is conscious, and those of which he is ignorant, still my love for him is ardent, strong, tender, rooted in my very inmost heart. As the sacred pledge intrusted to my care by her whose dear image is never absent from my mind five minutes together of my waking life, as one in whom I see so much that is lovely and estimable, as the successor appointed by God, if life be spared him, to fill up my place,—and I fondly hope more than fill it up,—I want no arguments to stir up for him the embers of slumbering affection. The flame, dear J——, burns bright and steady. Outward appearances may seem sometimes to dim its lustre, the external atmosphere may now and then exhibit an intervening cloud, but it is only an appearance; the flame is the same as before, the cloud passes away and is seen no more, or if it languishes, it is but to revive and burn more brightly than ever. You are now, my beloved boy, arriving at an age when there must spring up a new principle, one which gives the strongest cement to the strongest affection; I mean respect for, and estimation of, character. Without this, affection is a mere fondness, barren and uninfluential; but with it, to clothe my meaning in a figure, the tender flower, susceptible as the sensitive-plant itself, the very plant of sympathy, becomes firm, retaining all its susceptibility as the knotted oak. I perceive many fine traits in your character, I hesitate not to say, and truth also compels me to express my fears lest they should be neutralised and rendered abortive. The love of admiration you are in danger from. We are all exposed, but some minds especially. When not under wholesome restraint, it is injurious to the character, *most* injurious. It produces a false showiness, and without his intending it, often makes the possessor appear otherwise than what he is; it gives him frequently a preference of that which is showy to that which is solid, and inevitably has a tendency to the love of society where

this showy may be exhibited. Be on the look-out for this shoal. It is not far from the surface. To follow that which is really and intrinsically useful, because it is so, and to do this in the fear of God, is the sublimest principle that can actuate an intelligent being.

We have had some fine sails. I wish that you could have partaken of them. To have seen you enjoy them would have been an additional pleasure. To see my beloved children happy, in the temperate use of these and such like gratifications, is the only exhilaration which they afford me. They have now to myself no other charm. You will forgive me this.—Ever believe me, dearest J——,

Your faithful Father and Friend,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS SON.—ON THE PROSPECT OF HIS LEAVING HOME.

Cowes, August 18, 1831.

My dearest J——, . . . So much for business. I need not say, my beloved son, how the prospect of so much absence, yea, the very reality of it, at this moment affects me. To think that I shall never be so much with you as I have been, that for the future I must be content to see you for a few months in the year, instead of every day in the year, I own it deeply touches me. And yet, as I believe it to be the will of a gracious Father, I would cheerfully submit! I feel it right that we should for a time be separated, previously to your residence in the University, and as the carrying on of your education is evidently the path of duty, I would be dumb and open not my mouth. May the God of your sainted mother bless, preserve, and keep you, and may her example, her holy, lovely, bright, and cheerful example, be to her fondly-beloved J——, amid the snares, the follies, and the sins of a seducing world, a friendly beacon, warning him from the place of danger, the first ripple that betrays the shoal beneath. That you love me, dearest J——, tenderly love me, I entertain not a moment's doubt. Oh, if I did doubt

it, how miserable should I be! Then give me this proof of it: Let there ever be the most unbroken confidence reposed in me. Treat me ever as a friend, as well as a father. Rely on me in every difficulty. The costliest proof you can ever give me of your ardent love is when you are led to seek the favour of, and shun sinning against, that God whom I desire to love and serve. Never, never give up secret prayer and the reading of the Word; if you love me, do not! All send their tenderest love. You will be among the latest remembrances while beats the heart of

Your attached Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.—ON FIRST LEAVING HOME.

Hampstead, November 1831.

MY DEAREST J——,—Your letter gave me the real delight of knowing that you had arrived safely, and were well. I feared that you must have thought me unkind in the way in which we parted at Bath. A prolonged farewell I wished to avoid, feeling my spirits unequal to the trial. But when I looked for you, and saw no trace of my beloved child, and went away without once again beholding those features so dear to me, then I seemed forlorn and desolate as I seldom had felt before; and this feeling was not lightened by the thought that it might have seemed abrupt to you for us to have parted thus. If so, I can only regret having unintentionally given you a moment's sorrow, and particularly at such a period. The account you give of your new situation is, on the whole, very satisfactory. I am not sorry, however, that notwithstanding the splendour of the library and bed-room, there are fibres within that entwine round the recollection of former days, and still cling to scenes that are now in a sense, passed away. You have one delight, at least, when your heart turns hitherward, that Hampstead contains those whose thoughts as naturally turn to a certain individual, as the white sail to the breeze, as the needle to the pole, or as any other object which your poetical fancy may in

its redundancy suggest. In sober sadness, my beloved J——, we miss you not a little. Everything around us reminds us of you. Our small circle is still further reduced. Our little chain has lost another link, and we know not how to supply its place. A father's eye sees another vacant space, and sometimes tears will start, though the judgment may say nay. But all this is useless; I do not wish to indulge the feeling. My better mind approves of the step which I have taken, though there is something within me that seems to regret. I shall long to hear from you, and hasten to send this letter, that you may receive it before Wednesday evening. We are all well. C—— is, I bless God, nearly, if not quite, recovered. Ever believe me, dearest, dearest J——, with every prayer and most affectionate desire for your real happiness, here and for ever, and with all our united love,

Your most affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.

January 27, 1832.

MY BELOVED J——,—Your welcome letter reached me this morning. On my entering the house, after breakfasting out, I recognised the handwriting of my two most dear children, as if my Heavenly Father spake once, yea twice, "See the sweet pledges and proofs of my love,—all is not gone. Though she whom thou lovest is gone, she still lives in these affectionate relics of her love." Or rather as if He spake, "Behold my love! Theirs is but from myself, and I will never leave thee. I die not." Forgive me, J——, for touching this well-known chord; my hand cannot well strike another,—the heart dictates and the hand obeys.

I sensibly feel your tender affection and that of your dear sister. It is my chief earthly solace. The world and all its vain and idle show would redeem but a small part, indeed, of the treasure's worth. But I wish to esteem it chiefly in relation

Divine blessing, may be done, and although you may never be stout and athletic, yet you may enjoy much health, to be devoted, I trust, to Him who can give and who can withhold. Be assured that I feel deeply, most deeply, interested in all that concerns you. I think my dear J—— needs no assurance from my pen, that notwithstanding the faults of which he is conscious, and those of which he is ignorant, still my love for him is ardent, strong, tender, rooted in my very inmost heart. As the sacred pledge intrusted to my care by her whose dear image is never absent from my mind five minutes together of my waking life, as one in whom I see so much that is lovely and estimable, as the successor appointed by God, if life be spared him, to fill up my place,—and I fondly hope more than fill it up,—I want no arguments to stir up for him the embers of slumbering affection. The flame, dear J——, burns bright and steady. Outward appearances may seem sometimes to dim its lustre, the external atmosphere may now and then exhibit an intervening cloud, but it is only an appearance; the flame is the same as before, the cloud passes away and is seen no more, or if it languishes, it is but to revive and burn more brightly than ever. You are now, my beloved boy, arriving at an age when there must spring up a new principle, one which gives the strongest cement to the strongest affection; I mean respect for, and estimation of, character. Without this, affection is a mere fondness, barren and uninfluential; but with it, to clothe my meaning in a figure, the tender flower, susceptible as the sensitive-plant itself, the very plant of sympathy, becomes firm, retaining all its susceptibility as the knotted oak. I perceive many fine traits in your character, I hesitate not to say, and truth also compels me to express my fears lest they should be neutralised and rendered abortive. The love of admiration you are in danger from. We are all exposed, but some minds especially. When not under wholesome restraint, it is injurious to the character, *most* injurious. It produces a false showiness, and without his intending it, often makes the possessor appear otherwise than what he is; it gives him frequently a preference of that which is showy to that which is solid, and inevitably has a tendency to the love of society where

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We have had some fine sails. I wish that you could have partaken of them. To have seen you enjoy them would have been an additional pleasure. To see my beloved children happy, in the temperate use of these and such like gratifications, is the only exhilaration which they afford me. They have now to myself no other charm. You will forgive me this.—Ever believe me, dearest J——,

Your faithful Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.—ON THE PROSPECT OF HIS LEAVING HOME.

Cowes, August 18, 1831.

MY DEAREST J——, . . . So much for business. I need not say, my beloved son, how the prospect of so much absence, yea, the very reality of it, at this moment affects me. To think that I shall never be so much with you as I have been, that for the future I must be content to see you for a few months in the year, instead of every day in the year, I own it deeply touches me. And yet, as I believe it to be the will of a gracious Father, I would cheerfully submit! I feel it right that we should for a time be separated, previously to your residence in the University, and as the carrying on of your education is evidently the path of duty, I would be dumb and open not my mouth. May the God of your sainted mother bless, preserve, and keep you, and may her example, her holy, lovely, bright, and cheerful example, be to her fondly-beloved J——, amid the snares, the follies, and the sins of a seducing world, a friendly beacon, warning him from the place of danger, the first ripple that betrays the shoal beneath. That you love me, dearest J——, tenderly love me, I entertain not a moment's doubt. Oh, if I did doubt

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Your faithful Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.—ON THE PROSPECT OF HIS LEAVING HOME.

Cowes, August 18, 1831.

MY DEAREST J——, . . . So much for business. I need not say, my beloved son, how the prospect of so much absence, yea, the very reality of it, at this moment affects me. To think that I shall never be so much with you as I have been, that for the future I must be content to see you for a few months in the year, instead of every day in the year, I own it deeply touches me. And yet, as I believe it to be the will of a gracious Father, I would cheerfully submit! I feel it right that we should for a time be separated, previously to your residence in the University, and as the carrying on of your education is evidently the path of duty, I would be dumb and open not my mouth. May the God of your sainted mother bless, preserve, and keep you, and may her example, her holy, lovely, bright, and cheerful example, be to her fondly-beloved J——, amid the snares, the follies, and the sins of a seducing world, a friendly beacon, warning him from the place of danger, the first ripple that betrays the shoal beneath. That you love me, dearest J——, tenderly love me, I entertain not a moment's doubt. Oh, if I did doubt

interest which I feel for you and yours, and must ever continue to feel, for their sakes who are now with Jesus, but, above and beyond all, for the sake of Jesus Himself, who loves you and gave Himself for you.

I trust that you have found that the Wonderful Counsellor has been quite enough for you, although your poor unworthy earthly counsellor, who, indeed, so needs counsel and prudence and wisdom himself, has been so far away.

One of the great advantages, under God's blessing, arising from our most trying bereavements, is not only the discovery how much we have been leaning on an arm of flesh, and the unadvisableness of this, but we also find that we can do without those under-props on which we have been leaning so long. We discover at the last, that, what with sighing and crying to the Lord, opening our hearts to Him in our deep emergency, pleading the Lord's promises, and the Lord's help afforded, through friends sent us, or His rousing our own energies; we either find ourselves on our feet in the midst of the slippery path, or we are brought through it in a way wonderful to all. So have I found it, and so have you.

May God Himself be your Husband, Father, Friend, — continue to bless you, and yet more and more with all spiritual and every other needful blessing.—Ever believe me, with real affection,

Your faithful Friend and unworthy Pastor,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.—ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Hampstead, Sept. 10, 1835.

MY VERY DEAR J——, — As to-morrow is your birthday, I cannot refrain from sending you, though it be but a few lines, to encourage you in your arduous undertaking, and to assure you of my tender love. We arrived here in safety on Friday evening, after sleeping at Bristol, travelling by the mail as far as that place, and by a day coach hither. Our visit

to Devonshire, which was altogether a month, was most delightful, and we only wanted one, very, very dear to us to have enjoyed the pleasure with us. Often did we talk of you, and oftener did we think; but I feel quite satisfied that your present situation is the post of duty; and where we ought to be, it should please us to be. I confess to you, as the time draws on towards your taking your examination and quitting Cambridge, I feel more deeply than I expected I should feel. I do not now allude to the sort of degree which you may take, for on that point I feel satisfied that you will do to the utmost of your powers for my sake, and for the sake of your own future prospects, so I beseech you not to let this press upon your mind. No, I allude now to your in a sense launching into the unknown sea, quitting the shore of a paternal roof for a strange and untried land, when college is left and you are thrown in a degree upon what you are and what you have acquired. But the God of your mother will, I seem at times to have no doubt, be your Guide, your Pilot, your Father, and your Friend; He will watch over you when he who is now writing can do so no more. The day when your eye will meet these lines you will be twenty-two. It seems but yesterday since I saw you on the pillow of one now in heaven. I picture to myself the expression of her dear face, as I looked at the mother and the child, so full of tenderness and thankfulness, and love. When twenty-two years more shall have rolled on, in all probability the hand which is now writing this, shall have been long since mouldered into dust; but remember, my dear, my beloved J——, your father's testimony, you may almost consider it his dying testimony, happiness I never knew, I sought it in vain and found it not, till I sought it in God Himself, and there I have most certainly found it. I speak not of happiness, unalloyed, unbroken in upon at intervals, but I do speak of happiness, solid, substantial, real; I can have no interest in deceiving you, and I would not deceive you if I had. No, I love you too ardently not to place the matter fairly and honestly before my child. I feel too deeply interested in all that concerns him, not to make this avowal explicitly.

Divine blessing, may be done, and although you may never be stout and athletic, yet you may enjoy much health, to be devoted, I trust, to Him who can give and who can withhold. Be assured that I feel deeply, most deeply, interested in all that concerns you. I think my dear J—— needs no assurance from my pen, that notwithstanding the faults of which he is conscious, and those of which he is ignorant, still my love for him is ardent, strong, tender, rooted in my very inmost heart. As the sacred pledge intrusted to my care by her whose dear image is never absent from my mind five minutes together of my waking life, as one in whom I see so much that is lovely and estimable, as the successor appointed by God, if life be spared him, to fill up my place,—and I fondly hope more than fill it up,—I want no arguments to stir up for him the embers of slumbering affection. The flame, dear J——, burns bright and steady. Outward appearances may seem sometimes to dim its lustre, the external atmosphere may now and then exhibit an intervening cloud, but it is only an appearance; the flame is the same as before, the cloud passes away and is seen no more, or if it languishes, it is but to revive and burn more brightly than ever. You are now, my beloved boy, arriving at an age when there must spring up a new principle, one which gives the strongest cement to the strongest affection; I mean respect for, and estimation of, character. Without this, affection is a mere fondness, barren and uninfluential; but with it, to clothe my meaning in a figure, the tender flower, susceptible as the sensitive-plant itself, the very plant of sympathy, becomes firm, retaining all its susceptibility as the knotted oak. I perceive many fine traits in your character, I hesitate not to say, and truth also compels me to express my fears lest they should be neutralised and rendered abortive. The love of admiration you are in danger from. We are all exposed, but some minds especially. When not under wholesome restraint, it is injurious to the character, *most* injurious. It produces a false showiness, and without his intending it, often makes the possessor appear otherwise than what he is; it gives him frequently a preference of that which is showy to that which is solid, and inevitably has a tendency to the love of society where

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Your faithful Father and Friend,

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TO HIS SON.—ON THE PROSPECT OF HIS LEAVING HOME.

Cowes, August 18, 1831.

MY DEAREST J——, . . . So much for business. I need not say, my beloved son, how the prospect of so much absence, yea, the very reality of it, at this moment affects me. To think that I shall never be so much with you as I have been, that for the future I must be content to see you for a few months in the year, instead of every day in the year, I own it deeply touches me. And yet, as I believe it to be the will of a gracious Father, I would cheerfully submit! I feel it right that we should for a time be separated, previously to your residence in the University, and as the carrying on of your education is evidently the path of duty, I would be dumb and open not my mouth. May the God of your sainted mother bless, preserve, and keep you, and may her example, her holy, lovely, bright, and cheerful example, be to her fondly-beloved J——, amid the snares, the follies, and the sins of a seducing world, a friendly beacon, warning him from the place of danger, the first ripple that betrays the shoal beneath. That you love me, dearest J——, tenderly love me, I entertain not a moment's doubt. Oh, if I did doubt

—your dear mother is now at home and in rest, in peace, in perfect purity of holiness, in the bosom of her Lord. I mourn with you and rejoice with you. Ours is a mingled cup; hers has only one ingredient. She is blessed for ever, unchangeably, infinitely blessed. Let us then look forward, it is but a moment, the mere twinkling of the eye, and you will be where she is. I shall often think of you all. On Saturday it will be a trying day. I shall hope to be with you, and *there* and *then* Jesus will be, to support you, to comfort, to point your eyes to His cross, and bid you be of good cheer, because He dieth no more.

May the Holy Spirit sanctify you, body, soul, and spirit, in and by this heavy trial; for such it is, and such it was designed in the tender love of your God to be. That you may be as gold tried in the fire, prays your affectionate Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS WIFE.

Hampstead, Monday, Sept. 25, 1837.

The morning has been so occupied that I have scarcely a moment's time to write, as I am by engagement to be in the City by half-past one, and it is now past eleven. I am going to see our dear old sister G——, whom I visited yesterday. She is about to take her departure soon, and to be where our dear Mrs M—— has been for nearly a fortnight, in the bosom of Jesus. The state of Mrs G——'s mind is most delightful, perfect peace with God through Jesus Christ. I hope to see her again on Wednesday, and if nothing unforeseen occur, to be with you by dinner (D.V.). Yesterday was a blessed day to my soul, especially in the evening. As far as *I* think, I never preached so before, so quietly, so powerfully. Blessed be God for all His tender mercies to me, the vilest of sinners and the least of His saints! I feel as if my soul has had a lift by the way, as if I saw things otherwise than as I before saw them—as with a new brightness and sense of their vast importance. Have you not a similar consciousness? Oh, how earnestly should we watch and

pray and wait upon the Lord for the anointing which teacheth all things, that we may not lose the good, but may keep ourselves in the love of God, although indeed without Jesus we can do nothing! The time is short; our span of life is rapidly hurrying away; there may be but an inch remaining. Oh, let us watch more over each other's souls; advance through Divine grace the life of God in one another, and study and labour, and above all fervently pray, that we become more spiritually minded, for truly that is life and peace. Oh, may Jesus reign alone in our hearts! His cross has conquered for us; one thing more do I want from it, that it may conquer our hearts—all of them, and that we may be wholly His.—Give my kind love to all around you, and ever consider me, &c.,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Hampstead, May 10, 1838.

MY DEAREST AND PRECIOUS C——,—So driven have I been during the last month that I must content myself with this little scrap for this time. The May Meetings, as you recollect, and what is connected with them, cannot but occupy London ministers. Instead of attending any of these, you are at this moment, perhaps, rounding the Cape; but you are where the Guide of your steps hath appointed you, and this gives a precious balm to the mind, when the Holy Spirit applies this truth to my poor heart. But when I forget this, and this passeth away, oh how pungently do I feel the distance which separates us! And shall we ever meet again in this wilderness? Lord! Thou knowest, my heart replies, and only Thou, and so would I have it to be. And yet it may be so. Oh, may the God of all grace fill you with all grace, and comfort your heart when it droops, and sanctify you wholly! This is the one thing to be desired and to be sought after. and even the sight and enjoyment of those whom we love is as nothing compared with it. I have taken to walk before breakfast, as I used to do. This morning was a lovely one. I

rose at half-past five, and walked three miles, from six to seven. I found the time not only pleasant, but it was profitable; also I read Matt. iii., and was led to pray that I might be willing to be sifted as the wheat for the garner. I hope that this may ever be the sincere desire of both our souls. My hymn-book will be out in the course of a fortnight. At our first opportunity we will send you one. I have put "Change is our portion here" to music, which I will write out for you, and send it you, and I hope that you will like it. Many and affectionate are the inquiries after you. You will, I hope, be as particular as possible in your letters; remember you cannot be too minute. Love cares about little things, and magnifies them into great things. We shall want to know all about you. The chapel is about to be painted oak colour. Two new doors to be added at the side. Our missionary fund was £283 this year. We have, I think, two or three going out as missionaries to India this year, I should not wonder under the wing of Mr S——, or, rather, I hope, under a better wing than that of a creature.

Your most affectionate Father,

J. H. E.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Tuttenhall, August 30, 1838.

My beloved C——,—Here we are at E—— B——'s, your mother and myself having arrived here last Friday by the railway, stopping at Coventry by the way, in order to spend a couple of days with Mrs R. Bird, and then to Birmingham, and from thence here. We liked the mode of travelling much. Its rapidity delights me. Fifty-seven miles in two hours and a-half, including three stoppages of twenty minutes, so that we came rather faster than twenty-six miles an hour. So much for the mode of our travelling. But what is of far more consequence, I have now the opportunity which a leisure morning gives me of writing to my precious child. Oh, how does my heart yearn after my absent, my beloved C——! Not that I

would have you back again, even if I could. No; you are where a gracious Father has sent you, and I dare not wish to have it otherwise. Yet still I feel your absence deeply, most deeply; and were I not to do so, one great end of the dispensation would be entirely frustrated. Deep wounds require a searching balm, and I am not without it, thanks be to Him whose balm it is.

I find that dear J—— has received a letter from you of a few days' later date than that to me, although it has reached him but lately. I hope that you found no ill effects from Neptune's unceremonious visit. I had imagined that he had been more mannerly to ladies, but suppose that it is his custom, although a bad one it certainly is.

I have many a sweet remembrance of you and your dear husband on Monday at eight o'clock. I pray that God would keep you, sanctify, satisfy you; that you may be wholly, unreservedly His. Your new situation will present new opportunities for corruption to work, and for Satan to tempt; but this only calls the louder to you to live upon Christ the more, that day by day you may put off the old man and put on the new. A conscience kept perpetually washed in the precious blood is the only soil in which the seed of holiness will flourish.

Your mother sends her kind love to you. Give my affectionate love to James, and believe me, my dearest C——,

Your most affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO AN AFFLICTED MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.

Brightwell, Oct. 2, 1838.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD,—Your Heavenly Father is from time to time, and without any long intervals between, sending you those messages as tokens of His love (Heb. xii. 6), by which He would remind you—and how otherwise apt might you be to forget it—that He will soon want you above, to be with Himself for ever. Ah! does it not say to us, how much

we need a Father's discipline to wean us from the world and the creature, and sin and self, when we thus see your Heavenly Father, who hath given such costly proofs of the love which He bears towards you, thus dealing with you in your retired chamber, shut out as you are from the outward contaminations of that world, and having so little to do with the creatures that are in it?

Dear sister, signal and especial mercy has been shown towards you, and your deep bodily trials have not been among the least of them. This, I doubt not, but that at times you altogether believe. When you have passed to the other side of that narrow river to the which we shall so shortly come, and have seen Him whose name is even here, so often, as ointment poured forth, you will have *no doubt* but that all you have undergone was little enough for the desired end. Ah, what a moment will that be! what rich amends for all! To see Him, to be with Him, to be like Him, and that for ever and ever. Look up! look up! your redemption draweth nigh. Pray, earnestly pray, that you, through the Spirit, may be enabled to honour and glorify Him by a perfect patience (James i. 3, 4), a quiet confidence, an assured hope, an ardent love. Angels and archangels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, may glorify Him with grateful love and praise and thanksgiving, but not with enduring patience. This precious flower grows in the wilderness, from the seed of heaven, and, through the Divine Spirit, is nourished by the sharp-cutting blasts of affliction. Bless a covenant God, dear sister, for every trial.

How is your aged mother? Pray give her my Christian love. My earnest prayer for her, and for you, is that you may be both filled with the Spirit, and that Jesus may rule and reign in your hearts, and in those whom you love. The time is fast drawing on when every earthly object will fade like a withered flower. Eternity with all its awe,—eternity with all its irrevocable portion,—will soon be at our very door. Oh, to live with it ever before me! Had I the desire of my heart, it should never be out of my heart. One would wish to read and write, and pray, and eat and drink, and compose one's self to sleep, as with this

thought;—soon to be in heaven, and that for ever and ever, through the rich, boundless love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus. What sanctified frames would this induce—1 John iii. 3,—what holy preparedness for every active and passive duty!

Mrs Evans unites with me in kind Christian love.

Believe me yours, ever affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO AN AGED MINISTER.

October 3, 1838.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED AGED FRIEND AND BROTHER, WHOM I LOVE IN THE LORD AND FOR THE LORD'S SAKE,—I often think of you, and of your near approach to that blessed home where He whom you love will have you with Himself for ever. Truly, dear brother, mean as you are in your own eyes, and, as you think, useless, yet are you needful to Christ and to the perfection of His mystical body. Heaven would not be heaven to Him who died for you, were you not there. The prayer has long since gone forth, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me may be with me where I am;" and as Satan and all his hosts could not keep the Head from that happy place, neither can they His members. Through many a rough and stormy day have you passed, but eternal sunshine, and a blissful home, and the holy possession of Jesus, and that for ever, will make rich amends. Those whom we loved the best are gone before. It is but a little, and we, through grace, —rich, sovereign, distinguishing grace,—hope to be with them.

Dear brother, it seems very wonderful that two such servants of sin and Satan as you and I once were, and two such poor unworthy creatures as we still are, should ever indulge such a hope! And this only can we say, "Where sin abounded, there grace hath much more abounded." I still find myself a poor, weak, tried, tempted creature. But Jesus is very precious. Oh, the mystery of His cross!

"The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with light the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

"It makes the feeble spirit brave,
And nerves it for the constant fight;
It takes all terror from the grave,
And gilds the vale of death with light.

"The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the proof of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The endless theme of joy above."

Farewell, dear and beloved brother in Jesus. My heart is towards you, and my poor prayer is, that your soul may be filled with the love of Jesus, and with all the fulness of God—that through the power of the Holy Ghost, in patience under your bodily sufferings you may possess your soul—that the realizing of the presence of your Heavenly Father may be your constant portion.

My wife unites with me in all affectionate regards towards you and yours, your daughters, and your son-in-law, and ever believe me, in tender love,

Yours faithfully in Jesus,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A LADY IN AFFLICTION.

Hampstead Heath, January 19, 1839.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER IN HIM WHO IS THE GREAT HEALER OF ALL WOUNDS, THE PRECIOUS BALM FOR A WOUNDED AND BROKEN SPIRIT,—All your case is fully and entirely known to Him. He careth for you, and sympathizeth and suffereth with you; and if it were worse, which it might yet be, He would be more than sufficient. We both feel for you, and grieve in and with your grief, and bend our poor knees together in prayer on your behalf,—but ours is but the reflection, cold as the moon,—His love is as the sun; our little love is from Him,

compared with His it is as nothing,—a beam only from Himself, a drop from the ocean. Oh, doubt not for one moment His tender, boundless, unutterable love towards you! We are all too much like young travellers, who, as they pass along, imagine the objects around to move, whereas they are motionless, and they themselves alone are moving. But why write I thus? You know for yourself, the unaltering, unalterable love of God in Christ, as of that God who hath led you, and fed you, and kept you, and restored you, holding you up when you were sinking, holding you back when you were sinning, and holding you to His bosom when you were desolate. Yet I know how Satan, who wanteth all to hate God even as he hateth Him, and is quite aware how distrust leads to coldness, and coldness to that which is worse, watcheth to take advantage of all circumstances,—and yours are so distressing that he is sure to avail himself of them. This would I desire my dear sister to bear steadily in mind, "Is there evil in the city and I have not done it? saith the Lord." May He enable you to view Himself in all the smallest circumstances of the case, leaving *the sin* with the creature, *all* the sin with all its sinfulness, for to the creature it exclusively belongs, yet still rising up above it, and seeing God, the only wise, your own God and Father, permitting, decreeing. (Acts iv. 28.) As you wish it, I send you those lines:—

> "In faith and love thy course of duty run,
> God nothing does nor suffers to be done;
> But thou *wouldst do the same* couldst thou but see
> The end of all events as well as He."

Could you but see, my sister, the whole of that precious treasure which lies hid in this mass of ruin, in one moment all would be peace. And does not your own God, by the gentleness with which He has led you over rough paths, by the faithfulness of His promises, above all, by the gift of His Son, command you to see it by precious faith?

But as to the point of advice. How little capable am I of giving it in so delicate an affair! . . .

. . . . I write with much diffidence of my own judgment, and earnestly beseech you to make it a matter of peculiar

entreaty of the Lord, that you may not be biassed by me or any one, but simply follow His will.

Yours,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA, ON THE LOSS OF HER FIRST CHILD.

Taplow, January 29, 1839 (*Fifth Tuesday*).

MY OWN DEAR AND BELOVED C.,—I have this moment laid down the *Asiatic Journal*, in which I see the name of my precious C. among the *birth* list, and the name of dear James in the *promotion* list. Ah! how my poor heart longs and longs to be with you! But I am with you in spirit, though not personally, and I can peacefully commit you into His hands who is better than the best; better than father, mother, brothers, than *child*,—yea, better than *husband*, and God has given you a dear one; my soul thanks Him for the mercy. In the course of a few days I hope to hear from you of your perfect recovery, of your movements, prospects,—it may be, of dear James ordered to Burmah; I cannot say I *hope* to hear that; and yet, dear C., should it be so, should this heavy trial come upon you, be assured of this, my love, Jesus, your own Jesus, would be sure to come with it. With what an intense feeling shall I open your letter, if I am permitted to receive one from you! How will my heart beat when I break the seal! By the bye, whenever we are doing this, my child, it should be with *prayer*, to be enabled to remember, that whatever may be the contents of that letter, our true, real, solid happiness, hangs not upon the intelligence it gives. "To me to live is Christ," and this life is really a life of happiness, happen what may. The vicissitudes of the voyage, the peculiar transitions of India, the loss of infant, the possibility of separation from husband by the duties of his station, absence from home and beloved friends, are a costly school to which your Heavenly Father is sending, or has sent you, to learn precious lessons which the quiet shelter of Hampstead could not afford. But as the thing taught will be ines-

timable, so the Teacher, by His own loving Spirit, will show His infinite tenderness, wisdom, and faithfulness, in the mode of His teaching it. He carries in His bosom, or gently leads. He may teach by contraries, but no one teaches like Him. I feel often how very arduous must be your situation, surrounded as you are by that which is directly, and in its broad exhibition, worldly. Example of others has a most mighty effect upon us all; we are sure to feel its influence; we can never come into the circle of another mind, but, like two planets when they approach one another, we are affected by it. This does not cease to be true because we are not aware of such an influence at the time. The influence is frequently *ad maximum* when our consciousness of it is *ad minimum*. It is impossible but that all contact with those who redeem not time must be attended with danger, although it is very possible that, through the grace of God, and in the way of watching and meeting the danger, it may be more than overcome. I was led into this train of thought by what you wrote respecting some morning-caller. I am quite certain of this, that in order to be of any real service to others, yea, to be in a fit posture to do them any real good, one must live very closely with God oneself to have much heart for or power over them; as you are a sailor now, we must be ourselves in good trim before we can well tow another vessel.

Hampstead, Feb. 5.—Your letter of November 16, reached my hand and gladdened my heart as we were drinking tea at the R.'s last night. With what joy did I read its contents, so satisfactory as to your health and spirits. How kind and merciful is God! Bless His holy name! The account which you gave of your journey and voyage to Midnapore was deeply interesting, but I was much affected by your information as to the want of outward means. You have, my love, little stimulus from without, and this consideration requires much caution and prayer, for spiritual declensions come on us too often before we suspect them. "Keep, keep thine heart with all diligence," saith the wise man, double guards night and day, watch and watch, "for out of it," as from a fountain, "are the issues of life;" all the streams of faith, hope, love, outward consistency, inward guardedness;

all usefulness to our relatives, sinners and saints; all outward, all inward fruitfulness. This is Tuesday, and I am about to preach to-night on 1 Pet. i. 7, faith compared to gold. It is *precious;* all things of earth compared with it are as nothing; the precious gift of a Father's love, Eph. ii. 8; the precious fruit of a Saviour's righteousness, 2 Pet. i. 1; the precious fruit of the Holy Ghost. It *enriches* those who have it. They who have it, have God as their father, Christ and His fulness as their treasure, the Holy Spirit as their Comforter and Sanctifier. It is *the* enriching grace; though it brings nothing in its hand, yet it has a goodly train,—love, joy, peace, yea, all precious fruits. It justifies, it sanctifies, it pacifies, it glorifies; for they who have it have eternal life. It receives all from Christ, and does all for Christ. It bears burdens, gains victories, groans, wrestles, for Him, and in His ways. It is, nevertheless, very different from gold in one thing,—*few value it.* It is a despised grace, pre-eminently so. Love has its admirers even among the ungodly; courage, patience, self-denial; but faith is despised. Yet is it more precious than gold. Gold conveys *perishable* riches; faith *everlasting* ones. Gold, though durable, yet is in itself perishable; faith, imperishable. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Gold often brings *sorrow;* faith always brings *joy.* Gold is from the earth; faith is from above. Gold often debases the mind; faith always elevates and purifies it. Again, gold is tried, in order to prove it to be gold, and in order to be purified. Faith must also be tried. Abraham, Moses, David, Peter, our Lord. Thus, Kellie Castle,* Madras, Barrackpore, loss of child, Midnapore. Thus being tried, proved, purified, it shall, through grace, be found unto praise, honour, and glory; it shall have its blessings *here;* but most of all when He shall appear in His own glory, whose it is, and from whom it came. Thus have I finished my sermon.

Fare thee well, my child. May every blessing rest on thy head.—Your ever affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

* The name of the vessel in which his daughter went out to India, and which was totally lost on her passage to China, almost immediately after she had dropped my sister at Calcutta.—ED.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Saturday, March 2, 1839.

MY MOST TENDERLY BELOVED C——,—Although I have but little time for writing to you, yet I want to make a beginning, for the overland leaves on Friday week. How your dear letters thrill through my heart as your beloved mother has just now read them once more to me, all of them, from the very first! Ah, my precious child, I want all the consolations of the peace-speaking Gospel to comfort my poor heart when I think of you. But all is well, and I know it; indeed, I see it, for I am quite sure that already has your Heavenly Father's tender discipline proved a mercy to you both. May He ever watch over you, for I quite feel with you that there is great danger of contamination from the scenes around you. I allude not to gross worldliness, but to the silently working infection of lukewarmness and indifference, there being so very little counteraction from either a spiritual ministry or spiritual society: yet, my love, Jesus is always with you, as the way to and from God—near as your Everlasting Father, your Brother, your Husband; and just as your earthly husband is endeared to you still more by your very absence from earthly friends, so does your Heavenly Husband make Himself especially precious in the deepening conviction that He is a substitute for the absence of all created good. I think that I perceive, my child, an experience of this in some degree of blessed reality in you, and therefore bless the hand which has smitten, for the very same and no other heals me. May to-morrow be a blessed day to my precious child. My two subjects are Matt. xvi. 24; Isaiah liii. 12.

Wednesday, March 6.—The lecture is just over; the snow is upon the ground, and it is very cold, so that our party was but small. I thought of you as we sung,

"Oh come, thou wounded Lamb of God."

I cannot write much for I must soon go to bed, having to start to-morrow soon after five to meet a male Bible class at the

chapel. To-day I had the female class, and suppose that I must have had nearly fifty. This is encouraging.

Monday, March 11. — Last Friday, my dear and precious child of a dear and precious mother, that mother left, now eight years since, this poor vale of tears and trial, for the bosom of Jesus. Happy and blessed spirit! She has left me in her dear daughter and my two dear sons precious relics of herself. May we all follow her as she followed Christ! Her example, what a blessing to us! May her memory be equally so! We hope soon to meet her. May God bless you with the light of His countenance continually! Beware of suffering anything to intercept it. Unconfessed sin and wilful neglects are sure with me to obscure the bright rays of heavenly light. One can sometimes go on in ways that no one can find fault with but *One*. To be perpetually washing in the fountain, and watching unto prayer, are, I believe, the great sinews of filial obedience. Guilt upon the conscience chills the heart, and this retards the walk. I find in my own heart such a perpetual disposition to slacken in the path. I start well, but without much prayer I instantly begin to tire. Your dear mother did not so. She was more excellent than I in all things. May you be like her as she was like Christ! I shall be so glad when you can speak the language well enough to talk to the natives and to instruct the children. It is our comfort to know that God works by very simple means in nature and in grace. Weak things confound the strong. This is God's way. It is His glory.—Ever, believe me, until death,

Your most affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO AN AGED MINISTER, WHO WAS LAID BY FROM DUTY.

Ventnor, August 23, 1839.

MY VERY DEAR AND RESPECTED BROTHER J———,—I cannot defer any longer writing to you,—first, from the great love which I bear towards you for His sake whom you love, and then for the promise which I made you when we last met.

How are you, my dear brother, and how have you been since I saw you? Whenever I leave you, it always seems more or less to occur to me, this may be the last time we may ever meet in the wilderness. And were this the case that we should never again see each other's face in the flesh, how blessed is the thought that through the rich grace and distinguishing mercy of our God we shall, I humbly trust, meet in heaven! The thought of home, sweet home, is delightful to the wearied traveller; how much more ought it to be to the travellers towards Mount Zion! With so many things to try us by the way; with so many exercises of faith and patience in the different stages of the journey; with so many discoveries of strong inward corruptions, which require so much prayer and watchfulness and taking to the Lord to subdue, lest they break forth in temper and conduct; with so many great and precious promises which, like so many direction posts, all point to the rest that remaineth, or, rather, like so many messages of love from our Heavenly Father, are as cordials to animate us to press forward, up hill and down hill, towards the city which hath foundations; with so many dear and beloved friends who have left us for the land of perfect *light*, *purity*, and *bliss*, and whose departure, like so many pins taken away from our tabernacle, seems to render our residence in it less and less desirable; above all, with Jesus gone before, our Everlasting Father, our Elder Brother, our kind, gracious, sympathizing Lord and Master and Saviour, whom we so oft sin against while yet we would not,—who loves us so tenderly and so well notwithstanding all,—whom we long to be like, and yet whom we so little resemble;—is it not wonderful that we so little long to depart and to be with Him? But, dear and beloved brother, I am persuaded of better things concerning *you*, though I thus write; for I believe that you have many a longing desire to be where Jesus is, that your chief and fervent prayer is, that patience may have its perfect work; and that, whether the time of your earthly pilgrimage be long or short, you may be still a faithful witness for God; and may be, not merely as clay in the hand of the potter, but as a child in the arms of an ever watchful Father; and that your chief fear is, lest you should sin against Him.

You are often upon my heart, and as I think of your many long and acute sufferings, which, I believe, only He can know who has appointed them, and who sustains under them, I cannot but praise Him for the grace which He has communicated, enabling you patiently to endure, and quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. In that grace, and sustained by its great source, the Spirit of grace, may you still hold on, look up, and follow after. Do not think, my dear and aged brother, that you live to no purpose; you sometimes think so. Many trees adorn the forest. There are the young saplings, just coming forth into foliage and beauty. There are those strong and vigorous ones, full of leaf and verdure, in whose deep broad shade the little birds have found rest and safety, and still, though battered now with many a storm, bearing the marks of many a wintry tempest, there they are. Some of their large limbs are torn away, but there they are. The storm could not uproot them; the tempest could not destroy them. Yes, there they are, the greatest witnesses of the sustaining, directing, controlling faithfulness and power of God. These are the trees which most I love; these are the trees which most I love to sit under. All faith is precious, but tried faith is the most precious. When God gave you strength, He gave you grace to use that strength in His service, and through that grace you used it. And now, dear and beloved brother, while strength for active service is not bestowed, yet strength to endure, to suffer patiently, yea, to desire to glorify Him in the very fires, He yet bestows. A poor debtor to His grace, an aged sinner, so long tried yet supported, so long buffeted yet upheld, rooted in the love of God, and grasping firmly the blood and righteousness of the God-man, longing for deeper sanctification of the Holy Ghost, and quietly waiting His appointed time, till he be transplanted into the upper garden of the Great Husbandman, is not the least trophy of sovereign grace, mercy, and love.

Praying that He may support you under pain, comfort you under sickness, dry up all your tears, give you all patience, and sanctify you wholly, that you may bear yet more and more distinctly, the very image of Him whom you love, and with the

sincere love of my dear wife, believe me to be, dear and beloved brother in Jesus,

Your affectionate Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

My very kind regards to your family.

TO AN AFFLICTED MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.

1839.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER IN THE GOSPEL OF PEACE, AND HOPE, AND HOLINESS, AND LOVE,—Although I began a letter to you in Ventnor, the place where we were for a while in the Isle of Wight, and was prevented then from finishing it, yet I am not forgetful of the promise which I made you of writing you a few lines, just to assure you of my remembering you in my heart, and in my prayers, at a throne of grace.

Many and great are your trials, and much sympathy ought you to receive from the saints of God, His own children by adoption and grace, because you are dear to Him whose children they are. Close is the tie that binds us all together. Other ties will soon be broken, but this is lasting and durable as Deity. Time alters it not. Eternity, so far from weakening, will but manifest it the more in all its strength and beauty. We often think of you, dear sister, and talk of you by the way. But our love is only a drop; His love, from which ours takes all its rise, is an inexhaustible ocean. Oh, to live upon this ocean, and drink abundantly out of it, as through His rich grace, whose heart is its very spring, we shall be everlastingly satiated with it.

I trust, dear sister, you find Christ increasingly precious, and trouble, and pain, and suffering increasingly sanctified. I find it no light thing to walk with God, and especially *as a child, loving, submissive, patient, ready to obey, and cheerful in my obedience.* I want Christ more and more. The longer I live, the more I want Him. Much conflict and I are constant companions. I know not what it is to spend a day scarcely without

it. I make it, and I need it, and this I can say with a deep abhorrence of making any excuse for any one sin in any one way. I am usually made my own chastiser, and the heaviest rod is commonly inflicted by my own hand. Such is God's deep wisdom with a poor, foolish creature. An ordered Covenant is a stronghold, and an unchanging God is its greatest strength.

May the blessed Spirit *sanctify, comfort* you, and fill you, out of Christ's fulness, with all the fulness of God.

Ever your affectionate Pastor and Friend,

Friday. J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Salisbury, Dec. 17, 1839.

MY OWN DEAR C——, ... Do you ever find yourself more small in your own eyes than after intercourse with worldly persons? Do you not know what I mean when I say we seem half faithful, half sincere, half honest, half upright before God and with them? I am sure that I feel this very acutely after I have been with such a person as Mrs ——; one speaks, yet one does not speak, *i. e.*, thoroughly in all points, as before Him who searcheth the heart.

You will find your new situation presenting new difficulties, and opening to you new mercies and new discoveries of God's tender care of you and yours. I suppose that it must be a fine healthy spot, and if so, it makes up for a thousand inconveniences. Is it not a new language for you both? In your *journal* letter to me I shall by degrees pick up an accurate knowledge, if life be continued, of the inhabitants and their customs. You will not, I believe, leave a very large space for the description of the European population, the natives must therefore occupy the foreground of the picture. Be as minute as possible in their houses, trees, men, women, dress, in short all that concerns them; it will be very instructive, be assured, to the perambulator of Gray's Inn Lane, Liquorpond Street, Theo-

bald's Road, and Bell Court. Your last letter to us, Sept. 11, the day before you left Calcutta, quite delighted me, you so entered into minutiæ that one seemed to see everything before one.

By the bye, when Mr —— calls with his disputatious spirit I should systematically avoid controversy. If he were a humble, lowly disciple of Christ, Scott's *Force of Truth* is one of the very best books, but, alas! this appears to be wide of his real character. I should endeavour to direct the conversation to something directly spiritual and heart-searching, and if this were refused I should drop it; in that state of things it cannot without an especial interposition do him any good, it may very probably do yourself injury; mere disputations about the truth are worse than being negatively of no use, they are usually positively harmful. It grieves me that such a man should be a missionary at all, but I am glad that he does not belong to the Baptist Mission; he is what is called a general Baptist, *i. e.*, believes in general redemption, &c.; some of these are Socinians, and for the most part they are of the world. May God preserve and keep and bless you both! Your mother and I are at this time reading *Owen on Indwelling Sin*, with much delight; you know Owen was the choice favourite of your dear sainted mother, it was her study; I can hardly write too strongly in favour of this deep and profound man of God and most instructive writer. I should think that such a book as this might be a nice study for yourself and dear James in the situation in which you are placed, where you have so little to deepen and enlarge your views of Divine truth. I much like your plan of reading Scripture, and one hint would I add,—write freely and largely in your common-place book. There is more advantage connected with much writing than many are aware of; it helps weak memories, and enriches the mind, and by being frequently referred to, makes the thoughts familiar, yea, in a sense, our own; I would recommend all to write much, read much, think more, and pray most of all. Do you not find this one truth more deeply than ever impressed on your mind, that a sense of pardon, and the love of God, is the great teacher of all holy motive? I think that I do increasingly.

Ever think of me as with the warmest love, your affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Feb. 3, 1840.

How deeply interesting was your letter to us! How impossible for me to describe it! When I read of my child so surrounded with *unpleasantnesses*, and even dangers,—for surely when your track-rope broke you must have been in very considerable danger,—and when I found her safe at Tezpore, oh! how kind, how gracious, how good, how compassionate did my Heavenly Father appear to these eyes in watching over, protecting, preserving, nor, least of all, in keeping her mind peaceful and serene in the midst of it all! How peculiarly did He interpose in your behalf in respect to that letter mis-sent to Berhampore! How mercifully is it ordained that you should be at Tezpore rather than at Gowhatty, the former being one of the most healthy stations in India! Yes, how unable, utterly so, am I to describe the mingled feelings with which I read that letter,—the coolies, the wild boar, the tigers, the rapids, the bungalow with its four sisters, the no missionaries, the inaccessible hill at the back of your house, the watch at night to keep off tigers,—all presented a new world to my eyes; I almost seemed inclined to rub them, and ask, Is it all true? Is it true? I seem to ask myself. How wonderful that it *is* true, and still more wonderful does it seem that it does not excite one murmuring thought in my own heart, because of its truth! Next to the loss of your own mother, your absence and great distance from me is incomparably my greatest sorrow; and yet so persuaded am I of the love of our Heavenly Father in it, that I am peaceful and happy under it. I see that manifest good has been communicated to you in the dispensation, and am, in some measure, conscious that it has not been without some blessing to myself. How wise, how good, how tender, is He who gave his Son to die for our sins!

Do send me a regular journal; it cannot be too minute for a poor father's heart. I do not care how broken it is, how unconnected, how badly it may read, if it tells me all about you; I ask no more. The rest may have their letters; let me, my dearest C——, have a journal. Copy what you will out of it for the others, or tell me again what you have told them before—I heed it not. Let me have but my own precious journal, and you may give your mother all your private arcana, F—— all your descriptive scenery, J—— all that his peculiar circumstances and situation may suggest, but let me have my *journal*. On this I have set my heart. Things which would seem most stupid to yourself, and would be uninteresting to others, will be most interesting to me. Shall I give you a specimen? Suppose now and then you give me your day. I say now and then, for I would not inflict the tax of your regularly doing it:—'Rose to-day at half-past five, took a short walk before sun-rise, read such a portion in my Bible, breakfasted on —— with dearest James, employed myself till tiffin, afterwards ——, dined on ——, walked out, describe where, saw a cobra capella at a safe distance, heard the roar of a tiger, but afar off, returned and read, this led to a conversation on such and such a point.' I shall not be displeased to be told of the size of your rooms, of your furniture, books; in short, try to tire me with minute description. When you are too prolix, I will give you a hint of it. But enough of this.

My dear old friend, Colonel Nicolls,* is dead, on his return from Jamaica, as is also Mr Caldecott, whom you remember. He was once a clergyman. But they are both in heaven. What a thought!

As to a Burmese war, I sincerely hope, and am inclined to

* In a copy of Dodds' *Common Place Book*, I find the following inscription in his own hand:—

J. H. E.
Given to him by his friend,
Capt. W. Nicolls, R.A.
My beloved friend, Lt.-Colonel Nicolls, died Nov. 19, 1839, at sea, on his return home from Jamaica.
Vale vale—mihi carissime,
Sed non in sempiternum.—Ed.

think, there will be none; but as to a Chinese war, this is not so improbable. But you are in the best hands, and there, my beloved, I would leave you. He, I believe, loves you infinitely better than I love you, or ever shall be able to love you, even in heaven. In regarding your situation, I cannot but see that there is much danger on the opposite side of that you have been hitherto exposed to. The entire absence of all outward means of grace, of all external excitement from the contact of those who are more advanced in the spiritual life, has a peculiar set of temptations connected with it. There is in all situations the danger of spiritual decay, of a quiet settling down in self. Even where we are most favourably circumstanced we find it; but the danger becomes excessive when we have nothing in the words of others, the principles of others, the practice of others, to bring with it self-searching, self-humiliation, self-condemnation, at the foot of the cross, but everything the contrary; where oneself is the standard, poor as it is, to which one is desirous of bringing up those with whom we come in contact; while they, by the secret influence of evil working upon our evil, are silently, and often unsuspectedly, bringing us down to theirs. This is the sad secret, alas! why once-devoted missionaries have after a time become cold, lukewarm, indolent, inactive, and at last have sunk very low indeed. God in his tender mercy preserve you both from this, my precious child! Constant prayer, watchfulness, close reading of the Bible, self-examination, and faithfulness to one another, are, I believe, with *constant* application to the blood of sprinkling, the most effectual remedies, and with them some active endeavours to glorify God in those around us; and this frequently by subjecting us to taking up a cross for Christ, often of itself becomes a means of quickening our souls, and keeping us up in the Divine life. Your situation requires great grace, but Jesus has great grace, yea, all grace, and all readiness to bestow it. To feel our need of that grace is one part of our security; our danger is the being lulled into any fond ideas of not needing it. Let me entreat you not to neglect the Lord's Supper because you have no minister to dispense it. Every Lord's-day I should in your case have it with my dear husband.

Can it be right to neglect a positive command because I cannot obey it quite as I would wish? On the same principle as you would have service on a Sunday in the absence of a minister, so, I conceive, you should have the other also. It is the privilege of the disciples of Christ in every place to do this in remembrance of Him. Think of this, my own dear child, and pray over it.

Your affectionate

J. H. EVANS.

TO REV. R. D——.

Hampstead, March 9, 1840.

MY OWN DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER,—Your letter was a refreshing to my soul. It came from heart to heart, from yours to mine. It was a renewed token of the love of Jesus to me, and was as a message from Him.

Never think that you are forgotten by me; often do I pray for you, and often think of the days bygone and past, when we have had sweet converse together, and talked of Him we loved. I can truly say that you are as fresh in my heart as ever you were. Dear, dear brother, we ought to love one another better as our time draws nearer of being for ever together with the Lord, and I cannot but think that it will be so. Surely, the prospect that lies before us, the glorious prospect of being for ever with the Lord, as pure and holy spirits, to see Him as He is and be like Him, may well draw us closer and closer to each other's hearts, and make us long for the time of blessed consummation. I think my beloved brother that the longer I live, the more I want the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Those very truths, and none other than those, we have so often talked of, by the way, in the house, and on our knees spoken of to our Father who is in heaven, are the truths which I want every day and hour of my life. I can truly say, my own views of myself as a sinner, deepen with my increase of years. The way I find very very narrow, in doctrine, principle, and practice. Yet I feel more happy in my soul than I ever used to be, for I think Jesus favours me with nearer views of His tender

sympathy than was formerly the case with me. Pray, pray for me, that faith may increase; this is what we want, *increase of faith*. We know much and believe little. This is too much my case, perhaps it is yours. When I say we know much, I should perhaps have said, we *appear* to know, for I suppose we really know no more than faith teaches us. I greatly need substantial views of things hoped for, more evident perception and real acquaintance with things unseen.

How are your dear children, and your dear wife and sister? I put them out of the right order, but it is Monday, and my head is confused. I love them because they belong to you. . . . . E—— sends her kind love to you both, and to your beloved sister, in which joins

Your tenderly attached Brother,
J. H. Evans.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, May 7, 1840.

To-morrow I shall hope once more to see your precious handwriting by the Overland mail. I received a short note to-day from dear F——, to say that it had come in. Your last ship letter reached us Tuesday week, dated from the river, before you arrived at Gowhatty. I hope, my child, we do not prize these communications too highly, nor think of them too much. There is a danger, I am fully aware. We need caution, I am quite sure. I am at this moment seated at the open window of the spare bed-room. Your mamma and C. Bird have this moment set off on a drive, the noise of the wheels is in my ear. M—— and the two little ones left this morning for Clapham by the train. Robert is in town with the S——s, attending the meetings. Mr and Mrs Bird are both quite well. This is our Taplow news. But oh for one peep at your dear handwriting once more, my throbbing heart seems to say. But in the midst of all this, I can truly say that I feel the greatest quietness of spirit in leaving you in the kind and gracious keeping of Him who loves you infinitely more than I love you, love you as I may. How

merciful were all His dispensations towards you in your confinement! It was well worth all the difficulties, that you might know His tender mercies. We can never know them but as we are placed in the need that requires them. It was very kind of Him to shew that He could make a strange lady your friend, give skill to an ignorant Assamese nurse, turn a dear husband into a gentle attendant, and Himself be your faithful Physician; that doctors might be absent, but He would supply all your need. Oh, the gentleness of Jesus, who seems as if He would take the place, sometimes of one comfort, then of another, that we might find all in Himself.

May 8.—No letter, owing to some delay at Marseilles. It is a little trial, as I cannot wait till to-morrow before I close this, as the mail goes to-morrow. But all is well, so well that if the letter had come to-day it had not been better. How hard to believe it, yet all things are possible to him that believeth, then, Lord increase my faith. Nevertheless I am enabled to say in some measure I know, "It is well."

Last Monday I saw ——. He is very ill; I should think hopelessly so. He appears to be in a rapid consumption. I should be glad to add that his state of mind was all that I could desire, yet there seems some softening of spirit. But living, as I have reason to believe has been the case, a life of dissipation and sad forgetfulness of all that is good, I should have expected more contrition, if the repentance were unto life. But such cases are very difficult to understand. May He who alone is able prepare him for that great change that awaits him! This is the second time I have seen him.

It is at this moment just clearing up after a most refreshing shower. The country has been almost dried up for want of rain. We have scarcely had any for the last three months. You remember the large tree in front of this window? The chestnut is full of the most lovely foliage and flower, the lilacs and laburnums are out in all their beauty, the apple-trees are blossoming most luxuriantly before me in Mr N——'s garden, in short, all is fragrant and captivating. We have no Himalayas, it is true, no Burrampoota, yet is it very beautiful.

You can hardly conceive, my dear and precious child, how your account, and that of dear James, of my precious little grandchild, interested us all, and especially me. May the God of his father, and of his precious mother, be his God and his Father! With all my fondest allowance for a mother's partiality, my gravity was unable to restrain a smile when I read in your letter of his *smiling* and of his *intelligence*. Young mothers are perhaps not the best judges as to the degree of intelligence of one *so advanced in years*; but as you inform us he has a high forehead, expressive mouth, and hands like myself, no doubt much may be expected of him, and you may, after all, be rather under than over the mark in your description! He is a sweet little fellow, I dare say, and my heart yearns over him at this moment. Be very particular in your account of him in your next, according to his improved state of intelligence!

My time and my paper both admonish me to conclude. Dearest C——, may every blessing rest with you and abide with you for ever! You are never long out of my thoughts. As long as memory lasts, your image will present itself to my mind. But I can truly say that my chief desires to you-ward tend to the wellbeing of that which is imperishable, that your soul may be in health. Away from the stirring means of grace connected with the ministry of the Word, away from so many of those who love you, your temptation must be great to cling to those two objects, who are, and ought to be, the dearest upon earth, and as you are in a sense debarred from others, to give an undue importance to those you have. This *must* be a source of no ordinary temptation. They are in a sense your Assamese world, and as they lie in a small compass, there is so much the greater danger. Bear, my child, a father's word of exhortation. Then there is the danger arising from your vehemently strong affection for your own family, myself, your brothers, your mother, causing you to affix such an importance to June 1848, as if it was almost bound up in your very being. Dearest C——, your fond love is one of the sweeteners of life. I would not for all this world can give have it lessened; but yet, as I sometimes read your fervid expressions of affection, and think

of life's uncertain tenure, I seem almost to fear lest there should be a dictating, in the smallest degree, to the Only-wise and the All-wise. Forgive me for saying this. We are reading *Owen on Spiritual-mindedness*; it is a searching book. By the bye, in answer to your question as to *Walker's Christian*, I would merely say, our danger appears to me to be far greater of a low standard than of forming too high a one. I usually see that the more spiritual an individual is, the more alive he is to his own faults, and the more fearful he becomes of a lax and low standard, in himself and in others. But I have also seen that the more humbly he himself walks with God, the more tenderly he walks with his fellow-men. Mr Adams made those allowances for others which he would have shuddered to have made for himself. There is a great difference between making allowance for individuals, and for the things which they do. The things which have been laid upon *my* conscience may never have been laid upon *theirs*, yet I am fully convinced that what they do is wrong, even for them to do. The disciples of Christ should be candid, open, and faithful one towards another, and this would, through the grace of God, prevent a censorious spirit.

All here send their love.—Ever believe me,

Your fondly affectionate Father,

J. H. E.

TO A. S——, ESQ., AT THE CAPE.

Portobello, near Edinburgh, Aug. 13, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I embrace my almost first leisure moment to take up my pen to return you my sincere thanks for your very kind letter and acceptable present of a chest of tea, which necessarily reminds us of you and your dear family every time we partake of it. It is pleasant to taste the love of an earthly friend, especially when we are enabled to taste, at the same time, His from whom it flows. You will be surprised at the place from whence I date my letter. I am here, as a place recommended by its bracing air and proximity to the sea, on account of my throat, from which I have long been suffering. It is now

two months since I have been allowed to preach the gospel of peace to poor sinners, and to all appearance, it may be as long a period before the door of utterance be again opened to me. It is a trial, a very heavy one; but it is the Lord, let Him do as it seemeth good unto Him. I am quite assured that the infinite wisdom of a Father of love can make no mistake in His appointments. The tenderness which has guided and blessed and borne with me, yea, I might say, borne me on its bosom, will carry me on and carry me through, and make me a gainer by my losses, and make the very bitter to be sweet.

Sept. 6.—How swiftly, my dear friend, fly the hours and days and weeks away! During my sojourn here I have necessarily been much engaged hither and thither, indeed, have had but little spare time, comparatively speaking; and now we are on the point of leaving this place for England. It has not hitherto pleased my Heavenly Father to remove the pain in the throat after speaking, although the tumour is nearly gone and my general health quite good. However, I feel that I must make the attempt, in submission to His blessed will, and begin preaching once more, leaving the event with Himself. I have no anxiety, because I am persuaded all is well. Not to preach His gospel, or to preach it in a smaller place, would be a great trial; but Jesus is for all trials, as the Scotch say, little and mickle. I have had too many proofs of His love at all times, and especially of late, to doubt Him now. It is His skill to cure all diseases. It is His good will never to refuse the worst. It is His very office and calling, and His delight also, to wait upon the maimed, the lame, the halt, and the blind; and such are we, and we do but put Him upon His calling when we take all our diseases unto Him.

It rejoiced my heart, my dear friends, to find that, in the midst of so many things to try you all, you had found Jesus to be so near and so precious. You might, indeed, say, Welcome measles, welcome small-pox, welcome absence from preached Gospel, since He who is best of all, proves so true, so faithful, so loving a Friend. The account which you give of slavery is truly appalling. And will not God avenge Himself for such wicked-

nesses as these? May we not tremble for America, who, with all the light of the Gospel of liberty, is at this moment the great, the systematic, the elaborate defender of slavery? The little tract is most touching and deeply affecting which you sent me; and yet, while it is calculated to excite our tenderest sympathies, upon the maturest reflection I am capable of, I can hardly say that it contains enough of spiritual quality to make it very suitable as a tract. Should you think otherwise, if I can be of any use in furthering your wishes, I will. I had seen an outline of the circumstances in the papers.

When you have a leisure hour, do me the favour of writing. It will be esteemed by me a real kindness, because I bear you all upon my heart. If you should return once again, it will rejoice my heart to welcome you once more. But Jesus is ever with you. Whatever grieves Him, may we all avoid. Whatever glorifies Him, may we all pursue. His cross, not England, is our home. His love, not the love of the creature, is our true, rich, real solace and enjoyment. The friends at dear John Street are well. I write to them once a-week, and receive from very many of them most tender and affectionate letters. Indeed, their love at times quite overcomes me, and most unworthy do I feel of it. We should much value a letter from you to the Church. There are many in it who much love you, be assured. Give our united kind and affectionate regards to dear Mrs S——, and love to the dear children. Your sister looked quite well when I last saw her. Remember me affectionately to Mrs R——. And, praying that you may enjoy continual, daily, hourly communion with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ by the power of the Holy Ghost, a blessed consciousness of holy nearness to God in and by Jesus Christ, leading to all tenderness of conscience and circumspection of walk, ever consider me,

My dear friend,

Yours, sincerely and affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Glasgow, August 27, 1840.

We are just arrived, my beloved C——; our tea is over, and I take up my pen for a few lines to my own dear child. Oh! how my poor heart yearns over you at this moment!—how each magnificent and most lovely scene that we have witnessed these three days seemed to say, "Would that our own precious one were here to see it with us!" So does love, ever active, ever full of desires, ever tending towards its fondly recollected and tenderly remembered object, vent itself in longings. And so entirely does it lead us to forget, that to one having the Himalayas ever before her, every other scene must appear, comparatively speaking, tameness.

I leave it to your mamma to describe our tour. I would only take the humble position of mentioning the variety of our conveyances since we left Edinburgh on Tuesday. First a noddy, or cab, then steamer, then a coach, then a car, then horseback, then row-boat, then steamer, then coach, then ferry-boat, then coach, then steamer,—and with all this, not one single accident of any kind. In safety, in peace, in health, and with the blessing of Him who alone can give true enjoyment, here we are. The most delightful and enchanting scenery, and the heart not altogether unmindful of Him who made it, and made us capable of enjoying it, and gave us the means. It has, you will be glad to hear, been of service in His hands to my throat. I feel less pain than I used to do, and the swelling is reduced considerably.

* * * * * *

Take, my own dear beloved child, these rules. I have read them lately in Rutherford. Make conscience of giving some early hours, as long as may be, for reading the Word, and prayer, and a short time for this at noon. Throughout the day, have thoughts of Christ and God, sin, holiness, death and judgment, heaven and hell. Watch over a wandering spirit in prayer; look well to this, or it will eat out all religion. Be

contented sometimes to rise from your knees with more sense of abasement and sorrow for having so sinned against God, than with joy and triumph. In my next I may give you His very words, and enlarge on this.

In the meantime, with every feeling of the tenderest love, but very, very tired, ever believe me, with kind love to dear James, and a grandpapa's tender kiss to Jamie,

Your ever affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, Sept. 12, 1840.

Amidst wars and rumours of wars, I sit down to write to my own dear and beloved C—— in my old corner. We arrived here from our Scotch tour yesterday to dinner, sleeping the night before at Mr P——'s in London. Our expedition was most beautiful, the scenery in Scotland appeared still more lovely than when I last visited it with dear J——. Your mother and I enjoyed it exceedingly. We went on our way in safety, and through God's blessing returned in peace. The particulars of our little tour—indeed not so little either, for we travelled more than 1200 miles—you will have from our beloved F——, and your mother's journal. Our return home was partly by sea, from Glasgow to Liverpool. It blew a heavy squall. I will give you a faint sketch. At seven in the evening, or rather half-past six, we went on board and had our tea; at seven the passengers came in, in great numbers, and heavy packages were shipped for full three-quarters of an hour after the appointed time of sailing; this was tedious and wearing to the spirits, rather affected, perhaps, by its raining and blowing hard and getting very dark. At a quarter to eight we unloosed our ropes, but were unable to get clear of our moorings till half-past eight, the ship being so surrounded by vessels of all sizes. While F—— went down to the saloon, your mother and myself remained on deck, in the midst of the rain, till a quarter past

ten ; she then left me to go to her cabin, for my bed was a sofa in the saloon, and hers in the ladies' cabin, a little confined place. Imagine a room about twelve feet long, and about seven wide, containing four berths on the one side, two beneath and two above, and on the other side two sofas capable of being made up into four more berths. To this place she now went, and I saw her no more till we reached Liverpool. In this nut-shell they managed to stow *eleven* persons besides the stewardess, and as it blew a gale they closed the window with a dead-light at two o'clock in the morning, the door being previously closed also, and a candle burning. Is it not something like the black-hole at Calcutta? Here, however, she remained in her little cot during the whole night and next day, while the noises over-head, the groaning of the steam-engines, 250 horse-power, and the heavy seas we shipped from time to time, gave her some little alarm from suspicion of danger ; all were sick around her, the whole eleven, and the stewardess with them. Now for poor papa. For about an hour I remained after your mother had left me. Then, as all had gone down, for it blew and rained hard, I thought it better to try. This was about half-past eleven. But oh, what a sight did that saloon present! —no fewer than fifty or sixty were there, ladies, gentlemen, old, young, civil, uncivil, gentlefolks and otherwise. Lamps and wax-lights made it bright as day, and hot as a stove. Some sleeping, some attempting to sleep, some reading, others drinking, but all, or nearly all, shewing the incipient nausea that was creeping over them. Into the midst of this uncongenial atmosphere the minister of John Street crept most unwillingly, and there found dear F——, who was already qualmish. At twelve we reached Greenock, a port at the mouth of the Clyde, and took in, though already too full, a vast influx of passengers, whose inquiries for beds were answered by negatives. These then made claims for a corner on the floor, which was soon covered with wearied bodies—literally *covered*. As my sofa was on the curve, I had no human being over me, so that I was better off than many. But who can describe the scene, the sickness all around, the heat, the smell? In this state I

remained for six hours, till six, sometimes dozing, but never fairly asleep. Yet in the feeble light that flickered from one solitary wax-light, for all the others had expired, I could not refrain from making some passing observations on the scene around me. Here were forty or fifty human beings silent as corpses, save when their difficult breathing or nasal melody gave symptoms of existence. As the gorgeous lamps, void of light, swung in the heaving of the heavy swell over my head, the splendid ceiling loaded with gilding of the most expensive magnificence, the panels finely decorated with costly paintings, all seemed to flit before my sight in the pale light, and to say, Such is the world and all its showy emptiness! The beautiful Brussels carpet was defiled with sickness; the panels creaked as if the ship was parting. The engine groaned heavily, as if struggling with some giant antagonist, and the heavy seas that broke over our heads told me of what was passing without. But at six I dressed, and, passing as I could over a floor strewed with human beings, I stole upon deck. From an atmosphere of at least ninety, I was now in one not more than fifty. It was a cold, raw, shivering morning; it blew a full gale, and rained hard. The only one upon deck was the steersman, and a solitary sailor here and there half asleep. Behold your poor father in a slight summer cloak—for his thick one he could not come at—with a little umbrella over his head, hardly able to keep his seat from the heaving of the vessel, and unable to ascertain how it fared with those he loved. The first thing that struck me was a tremendous rock, called the Ailsa Craig, just astern of the vessel, full 400 feet above the sea, rising like a sugar-loaf out of it. No pleasant sight this, as I had hoped we had left it twenty leagues behind, so much were we impeded by the violence of the gale, which was nearly a head wind. As the day advanced the wind increased. In short, not to fill my letter with my sketch, it was a day of days to inform us what a storm is on board a steamer. But thanks be to our Heavenly Father, we not only arrived in safety, but the very sickness did us good. The next day we came on about the same distance as by sea, by the train. This we did in ten hours—what a striking contrast!

I send this in great haste, as you perceive, because I fear to lose the possibility of the Overland, although I have little hope of this, perhaps, not being detained by Mahomet Ali. But he and all things are in the hands of Him who orders all things. We are all well, except my throat, which still gives me pain, in other things my health is perfect; "it is the Lord, let him do," &c. Precious C——, farewell, it has pleased your most loving Father to place you in circumstances of great trial. He tries you, that you may try Him. The more you try Him, the better you will find Him in all things. The closer the intimacy the greater the happiness. Take heed lest little Jamie come in and take his wrong place. Fencers hold their foils loosely that they may hold them long. Hold him with a loose hand. My fervent prayer is, that you may be wholly, unreservedly, and for ever surrendered in all things to Him who died for you.

Ever your most affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.

Taplow, Sept. 15, 1840.

I should have written to you, my dearest J——, on your birthday, had it been possible. But on Friday I was so engaged with seeing B——, and in coming here, that I had no time on that day, and on Saturday I was fully occupied with writing to our dear C——, in order to send by the Overland, however faint are my hopes of its reaching, under present circumstances, the place of its destination. Believe me, I do not suffer your birthdays to pass away unnoticed and unfelt. They are to me seasons full of deep and intense interest, and ever must be so, as long as I sojourn here below. May the God of your sainted mother, that bright pattern for her children's imitation, be your God, your portion and your blessedness for ever! May He be your guide when your earthly father has long since passed away, and that even unto death! Through His blessing may you be thoroughly and devotedly His; follow Him as Caleb did, fully, and come not short of a full reward.

May you, through Him, turn away from an ensnaring world, which so often prevents the healthiness of those whom, having the love of Christ in their hearts, it cannot destroy, keeping them thin, meagre, and comparatively useless Christians.

Our tour in Scotland was truly delightful. We went the reverse way to that which you and myself took, going from Edinburgh to Stirling, and then by Doune and Callender. But as we occupied much more time on the road, we were more able to dwell on the exquisite beauties around us. At Callender we walked to the falls of Brachlin, and most magnificent we found them, a mountain torrent swelled to the utmost by the violent rain of the morning, and all its beauties heightened by the closing shades of evening. We missed the fine opening of Loch Lomond from Dumbarton, but were more than repaid by the drive from Tarbet to Inverary, the pass of Glencoe being grand in the extreme. Nothing can exceed the situation of Inverary on Loch Fyne, while the views next day down Lochs Goyle and Long, in our way up the Clyde to Glasgow, were beyond description. Our return was from Glasgow to Liverpool, a very stormy voyage, of twenty-five hours, raining and blowing hard nearly all the way. As I passed Mull of Galloway, alone upon deck, or nearly so, your mother and F—— being in their berths, my thoughts rested upon you with fond remembrance. May God in heaven bless you, my dearest J——.

Ever regard me, with the tenderest affection,

Your affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. Evans.

I am quite well in health, but my throat still tries me not a little.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, Sept. 25, 1840.

Your last letter (Overland, dated June) reached me here, and although I wrote only a fortnight since, I begin another to my own dear and beloved child. The arrival of one of yours

always brings with it a sort of mental sunshine on the day it comes. Yet it brought with it some shades also. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths." He who loves you sent you to Assam, and when He sees it fit will send for you away. Thankful should I be, if in case of a removal, you shall be circumstanced so as to enjoy a greater degree of spiritual advantages, and that with a not less salubrious climate. Life is made up of mingled good and evil, a bitter sweet, shadow and sunshine; unmixed blessing is not in the creature. I am glad that you and dear James communicate together in the Supper of the Lord. It is a sweet, an endearing, a holy ordinance. Do not be afraid of doing this too often, the plea of desecration from over frequency is as futile as when this is urged against prayer or reading the Word. We might bring dead frames into an *annual* commemoration. You ask my opinion, my dear child, as to the Baptists' new Bible Society. I confess that I see not with them, and much fear that the motives which have led to it have not been altogether as they ought to have been. It has far too much the appearance of severing still more the too much severed family of God to please me. To be consistent, we must translate every Hebrew and Greek word in the whole Bible. Nothing but a re-translation of the whole can meet the difficulty. But is this desirable? Would it not be staggering to the faith of thousands? subversive of the faith of many? Who is right? What am I to believe? Are not all wrong? The authorised versions might no doubt receive improvement, but it were a dangerous measure now to undertake it. In sending out any new versions to the heathen the case is somewhat different; yet not materially, I humbly conceive. If our translators had rendered the word βαπτίζω to sprinkle or to pour, then conscience would induce *me* to desire a new translation. But as the Greek word is retained and not translated, there is nothing that offends my conscience in the least in things remaining as they are. Pædo-Baptists might much more reasonably desire a new translation because ἀπὸ is translated "out of" (Matt. iii. 10) instead of *from*, which it ought to have been. Our present translation has received two imprimaturs, the one

is the consent of good and learned men that it is, perhaps, the best in the world; the other is from heaven, the broad seal of God the Spirit on its contents. Therefore I would meekly say, "Let it alone."

Sept. 28.—On Saturday I went to town by the train, going the twenty-two miles in forty minutes, to see my medical man, who allows me to preach next Sunday. Do you know that I have not preached for these *sixteen* weeks. It is even so. I was ordered complete rest, and I have been enabled to have it. This day week I shall form a judgment whether I shall be able to proceed in my work or not. It has been a time of real trial to me. May it issue in a deeper sanctification! My throat is certainly much better than it was, and my general health good. We shall probably be here till Saturday fortnight. That which keeps us here is the state of C. Bird's health; she is, I conceive, very dangerously ill. Indeed, I have no hopes whatever of her recovery. Her mind is peacefully resting in Jesus. Her Heavenly Father graciously supplies all her need in this her hour of necessity. Oh, how true is He to His promises—how unchanging in His love! Miss H. G—— comes here to-morrow, to spend a few days with C. Bird; I believe the last she will ever spend with her. The loss of friends is one of our greatest trials here below, but it endears Him whom we can never lose, bitter as it is, and points to that world where we shall be with our best friends for ever. But I am low and dull, and must, for the present, conclude.

Sept. 29.—Mr P. has just sailed for India; he has three or four more years to serve before he is entitled to his pension, *i.e.*, three or four years less than dear James. Ah! my dear and precious child, how this chord vibrates in my heart whenever I touch it. But I trust there is another in unison with it, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done;" yet, if it please my Heavenly Father to lengthen out our earthly existence till we once more behold one another in the flesh, His name shall be praised. And, if it be good, my love, it will be so; if not, we should not desire it. When your mother and myself unite, on Mondays, in prayer for you and yours, the one chief absorbing

petition that is laid upon my heart for you is, that your spiritual life may not be weakened by the peculiarities of your situation, but that you may be lively in the ways of God, realizing much of His love in your hearts, living much on Christ by faith, and exemplifying all its blessed fruits in a life of simple surrender. I do not ask you if you find it an easy thing, in the midst of cares, to have no anxiety; in the midst of distractions, to be serene; in the absence of spiritual stimulus, to be lively; when so much alone, to be not alone; afar off from many who love you, to be satisfied with His love, which is as the ocean compared with the little rivulet. Because, although all this you are, in a measure, able at times to realize, yet I am assured that you experience this to be a path, strait, narrow, and at times difficult. Yet, beloved C——, I can say this, that in proportion as you live under the influence of the Spirit of adoption, the more easy and the more delightful will you find it.

In order to be quite safe I shall put this letter in to-day; I trust Mahomet Ali will allow it a quiet passage through his dominions. Our God has him in His hands. Your mother sent you a letter by ship last week. May they all arrive safely! Do not give up Latin, Greek, Hebrew, I beseech you, nor anything that you have been taught. It may be all consecrated to God, an ornament to your profession, a blessing to yourself, and useful to your children. Whatever has been learnt is a talent, not to be buried.—Ever your fond, attached, and faithful Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, October 15, 1840.

This is your birthday, my own dear and beloved child. On this day you are —. So many years ago did your dear and precious mother give you to me. Then was I — years older than you now are, and, as the father of two sweet children, was not a little disposed to be somewhat proud of my earthly treasure. And this day can I say, that, dear as you were to me then, you are far dearer to me at this moment than you then

were. May the choicest blessings of a gracious covenant God descend and rest upon you and yours! May you grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus, in humility, in love, in zeal, in courage, in self-denial, in likeness to Him whom you love, and in abhorrence of all that He hates! Your letter to dear F. was a refreshment indeed. How kind of God to dispose the heart of Mahomet Ali to allow the free passage of our letters! I was refreshed also by the sight of dear James's letters to *his* friends. It made me bless God that he was your husband as I read it, and endeared him yet more to me. His picture, my love, has rather more bright in it than was in my thoughts respecting your situation. You will be directed aright in it. "Commit your way to the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." You might be elsewhere, and then compelled, from ill-health, to leave your husband; and much as I love you, I am not so selfish as to desire to see your face when purchased at such a price, although the very thought of seeing you, as it glances across the mind, almost raises me from my chair.

I think that, by prayer and perseverance, your desires will be granted as to a missionary where you are. Men ought to pray, and not to faint; we often do the first, but forget the last, and thus we fail. Tell me, in your next, what sort of a man you want, what salary he would need, what work he would have, what denomination he must be of. This is necessary to be known, both for inquiry and for prayer. Be very particular in all this. The children of God have three vast encouragements for their prayers,—the inward intercession of the Holy Spirit, the mediation of the Son of God, and the ear and the heart of their Heavenly Father. No wonder, therefore, they are exhorted to pray without ceasing, and to pray in faith. Your dear James's determination to spread, as far as in his power, the name of Jesus among the natives, greatly commended itself to my judgment. God blesses simplicity of aim, and a single eye; and, if he so act, God will bless him, and make him a blessing. It is usual with God to work by simple means, and those which

men would despise. He says you have a pundit and some boys,—have you no girls? Are there no openings for usefulness among the Assamese women and infants? There is a Society for promoting female education in the East. Is there no field at Assam? They pay the outfit and the first year, or half-year, I think. Turn this over, praying for wisdom. If there were a *field*, I have little doubt that I could get subscriptions greatly to aid the thing. It strikes me, that a female under you would be a very great comfort, through God's blessing. Let me know in your next. But I must conclude for this day.

Your affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

I little thought, when I laid down my pen, on the 15th of October, that I should not take it up again till the 30th of November, yet such is the case. Six weeks have since then passed over my head, and during that period dear Catherine Bird has gone to her rest, peaceful and happy in Jesus, of which your mother will give you some interesting particulars. Her death was a striking display of the grace and power of God. May my last end be like hers. Dear Mr Bird, too, is in a precarious state of health. But all is well. Rom. viii. 28 takes in a wide range of blessing. We are all, I thank God, quite well; my health, indeed, was never better; my throat perfectly recovered. May renewed mercies call forth renewed thankfulness and increasing desires and attempts to be useful. Many thanks for your last letter, per steamer. Yet it made me sad to find that you were taken back to Tezpore again; but the Great First Cause saw it good, and I am quite sure that some precious good is to come forth from it. Weanedness from the gross world is much more quickly attained than weanedness from creature attachments. You must be in great danger of clinging too closely to dear Jamie and Jamie's father in your present forlorn condition, and it is in the perpetual discoveries you are making of the extremely slender thread on which your earthly mercies are suspended, and *the infinitely tender hand which holds that thread*, that you are now learning out the lesson,—

"Draw me, and I will run after thee," in a much more favourable position than when you were in Calcutta, or even were you now at Hampstead. Ours are stubborn natures, my precious C——, and we learn our most important lessons in a painful school. Yet I still repeat, that if our Heavenly Father were Himself to remove you from such a situation, I should be glad.

It is my fault to be over-anxious about my children, and many trials have been sent me in consequence. May I, through grace, receive the lesson.

I hope, my love, you are still able to keep up your various readings. I am aware that it must be exceedingly difficult for you to do so under your present circumstances, but still I earnestly beseech you to persevere. I should, situated as you, find it an excessive danger to let my mind go down, and it needs, I am quite sure, as much winding up as our watches. But, above all, the Lord preserve you in true spirituality of soul, nearness to God, and much daily close intercourse with Him; real, solid, filial, unreserved intercourse.

I draw towards the close of my letter with regret. I always do. It seems like a taking leave of you. Yet I must think of concluding, for my paper admonishes me. If you were to finish a drawing or two for me, and send them to Mr B——, perhaps Mrs B—— would have the kindness to bring them. I long to have them. We had our clerical party here last Monday,—a most delightful day. I have just published four *Essays on Infidelity*, which I will send to you, as well as some of my poetry, such as it is. The chapel still is full, and I preached twice yesterday without inconvenience. God give a blessing!

Forgive me if my letter is a little Mondayish; and with every fond desire and affectionate prayer and tender love to you and yours, believe me, dearest C——,

Your ever affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO HIS WIFE, DURING THE LAST ILLNESS OF HER SISTER.

November 6, 1840.

. . . . . The Lord bless you and keep you, and make His face to shine upon you, and give you peace now and at all times. Yours is now a time of trial of faith, of hope, and of patience, waiting on and waiting for the Lord. Much blessing is in store for you, I doubt not. Pray that the God of all grace would give you the sanctified possession of the affliction, by the power of His own blessed Spirit, in a deeper, closer, more experimental and more personal apprehension of the love of Christ in your heart. Such seasons as these are but rare in any life, and deeply ought they to be prized, though painfully felt.

Your letter this morning tells me of dearest Catherine's gradual departure to her happy, holy home,—happy, because holy. Gently is her Heavenly Father taking up the stakes of her tabernacle; without much acute, though with constant suffering, is she parting with her earthly frame, her mind tranquil, her hope unassailed, or, if assailed, yet unbroken. Just on the verge of her glorious eternity, soon, very soon, to be there, her situation is enviable rather than pitiable, and of her whole family she is at this time the most blessed. Happy exchange,—happy Catherine! Blessed are the dead that die, and especially so die, in the Lord!

It is indeed, as you say, the hour of nature's humiliation, but it is the hour of the Spirit's triumph, of the Saviour's joy, of the Father's glory. Angels hover round her bed, by day and by night, to waft her disemprisoned spirit into its own abode.

Give her my tender love. She is much on my heart and in my prayers, that she may be strengthened in the inner man with *all might*, that the Holy Spirit may comfort her with the constant sense of the love of Christ, and that she may be filled with all the fulness of God. Give her these four words as from me, —they are the words of Him who died for her,—"*I am with thee.*"

Give my affectionate love to all around you. May all grace be imparted for strength, comfort, guidance, and, above all, for sanctification in the trial, and from the trial. The Lord bless you, and increase you a hundredfold in all spiritual blessings.

I am well, preached on Tuesday, had my Female Bible-class on Wednesday, and called on Lawrence, as I did yesterday, and on Francis, and S. N——, and C. S——. Lawrence is going fast; the rest much as usual, except that C. S—— is worse than I ever saw her. . . . . .

TO HIS WIFE, ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

November 7, 1840.

A few lines to ——, to assure her how I feel for her and with her, and yet rejoice at the deliverance, the safe, the peaceful, the glorious deliverance of our beloved Catherine. She is now with Jesus, happy, holy, she sees Him, she is like Him, she will be with Him for ever.

Thank you for the *early* communication this morning. I trust that the solemn, sacred, sanctifying influence of the intelligence, may, through the Eternal Spirit, live through the day, and through all my days, and be a means of weaning me from earth, more and more preparing me for heaven.

It has been a solemn season to you. You have not seen many dying beds, and you might have seen many die, and witnessed few such scenes as that, where you have so clearly discerned the very footsteps of God. What a striking exhibition of the power, faithfulness, and love of God! Jesus was there, the living Saviour with His dying child, ransomed by His blood, and there was the faithful Comforter helping her infirmities, and there the Father of mercies sustaining her in the hollow of His hand.

May the blessedness of that scene be ever fresh in your heart, and of those who witnessed it, and in my own. Oh! for deeper sanctification, more thorough yielding oneself to God, more

depth of conviction as to sin's evil, more lively faith in, and living on, the Son of God.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Jan. 18, 1841.

Do not be frightened, my own dear C——, at my taking to this small-sized paper, as if I meant to cut you down to a less dimensioned letter, or as if my love were diminishing to a more contracted compass. If my paper were to be measured by my increase of affection, it would grow indeed to a most exorbitant size, for I find the longer you are away, I love you only the more. But I have taken to this sort of note paper for convenience, and I promise that you shall be no loser by it. Your dear mother's page—for she is at this moment writing you a ship letter—makes this look rather insignificant. But too much of this. We are all quite well. I thank God I was never better. My throat quite recovered; preached twice yesterday, and feel only a little tired. Your letter reached us last Tuesday, gladdening our very hearts, and, as you predicted in it, we all heard F—— read it with smiling faces. I am sure that place has nothing to do with happiness, and you are a proof of it. His presence, which is better than life, is far better than place. May you, may we both, increasingly find it to be so. Yet when it pleases our Heavenly Father to remove you, I shall rejoice, and not till then can I wish it. Yet, my dearest child, that grace which is sufficient for all need, is sufficient for you. Only it requires peculiar watchfulness. When one comes in contact with a very holy and advanced Christian, the Holy Spirit generally makes great use of him. We find self-rebuke, self-humiliation, self-examination, self-prostration before God, fresh application to the blood of Christ, more intense prayer, more close reading of the Word, more faithful dealings with conscience, more holy aspirations after more spirituality, more watchfulness in walk and conversation as the blessed effect. Such movements of the Spirit by means of such contact are for

the most part more vivid and more strong than by mere private self-examination. I dare say you have found the truth of this in your own self. Perhaps, next to the Bible and a close reading of its precious pages with prayer, is good, honest, holy biography, such as the lives of truly devoted missionaries, or men of a missionary spirit. Exhibition of truth in actual life, I find very beneficial though very humbling.

Jan. 28.—Once more I take up my pen, my own dear and precious child, although somewhat out of order and in some pain from having had two of my teeth taken out. On Monday was our clerical party at Mr S——'s. It was on the whole a nice and profitable day. As is too usual, they made me expound. The points of discussion were interesting. The last verse of Mal. iv. and Eccl. iii. 11, "He hath set the world in their heart." Did you ever consider this verse? I found it, and still find it difficult, and sent it for discussion. I thought it referred to its being of God that we have the power of worldly enjoyment; although it is a power that is so attended with danger, yet is the power from God; but from our shortsightedness we see not the end from the beginning, see not the end of all such power, nor its true beginning, even God, the one and the other. But this is not quite satisfactory to my own mind, I confess. Send me your own mind upon it in the next. This I entreat, and, as far as I now can, command. I saw dear James's letter, in which he says that in the course of a month he expects a settled appointment. Does he mean that he will then have a *district*? I am concerned to know this, for it must prove a great exercise of faith and patience and humility to submit to his junior as he now does. But when it ought to be, it will be. Many a precious lesson is to be learned in the subduing of our will to the will of God, that is worth the purchase of a million worlds. Yet how lightly we often esteem our treasures! Give my kind love to him, and tell him so. We are all well. Lose all anxiety about my throat. It has pleased my Heavenly Father entirely to restore me, and, through His tender mercy, I am as free from complaint as before. Pray for us both, and especially for me, that I may give all diligence to make my calling and election

sure. I want to leave nothing for a dying bed but the anticipations of glory, and to live a dying life full of immortality, to realize more of the love of Christ in my soul, more intimate and close fellowship with Him, to live more sincerely with God, more uprightly, more unreservedly, as a child with a father. I find with the many, a very little goes a great way, that others may commend, and commend, and commend, and yet one may be all the time living a great way from God. To have the blood applied to the conscience by the Holy Spirit, and the inward testimony of one's own heart that one is honestly aiming to please God, is happy living. It is so truly the way of peace that there is no other. I have just been playing on your piano. I love to touch it because your hand will pass over the keys, if the Great Disposer carry on the usual order of His providence when I shall have passed to the land of my fathers. I take good care of it for your sake; F—— sometimes thinks too good, for I almost always keep it locked, leaving the organ for him. One thing feel assured of my dear C——, you are never long out of our thoughts. I feel also great goings forth of love towards dear James and little J——. Your dear mother and dear F—— send their most affectionate love, and ever believe me, with increasing goings forth of tender affection,

Your ever attached Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

As usual it is from Taplow that I write. Here we arrived yesterday, the 29th of March 1841. Little more than ten years since I lost your precious and ever to be beloved mother, and three since I parted with yourself, scarcely less beloved and precious. How flies time away! its feet as well as wings are feathers; so silently does it tread, one hears not the foot as it falls. I am now nearly fifty-six, my head is gray, my grinders are few (Eccl. xii. 3), at least, comparatively so. I must very soon wear spectacles, but be not alarmed, my dear and beloved

C——, I am in good health; as a proof of it, I walked six miles yesterday after my drive, and this morning three miles before eight, and am as well at this moment as I was ten years ago, and even better in some things; although thus reminded of that land whither I am hastening, and of this from which I am departing; and ought it not to be more than it is, our rejoicing as we contemplate the prospect? What meant our Lord when He spake of our *hasting* unto the coming of the Son of man? Does it not prove how little we live under the indubitable conviction of the certainty of unseen realities, and of our personal interest in them? I think that it does. How fondly does my beloved C—— indulge the pleasing anticipation of her return home! it is never scarcely out of her thoughts, it enters into all her plans, sweetens every bitter, brightens every prospect, and gives a sort of substance to every expectation. Home, sweet home, is the charm that makes the seven years, in prospect but as a few days, and already you seem to picture to yourself the going up the hill, seeing the old house just as it was, and the going over all my features to see what alteration time has made in a father's face. Ah! dear C——, if the prospect of an event so distant, so uncertain, and if at hand and really enjoyed so perishable, bring with it so much influence upon the heart, the will, and the conduct, what should not the prospect of what is so certain and sure, so solid, substantial, and imperishable bring with it to our souls? Waiting for the Lord surely implies all this and even more.

I hope you do not fail to keep up your studies in the languages which you know. There must be so much danger of the mind's sinking, with so very little in your circumstances to arouse and stimulate it. Next to personal religion and your domestic duties, I do consider that mental culture only yields in importance to the attempt to do good to others. I hope, therefore, that nothing will ever induce you to consider it in any other point of view. I keep on urging this, because I have so often seen in Indians the evil effect of a different system, and believe that the reason wherefore men usually stand the effects of the climate better than women, is because

they are, for the most part, more regularly and mentally employed. I shall conclude for the present. I am going to drive out dear Mrs Bird and your dear mother. May the Lord in heaven bless you, keep you, sanctify you, save you. I rejoice to think of you as my child and my sister in Jesus. He is best, dearest C——, He is best.

Ever your most affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

Hampstead, May 2, 1841.

. . . . . Before I go to town I must send a line to you. Your note I received on my arrival home last night. Yesterday was a happy day; I had much of His presence which is better than life, and was enabled more to taste the sweetness of His love than I usually do. I was helped to preach on Tuesday, and I have reason to think that through the tender mercy of God the sermon was made a blessing. The people who called on me appeared thriving in the ways of God, and the testimony about the sick was encouraging. The Lord was gracious in bringing to my ears the account of one of Mr Noel's congregation, who came to John Street while St John's was shut up, and was converted, and I also heard of another, of whom, if I had ever heard before, I had forgotten. How condescending of the Lord thus to stoop to my littleness, and to have compassion on my weaknesses!

I trust that you have enjoyed much of the Divine presence yesterday, and since we parted. Without some sense of His love enjoyed in the soul, what is life?—even spiritual life? Although it be poor living the living on my frames, it is also poor to be without them.

"I dare avouch to all that know God, that the saints know not the length and largeness of that sweet earnest, and the sweet green sheaves before the harvest, that might be had on this side the water, *if we would take more pains*; and that we all

go to heaven with *less earnest*, and lighter purses, and fewer sheaves of the hoped-for summer, than otherwise we might do if we took more pains to win further in upon Christ in this pilgrimage of our absence from Him."—(*Rutherford's Letters*, page 135.)

I am glad to hear so favourable an account of the dear family at Taplow. Your dear father and mother are passing through a trying valley, but it is but a very narrow one, and Jesus is with them. Give my tender love to them—to all. May all needful grace be communicated to them in this hour of need. . . . . .

TO MISS C. S——.

Hampstead, May 17, 1841.

MY BELOVED YOUNG SISTER IN THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST,—I have long wished to write to you to assure you of my tender sympathy and my poor prayers, that your soul may be sustained, comforted, and filled with the love of Jesus as your Saviour, and of God as your portion, and that for ever. It would be a great joy to me were you near to me, that I might often see you; and were you a little better, so as to be able to undertake the journey, would advise your making the attempt,—*i. e.*, were it prudent to do so. But I leave this, as one unable to give right advice, in the hands and heart of Him who loves you infinitely more every moment than all who love you best can ever love you through all time and eternity. Dear young sister, your yoke is put betimes on your neck. But a tender hand put it on and keeps it on, and with a tender heart will mitigate any roughness there may be in it. You have a direct promise to encourage you, Lam. iii. 27, and a promise-keeping God to fulfil it. May you be led to form large expectations of spiritual blessing connected with it, and may you be found an unwearied petitioner at the throne of grace for its abundant fulfilment, watching thereunto, and waiting and hoping "with all perseverance." Oh, what pains a gracious Father takes

with us, and how small the apparent result! Yet, blessed be His name, there *is* a result. The crop seems small, yet there is some ingathering, and the Divine Husbandman thinks much of even that blessing. No thanks to us that there is any, but much cause for shame that there should be no more. The seed is good, but the soil is bad and stony, and the climate unfavourable. It would be a strange sight if a farmer were to watch his seed as it grew, day by day, hour by hour. But Jesus does this night as well as day, and waters it every moment. How precious must we be in His sight, and so we are, and no views of our own worthlessness should obscure our perception of it. He tells us so again and again. Lam. iv. 2; Jer. xv. 19. Their persons are so precious, that he who touches them touches the apple of Jehovah's eye. Their faith is precious, their tears are precious, their repentance precious, their deaths are precious, their very dust is precious. Their prayers are as incense presented by Jesus Himself. Rev. viii. 3. Are they not precious then? Does not that Jesus say, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me"? Dear young sister and fellow-traveller in a land of briars and thorns, we shall ere long pass through this narrow vale—this vale of tears, a daily sense of the love of God, the blessed assurance at least, should much of sensible enjoyment be denied us, is an indispensable requisite for our journey. To be searching for our roll when we have our hill to climb, or our descent into the valley to experience, is not well timed. I trust that through God's rich grace your faith is continually helping you to say many a time through each day, "Abba, Abba." It is a sweet and pleasant word. It has no harsh letters in it. It comes in well at all seasons, on all occasions. It is the language of heaven, but is no less suited for earth.

Farewell, farewell, my time bids me close. May your spirit be deeply sanctified, your patience perfected, your will subdued. May the love of Christ pervade your whole heart, prays with all sincerity a poor sinner—how poor God only knows,—but His eternally-indebted child and unworthy servant, and your faithful and sincere Pastor and Friend,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, May 31, 1841.

MY MOST PRECIOUS AND BELOVED C——,—It is but a shabby bit of paper, is your first thought. I acknowledge that it is not a wide and copious Cambridge sheet, and I also acknowledge that it is far smaller than my love to you seems to demand, and the desires of my heart seem to require; yet is it as large as my poor Monday head can supply. The size of my paper is the measure of my ability, not of my fond and untiring love and fervent affection. In the first place, my beloved child, I am well and happy. I do not know when my health has been better, and I do not often enjoy more real peace of mind than I am now, through God's mercy, in the possession of. I think that I see more in God than I once seemed to see, more substance in things possessed and hoped for, more in Christ. I hope that I can say sin appears more hateful, and salvation more precious, and a throne of grace a more prized and valued spot. All happiness consists in this. Oh, what a mere shell is the possession of religion without it! And yet how frequently one has gone on, for a time at least, with little of its possession! Without constant, real intercourse with God, God in Christ, faith droops, and assurance of faith of necessity droops with it, and then, of course, sensible consolation makes to itself wings and flies away. Remember this, my beloved child. Let never a day pass without some *real* interchanges between God and your own soul, real, downright visits, and substantial communion with God, and holy fellowship, as a child with a father. It is your privilege, it is more, it is essential to the real health of the soul. Your most precious mother found for years a feast in reading, in our mornings, Owen. I think that you have him on Communion, as well as the CXXXth Psalm. Perhaps you may follow her steps, and read it with your beloved husband. Scott is one whom I dearly value and esteem, but I want more of Christ than he gives me. Unless Christ takes His own place in my heart, everything droops. In the next place, I am sitting at this

moment in my little study. Your dear mother's picture, J——'s, yours, F——'s, with one of myself, are behind me. Your two pictures are on each side of the chimney-piece; the window is open at my right; the old garden is before me in all its beauty; the birds are sweetly singing, and all seems full of the goodness of that Being who has bestowed all upon one so unworthy.

You must forgive, my dearly beloved C——, my concluding. Such is the state of my poor head that had I been writing to any one else I would have closed long ago. Yesterday was a most heavy day, and I very much feel it to-day. But with most warm and fervent love to you, ever believe me,

Your most attached Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.—IN THE PROSPECT OF HIS ORDINATION.

Leamington, August 21, 1841.

MY VERY DEAR J——,—You are now on the point of taking by far the most solemnly important step of your life,—a step that necessarily influences every successive step of your after journey,—a step that with an equal necessity determines, to a certain degree, the movements of many immortal beings like yourself through this fleeting period of existence, and through all the countless ages of an endless eternity. As *you* are, to a very great extent *they* will be; as the prophet, as the priest, so will be the people. A bad tradesman may sell good merchandise, a bad farmer may sow good wheat, but an undecided minister must be the means of leading souls to the region of hopeless misery. I write not this, my beloved J—— to discourage you, but as your father, your friend, your best and truest earthly friend, I lay the solemn consideration before you. A few fleeting years will soon pass away, and the hand that inscribes and the heart that indites this will be among the things that were. I well know the affection which you bear towards me, and fully believe that you are equally assured of mine towards yourself.

The most unreserved confidence will, I trust, ever exist between us on all points. But on this point above all others, to have any sort of reserve, would be not only inexcusable, it would be base indeed.

A minister of Jesus Christ must not only be a preacher of righteousness, he must be an *example* to the people of God, in holiness, in fidelity, in self-denial, in weanedness from the world, in zeal for God's glory, in concern for the souls of men. So far as he exhibits this in his character and conduct, he is a powerful comment upon the truths which he preaches; so far as he fails here, he mars them, he weakens the saint, hardens the sinner, and prepares the seat for the scorner. It well becomes then, my beloved child seriously and solemnly, and as under the All-seeing eye, to examine himself on this very point. It is so very easy a thing to pass muster before others, who can only judge by a few external movements and the outward conversation, that it becomes you to lay little stress upon this sort of testimony. Even the opinion of Mr C——, who has had so little power of knowing you, is quite insufficient to determine the all-important question. A heart-searching, prayerful examination of principle and motive, with such texts as Matt. v. 3–10; 2 Cor. v. 17; 1 John ii. 15–17; 1 John iii. 1–3, before you, may, through the teaching of the Divine Spirit, guide you to a true and upright conclusion.

The Lord, who tries my heart and every thought, knows with what joy of soul, with what real gladness of spirit, I should behold you a faithful, devoted servant of Jesus Christ,—a minister of His gospel, with a single eye to His glory, and the good of perishing sinners. Nor would the feeling that you are in a position from which, with the most deliberate conviction of conscience, I have retired—I mean the ministry of the Establishment—destroy the reality of this joy. On this last point you must decide, as I hope I decided before you, as unto God, not as unto men. But with regard to the office itself as a minister of Jesus Christ, therein my beloved J——, I most tenderly, affectionately, but awfully charge you, as before that God in whose presence we must so shortly appear, that you narrowly, closely, and with much fear of self-deception, search, with fervent

prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, your motives, your spirit, your principles, in the step which you are about to take. Unless you have the clear, the decisive, the unflinching testimony of upright conscience, let nothing, let no inducement, let no motive, no covert argument, induce you to take it. Welcome poverty, welcome the mean estimation of the world, welcome the awkwardness of having no professional position in society, welcome all the supposed and imaginary, all the real and substantial inconveniences of such a condition, rather than make one sacrifice of honest, upright conscience before God. But if conscience—tender, spiritually-enlightened, scripturally-informed conscience—give a fair and honest testimony, that you are indeed called of the Holy Ghost to this high and holy, to this honourable and blessed office, then may God bless you therein, as He surely then will, and *only* then. What inward experience you have of that inward change of heart, that renovation of nature, that heavenly birth, without which no man can see God, is a thing most essentially needful to you as a man, but to you as a minister it is of the most fearful importance. It involves you in a tenfold, a hundredfold responsibility, not only as it regards your own salvation, but that of it may be, thousands of others, and that to all eternity. When you have given this note a deep and prayerful deliberation, write to, my beloved J——,

Your ever affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Leamington, Warwickshire, August 30, 1841.

MY BELOVED C——,—Here we, that is your dear mother and myself, have been since Friday week, thinking of leaving on Friday next, which will complete our fortnight. Our chief object in coming here was the having a little change for us both, and we really needed it, and the enjoying the society of dear O. W.; and we have great cause to be thankful we have enjoyed ourselves very much indeed. The spirituality of his mind I find

to be a real blessing. He is the means of endearing Jesus to me, of stirring me up, of taking me out of that dulness of religious routine into which one is so prone to fall, even in the things which are in themselves lawful and right. Do not you find a great danger of this? I am sure that I do, more than I can well express. Anything therefore, any one that, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, is made the instrument of quickening, leading to a perception, an increasing perception, of the vitality of real, spiritual, experimental religion, can hardly be prized too highly. It is on this account that I have found association with dear Miss P., R. C., the late Mr Turquand, and above all others Mr Adams, so very precious to me. Your beloved mamma ever found this in a very especial degree the case with the last of these, and so have I. Dear man, he has been of late preaching for me two Tuesdays and one Lord's-day, and I heard him each time, leaving Taplow on the Saturday for that object, and a great channel of blessing I found him to my soul, as much as ever. So that you perceive I have of late been highly favoured, while you, dear creature, are in Upper Assam; no minister, no Christian association out of your own dear husband, nothing to stir up, nothing to quicken, nothing to lead you. But what am I writing? You have a throne of grace, you have a God of grace, a kind, gracious, and all-sufficient Saviour, a faithful Comforter, Reprover, and Teacher; you have a covenant of grace ordered in all things and sure; you have the precious word of truth; you have an enlightened conscience, a new heart; you have a sense of pardoning, forgiving love, sometimes the sweet sense of your acceptance, making every bitter thing sweet, the cry of Abba, Father, that reaches a Father's heart; and, with all this, a dear, kind, and faithful husband, and *such* a little J——, and perhaps by this time another young immortal; the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. You are in the very place assigned you by infinite wisdom, tenderness, and love; in the very place which we should all have chosen for you, did we see the end and issue as He sees it. Ah, what poor, ignorant, self-sufficient creatures we are! One moment confessing, and to a degree

feeling, our nothingness, seeing the blunders which we have committed, the mistakes into which we have fallen, the false conclusions which we have formed, and yet, notwithstanding all this, how prone we are to decide upon things manifestly out of our reach, and quite beyond the grasp of our puny minds. It would give us but little trouble to move a pawn across the chess-board, how much less would it take the Infinite to move you both from Assam, and bring you with all the rapidity of this letter from the Burrampoota to the Thames. But till He sees it good, it must not be. Ah, happiness is of too costly a character to be made up of such materials as place, friends, and outward circumstances. It lies within, and is found in God, in communion with Him, delight in Him, submission to Him, even our God and Father in Christ Jesus.

Be not surprised that your view of God as your own Father in Christ should be sometimes darkened. I can feelingly sympathize with you in the trial. As a trial, it is incomparably the greatest, or one of the greatest upon earth. Whenever you find this to be the case, or beginning to be the case, look well to it, break off all engagements as far as may be, for secret meditation, prayerful examination, and real communication with God. Every hour's neglect of this serves only to increase the evil. Would that I had always considered this, and what is far more, acted upon it. At first the return is comparatively easy, at least so I find it. But neglect it, and it is like the descending stone,—as the fall is more rapid, the resistance which it occasions is the greater. A few minutes to-day may, through grace, be more effectual than hours next week. Dear C—— sometimes spends the night in prayer. Religion, my love, is a business. It is *the* business of life. I find myself too often regarding it as a thing by the by, instead of its being what it really is, existence, happiness, heaven. It is exactly, in point of fact, what it will appear to us as being when we come to die. Some of its accidents will then be changed; but it is intrinsically *now* as it will be *then*.—With the tenderest love, ever believe me, your fond and affectionate Father,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, January 31, 1842.

THIS is Monday morning, my own dear and precious daughter. When you know this you will not expect very much from me in the way of epistolary liveliness, for, as you are aware, Monday was always a trying day to me, from the exertions of the preceding day, and I do not find myself quite so young as I was, and therefore do not feel them less than I used to do. A good and gracious God, however, helps me on and keeps me up, and makes me glad to preach the glad tidings of great joy to poor sinners, continues me in good health, and gives me some small measure of encouragement in my work. How wonderful that such a poor creature, such an unworthy child, so unprofitable a servant, should be continued on year after year: for more than a quarter of a century have I been in London. Think of that, my own dear child; what grace, what mercy, what love! Ah, did you know all that He knows, you would indeed think so. Do not think that I do not enter into all your joy, and thank God with you, and commend you with all my very soul into the tender hands and holy keeping of our gracious God and Father, because I write you so unusually short a letter. He knows who knows all things, with what almost over-intense feelings of unutterable delight I received all the intelligence about you, and the watchful eye of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, as He overruled, guided, appointed all things at the hour of your need.

What encouragements have we to draw nigh to God! not only invitations, but commands; not only commands, but all the sweet remembrances of past answers to our poor supplications. A Father that hears, an Advocate at His right hand, and an Intercessor within us! Oh, to pray more without ceasing. Is it not remarkable, my child, that when our Lord taught His disciples to pray (Luke xi.), as He gave them a form of prayer, so He told them what prayer *really is*,—not a mere sense of want, subsiding into nothing, but humble, resolute,

importunate begging, and that until bread be given. We ask, seek, knock, and then *go away*, but here is asking, seeking, knocking, till bread be given. True, we may have long to wait, and patient waiting is in itself no small exercise of grace, but with all this waiting, there must be diligent, persevering *on*-waiting.

There is a point of Divine truth that is much laid upon my heart. It is this: I am deeply convinced that our real health and happiness in the Divine life stands intimately connected with the due management of the conscience, and that for want of this, many of God's dear children are faint, feeble, and sickly. All allow that the blood of Christ,—*i. e.*, all who have experienced its healing efficacy in the soul—is the only true remedy for the wounds which sin has made, and is continually making in us. But it is one thing to know this, and quite another to be spiritually skilful in the right application of it through the teaching of the Divine Spirit. The Lord God Almighty will have His people to be honest and upright before Him. How does He teach them to be so? In the varied circumstances of life; in the fair and upright reading of, hearing, meditation on, the Word of God; in the honest judgment which enlightened conscience passes upon them, they see many flaws, many turnings aside, many stoppings short, many causes for deep humiliation. They turn not away. They say, "Search me, O God, try my heart;" they bare the bosom to the knife; they open their wounds to the probe; they seek to be *deeply humbled*, not superficially, not lightly, not transiently, but *thoroughly*. Do they stop here? Legality would say so, but the spirit of adoption says, No, take it now to the blood of sprinkling. As accepted in Jesus, as forgiven in Jesus, as a child in Jesus, as beloved in Jesus, seek, seek, seek a renewed application of that blood to the wounded conscience by the hands of the Eternal Spirit, applied by His very self, and felt to be so by inward peace, deep humiliation, holy circumspection, and watchfulness with prayer, leading to filial walking as under the eye of a Father that loves. May the God of all grace help you and me, and your dear husband, and all His precious

children, among whom I mention the dear B——s, God's precious loan to you, to realize this inestimable mercy in our souls. I believe it to be a secret infinitely superior to that of the fancied philosopher's stone. This can give us cause for joy, even in the remembrance of those things which occasion us the most pungent sorrow.

The Lord in heaven bless you, sanctify you, keep you, and satisfy you with and in Himself.

Ever your most affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, April 27, 1842.

ONCE more, my beloved C——, I take up my pen from this place, which is, I think, to be my principal spot for writing. Once more I sit down, half sadly, half joyfully, to the poor substitute that yet remains for one little peep of your dear face; and as I see the beaming faces all around me in the bright expectation of soon beholding dear R—— and J—— in their return to the land of their forefathers, the sight of their aged parents and their beloved children; the thought will obtrude itself, and sometimes the sigh will arise at the separation from one whom I love so tenderly and so well. But I write not this in secret murmuring. All is well, I can truly say, as to my acquiescence in the Divine will. I cannot, I dare not, and in the general disposition of my own will, I feel no inclination to arraign the allotments of Infinite wisdom, tenderness, and love. I can mourn that so great a corrective was necessary, but not that it was administered. I perceive even its necessity.

Your letter to dear F—— was the means of relieving us all from much anxiety. It was so quiet, so peaceful, so hopeful. Filled as we all were with the fearful news from Cabool, I confess it was like a quiet sunshine after a stormy day to be

assured that all around you was tranquil, without even a single hint about James joining his regiment. I would sincerely and heartily thank our Heavenly Father for this and all His unmerited goodness. The separation between you and your dear husband would have been a deep trial, and deep and tender is the mercy that prevents it; but all is mercy to them that are in Christ, whether they have grace to see that it is so or not,—mercy even when there is judgment. Of mercy and judgment will I sing.

I know how it will grieve your heart to be told of dear Mr Whitmore. You know that last February twelvemonth he was taken suddenly ill in John Street vestry. Since that time he has been a great sufferer. Last Friday, the 22d, he was taken much worse; on Sunday morning last, all hope was past. Mrs W—— sent off his brother to me at John Street, but I was here. B—— came here. I left at half-past six, got to Clapham by half-past eight, but he had gone to his rest more than nine hours. Happy, happy spirit, he is with Jesus, never to sin nor suffer more. He was one of my very oldest and sincerest friends, long tried and found faithful. I feel it much, and shall feel it more; but there is One that will help me. May He not only help but sanctify. He is to be buried next Monday in the Old Jewry. His loss to us at John Street, to speak after the manner of men, is irreparable, but there is One who can more than supply every loss and repair every breach.

The thought of your glorifying God, and serving Him in a part of the world where so few Christians would prefer to be for any time, reconciles me to your being so far distant. Ah! it is the doing His work, heartily and sincerely, however feeble and imperfect the service, that gives life its truest, purest, loftiest enjoyment. May this be your ceaseless aim, your unwearied desire. The aim of most is far too low; we expect little, and then we labour little, and pray little, and thus we have little. Your school may bring forth fruit, through the Divine blessing, when the remembrance of the little acts of self-denial in the raising it shall be well-nigh forgotten. Above all, I congratu-

late you on your frequent communication with the B——s for spiritual good. It is the main end of Christian intercourse. Without this all is flat, low, and comparatively puerile. I hope that in your converse together, you do not keep back any point of Divine truth, let it be what it may. Talk with them freely about establishments, baptism, whenever it comes in your way. Never flinch from any subject. This is how saints should converse. Reserves banish thorough communion. I hope my dear and precious C—— keeps a watchful eye over morning devotions. Two dear young children are a very early claim, I am quite aware; yet *Tempus post calvum* is an old adage, but a very true one, and especially *Tempus matutinum in sacris*. Do you keep up your reading, my love? Let not Hebrew and Greek be altogether thrown aside for Assamese. Your children will want to be educated, and there are not many good schools in Upper Assam. Yet I greatly commend you for learning the language. Precious as it is to be able to read the Scriptures in their originals, to be the means of the conversion of only one soul is of infinitely more consequence.

My kindest love to dear James. May every blessing rest upon you. May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost! So prays your faithful and most affectionate Father and Friend,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, May 30, 1842.

MY OWN DEAREST C——,—As the mail leaves on Wednesday, I must not put off any longer my letter to you, which, if it be a pleasure to you to receive, it is no less a pleasure, be assured, for me to write. How great is the mercy of this our frequent correspondence!—how inestimable the privilege of hearing so constantly from each other! It is one of my chief secondary consolations amidst the heavy trial, for such it is, of our long separa-

tion, and I scarcely know whether, of the two, I most deeply value the privilege of writing or of receiving a letter. If there is more intenseness of delight in the latter, there is rather more unselfishness in the former. At all events, I would bless God for both with all my heart. Still, my dearest child, you are favoured with good health,—yourself, your dear husband, and precious children. Still, the favour of your Heavenly Father is with you, domestically and spiritually, and I must also add, in even your temporal circumstances. The good favour of Him who dwelt in the bush rests upon you, and, in the midst of every trial, your cup runneth over. May the deep sense of the varied mercies of your lot fill your heart with thanksgiving and your life with praise! May you become increasingly spiritual and increasingly happy in the Lord!

Your detail of your migratory movements with the B——s was very interesting, and of the openings for useful exertion. We are endeavouring to do somewhat by way of assisting your efforts, and hope soon to be able to report progress. This will give me intense pleasure, as you may imagine. May our hearts be more engaged than ever they have yet been in this and in all other of our Master's service! "To me to live is Christ," is our motto. May it be inscribed on our hearts! Among the many means of grace to our souls, activity of service for God must occupy a prominent position,—next, perhaps, to those which belong to immediate transactions with Him.

R. C—— has just left us. He slept here last night, after preaching for me in the evening at John Street. Oh! what a man of God is he! What grace does he exhibit! Courage, meekness, love, self-denial, tenderness, gentleness, perseverance, love for souls,—all springing out of love of Christ and God,—seem beauteously blended together in beautiful symmetry. But by the grace of God he is what he is, and by the grace of God (may we not add?), we can be what he is. I have lately seen, too, dear R. D——. One Sunday evening I spied him out at John Street. How it rejoiced my heart once more to behold him after so long an absence! How kind it seems in my Heavenly

Father still to preserve me these two beloved friends after the loss of dear Whitmore.

You are aware that the H——s are within fifteen miles of us. They, too, are very dear to us, especially *he*. We have some thought of driving over on Friday, and spending the day with them. These, with dear O—— W——, form my *quaternity*, and much would I thank God for four such friends. Alas! alas! how much am I below them all!

In some of those looks back that one from time to time takes of the past of our journey, one among my manifold faults I seem conscious of,—not having sufficiently cultivated the soil of friendship. However good and promising the ground may be, I am quite certain, that without cultivation it will produce little or nothing. Occupied so much as I have been nearly all my life, I have sometimes thought this to be an excuse for the neglect, and have suffered in consequence. Do not imitate me in this respect, my beloved C——. Love, in any relation of life, is a delicate flower; unless watched over and tended, it must, it will,—I was going to say, it *ought*, to droop. Most evident it is that it does so.

By the by, let me a little improve your nomenclature. In the true spirit of an officer's wife, you write of the Affghan *rebels*, their *treachery*, and so forth. Your high Toryism forgets that these rebels have been oppressed, injured, had a king forced down their throats, and, therefore, took the first opportunity of ridding themselves of their highwayman neighbours. I do not commend them, but *prima injustitia tendit alteram*.

Old H—— is come over to spend a few days with us. I have just seen her walking *in your garden*, under the apple-tree by the summer-house. Have the Himalayahs driven the remembrance of it out of your head? But why do I write this? —I know that they have not, and that nothing your side of Cape Comorin will ever obliterate the fondly beloved scenes of your early childhood,—that still faithful memory will paint each feature of your once happy home,—that the palisades and the lilacs, and the thorn and the walnut are fresh before you. But there are fonder ideas than these, more solid, more sub-

stantial, less fading and perishable. You love to dwell upon each and all of those with whom you hope to spend an endless eternity, and not the least of these, though the most undeserving of all, your fondly attached Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

Love to dear J—— and the two dears.

TO HIS WIFE.—ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

Hampstead, June 27, 1842.

. . . IT is then happily over. The disembodied spirit has escaped its thraldom, and is free, yes, for ever and for ever free.

Your dear father is gone to his rest. Suffering, and sin the cause of all suffering, and itself the great suffering, is passed away. He knows nothing of it now. It is to him among the things that were.

He sees Jesus, this is the best of all. True, he is with Mary, and Henrietta, George, and Catharine, and Lucy Elizabeth; but these are but the streams; the full fountain, the river head, the eternal ocean is Jesus, and God in Him. Everything without this were nothing; but with this, all these things, yea, all things, will be his everlasting blessedness.

It is refreshing to the spirit to think of the wondrous exchange, beauty for ashes, life for death, purity for defilement, a vale of tears for heaven.

Your dear father knew what sorrow was, the deaths of so many beloved ones formed his chiefest; yet his course was, on the whole, smoother than that which falls to the lot of the most. But now it matters little to him whether rough or smooth, his course has ended, and he has reached the goal. Happy, happy spirit. The higher element of spiritual joy was not perhaps his portion here below; but as a poor sinner resting his all for eternity on the infinite merit of the Saviour's sacrifice, he cast away all his fondly cherished hopes in himself and his own righteousness, and this was great grace.

When I think of what he was when I first knew him, I see

abundant cause for ceaseless thanksgivings on his account. For it was no light matter for him to go up with the publican, stand with the thief upon the cross, receive salvation just as the poor sinner in Luke vii. It was no ordinary putting forth of the energy of the Divine Spirit to lead him from self to Jesus, and from self-trust to confidence in God. Your dear mother's word to me when I last saw her, is very, very sweet to me; that what he heard at Milford was the great means of stirring up his soul to seek after the best things, though, at the first, it seemed to work against the strong tide of nature and preconceived opinions.

But oh for grace to live for the unseen realities that are now opening to him, fresh discoveries of God, and renewed delight in Him!

I feel most for your mother, for she will feel the most. I pray God to support her, to support her by Himself filling the void. This is the only true support.

She will become increasingly dear to us all. You need not fear its being the result of effort that she is so calm. She soon expects to be where he is. She *knows*, blessed be God, that it will be so. This gives unutterable calm. This is as oil cast upon the fretful sea. Give her my tender love.

TO MRS W——, DURING THE ILLNESS OF HER DAUGHTER.

July 6, 1842.

MY BELOVED FRIEND AND DEARLY ESTEEMED SISTER IN JESUS, OUR SYMPATHISING HEAD,—How much did I wish to see you yesterday, before you left for Leamington, but it was out of my power. We can do but little—nothing. Jesus has all, is all, can do all, and will put forth all in our necessities, be they ever so deep. You shall find Him everything in this your need of all things, a very present help. We could never know His heart, but for our troubles; never know His grace, but for our worthlessness. There is a tenderness in the love of

the Saviour, which our miseries, I will not say draw out, but exhibit. In no other school could we learn it. Be not afraid, dear and precious sister, of the form on which His loving hand has placed you. He will come and sit by you, and should it be painful to the flesh and the spirit too, He can smooth it. One smile of His can dry up your tears. Your dear and precious E—— is more near to Him than she is to you, tenderly as you love her. Oh, leave her in His hands. He has a right to her, and whether He lend her to you for a little longer or not, yet He will have you trust her with Him. His is a tender bosom, and tenderly has He borne up your weary head, in many a wearying day, and sleepless night. He said that He would, and He has done it, according to His word, and He will yet do it, because He has said that He will.

I was lately told of a dear brother, who said, that when he first thought of losing his only daughter, and he has but one other child, he felt that he could not part with her, but when he followed her body into the churchyard, it seemed to him as if he was going to her wedding. What cannot grace do? Dear and precious sister, may the All-sufficient God, in a precious Saviour, be your sufficient help in your deep trial. He alone can. My best love to dear O—— and his wife; thank him for his kind letter. My tender love to dear E——, when she can bear to be told of it.

Your ever affectionate,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.—ON HIS ORDINATION.

Taplow, September 26, 1842.

MY BELOVED J——,—You have now taken that step, which of all others, is the most solemnly important in the eyes of him who is your nearest, and, as I believe, your most attached earthly friend, and, as I also believe, most tenderly beloved by yourself. As the years pass away,—and how rapid is their flight,—and as

the day approaches when the tie which binds us so tenderly and so closely to each other will cease to exist, I long to experience more fully and more deeply the knitting together yet more and more strongly of that tie which is to last for ever.

You are now in the deep solemnity of open avowal, a minister of Jesus Christ; you have taken upon yourself the office which is higher, more important, and to which higher responsibilities belong, than any that appertain to the highest intelligences, even angels themselves. Upon their words, their testimony, their example, depend not, as the appointed channel, the salvation of immortal spirits. They are not the heralds of pardon and reconciliation to a guilty world. Every false principle, and every wrong step of yours, will be made use of by Satan, the great enemy of God and man, to the furtherance of evil and to the destruction of all that is good. All that cunning can contrive, and malice can execute, will be brought forward by him who has all the intellect of the angel, and all the cruelty of a fiend. But, my dearest J——, strong as he is, Omnipotence is your support; cunning as he is, Omniscience is your protection. Yet bear with me if I say you have yet an enemy worse than himself,—he ranges in the circuit of your own heart. You will find *self* the greatest of all your foes, the most subtle of all your adversaries, the worst and the vilest of all your antagonists. Do not expect that, because you are a minister, your opponents will be the less vigorous, rather look for the contrary. May a consideration of this, not discourage, but rather let it the more drive you to a throne of grace, endear the name of Saviour to you, make you more desirous of living in the Spirit and walking in the Spirit, and more fearful of grieving Him. My tender love constrains me to write to you with all the faithfulness of a father, and all the unreserve of your truest and most fondly attached friend.

I would advise you, in order to real usefulness in the ministry, ever to remember, that the degree of your real blessing as a minister, will be in exact proportion to your spirituality as a Christian. You can only speed well as a preacher of righteousness, in the degree that you prosper in your own soul as a man

of holy and righteous walk, and close communion with God. I do not mean by that, that a man of deep spirituality will always be the means of extensive conversions; but that his weight of influence, his real position in the Church of God, his true usefulness to others, in building them up in faith, hope, love, and all holiness, will be in the very degree that he is a spiritually-minded, holy man of God. For this cause, my beloved J——, deeply and prayerfully study your own character. Look, as Rutherford says, at the blacks as well as the whites, at its weak points as well as its stronger ones. As God the Spirit writes out the truth of His own Word in your heart, He gives it a body-colouring there, and this will, through His further aid, enable you to delineate the same outline to others.

Beware of levity. I write feelingly, my love of joke has been a sore trial to me all my journey, and painful discipline have I gone through in order to its subduing. I look upon buoyancy of spirit as great a blessing, as lightness of spirit is its opposite.

Cultivate sobriety of mind and manner. It is most suitable in a minister of such a Master, the servant should be like his Lord. The more this likeness is seen and felt, the greater our influence. I yesterday heard Mr. G——, of R——; *his manner was to me a sermon.* If a man's manner in the reading-desk is VERY different to that which he has in common intercourse, with all due allowance for the distinction between things sacred and profane, I seem to see a *force* existing which is put upon the man, and it is not pleasing; it is not the same individual. I almost invariably think of the stage-player and the Greek word that expresses it. It will be a great advantage to you if dear Mr. C—— allows you to go with him for a month or two to visit the sick. To mark how an experienced man of God treats different cases, may, through the Divine blessing, be of an inestimable benefit. Since I began, your note has reached me, telling me of your ordination. May the Lord bless you, my dear J——, make you a faithful, devoted, unreserved follower and minister of Jesus Christ, far, far more devoted than ever I have been. A father's prayer is, that your whole body, soul, and spirit, may be given up to God. A father's blessing is upon

you. My head may soon be laid in the grave, but the desire of my soul is, that your soul may be full of Christ, your ministry, your life, your all, may be consecrated to Him.

Ever, ever believe me, my dear J——,

Your affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead Heath, October 15, 1842.

THIS is your birth-day, my own dear and beloved C——, and although it is Saturday, I must take up my pen to assure you how fondly I think of you, and how I retrace this day —— years, when your own dear and precious mother gave you to me. How sweet did your voice seem in mine ear when I first heard your feeble infant cry. How much has occurred since then to humble me and prove me, and to shew that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God; and this my precious child has been learning out lately in her late trial. Be assured, the lesson, though painful, will prove through grace worth all the appointments in India. Beneath this thorn ere long a precious rose will be found; of this I have no sort of doubt; and do you fervently pray that it may be so. May every choicest mercy of our covenant God be richly enjoyed by you both,—may this day be to you the beginning of days. M. W. may be thrust in, M. D. may prove a rogue, but God will be a faithful God. Bear up, my child, lean upon Jesus, a smile from Him sinks this world to nothing. Adieu.

October 31.—Sixteen days have rolled on since I last took up my pen for my beloved child, and I am not aware of neglecting an opportunity of writing. On the Monday after, we went over to Clapham to see dear Mrs. W——, who still resides there, though in a different house. She is tolerably well, and seems altogether comfortably situated, and as cheerful as a good hope of soon being out of a world of partings can make her.

She was rejoiced to see us, as she always is, and I sincerely hope that nothing may ever occur to break in upon our intimacy. Perhaps you may ask me what could occur? Ah, if you did but know how High Church principles, and Puseyism, and Semi-Popery prevail in this land, you would not ask the question. Nothing amongst us is more spreading, and nothing more separating. But to go on with my account of my days. On the Tuesday, as usual, I preached, and on the Wednesday had my lecture. On the Thursday your mamma and I visited the whole day. On Friday and Saturday I was engaged with my sermons. On Monday last we had the clerical party at our house. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I preached, visiting the whole of Thursday. I do not write this, my dear child, to shew how much I do for Him whom I desire to serve, for He knows, who knows all my heart, how deeply I feel my utter unworthiness before Him, but just to shew with what difficulty I snatch an interval of leisure to write to you. My life is one of constant engagement, but I can truly say I do feel myself surprised at the goodness of God in permitting such an one as I am to serve Him at all. We are just returned from calling on H. B——, I have not seen him for twenty-eight years. Poor fellow, he seems far off from God. As he told me he should have known me wherever he might have met me, so I am in hopes that if ever we meet again in this vale of tears, I may yet be recognised by my little daughter, although, as you say, time has laid his hand upon us both. Every year tells me but one tale. I am much more gray than when we parted, am much more bald, have more wrinkles,—but what does all this say? Nearer home, nearer home! I trust that I am, through God's rich grace, enabled in some small degree to say that I do feel somewhat more of a bright anticipation of this than I did. It is a blessed prospect, my child, and ought to be continually before our eyes. It should be a morning meditation, a noon-day solace, and an evening refreshment. It should walk with us, talk with us, bear with us, fight with us; in short, it should be ever with us. It would make us better parents, better children,

better masters, better servants, happier, because holier. It would embitter sin, endear Christ, wean from the world, prepare for God. I am quite assured that the great secret for life is to be constantly prepared for death, to be living in the blessed anticipation of being soon for ever with the Lord.

My dear love, I feel so done up that I must content myself with a short *note* this time, and I hope you will be contented too. Yesterday was a very fatiguing day, and this morning I wrote to Charles B——, as he is examined for his degree on Wednesday. Poor fellow, do not grudge it him.

Ever your affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.—ON ENTERING UPON HIS FIRST CURACY.

Hampstead, Nov. 14, 1842.

MY DEAREST J——,—It occasioned me real regret not to be able to write to you last week, but it was entirely out of my power.

I was a sufferer during the whole of the week, in common, I believe, with vast numbers, under a sort of influenza. However, it served to keep me a prisoner nearly the whole of that time, and confined me much to my bed. I have reason to be thankful that I was able to preach twice yesterday; and after so excellent a specific, for such Newton esteemed it to be, I feel myself nearly recovered to-day.

Now that I am upon the subject I would give my testimony to that of thousands of others as to the healthfulness of preaching. I have often and often been so ill the night before, and even on the Sunday morning, that it seemed next to an impossibility that I could get through; yet was it, through the Divine blessing, not only practicable but easy. At the end of the day I was better than in the morning, and the next day quite well. Without preaching, I feel as if I should cease to live. Wherever I am, if I cease, I cease to be well. So much for my pulpit encomium.

When I was twenty-three, I had much pain in my chest; at fifty-seven I have none. Then I frequently used to spit blood, now never. Go on, my dearest J——. But I stop, for I fancy that a smile is beginning to shew itself.

Your letter deeply interested me, I seem in a sense to behold myself in my son, and in your difficulties to remember my own.

The solitude of some part of your day is, I confess, a trial; so I ever found it. No one more readily subscribes to the principle that two are better than one than myself. But at the present moment, training as you are for service, drilling for the army of the great Captain, the mind, as much as may be, kept to the point, the aim steadily fixed on the mark, seems the most wise and advisable. There are few things, next to your being a devoted minister of Christ, that would more delight me than to see you well and happily married, and in God's good time I trust that it will be.

Nov. 15.

In looking over my note I perceive that it has much of Monday in it; however, just as it is I send it. May He condescend to guide who has pledged Himself to the office even to death. (Ps. xlviii. 14.) Would "Bishop Hopkins," 4 vols.; "Biddulph on the Liturgy," 3 vols.; "Prideaux's Connexions," 3 vols.; "Wells's Geography," 4 vols.; "Blackwall's Sacred Classics," 2 vols.; "Burke on the Sublime;" "Knox's Essays," 3 vols.; be of any service? if so, I would send them down. Your mother sends her affectionate regards, and ever believe me, my dearest J——,

Your attached Father and Friend,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Nov. 15, 1842.

My beloved Child,—Your letter, received yesterday, has deeply tried your poor father. When the usual heading, "all is

well," was wanting, I began to suspect that some dark cloud was overhanging our hitherto bright horizon; this was fully borne out by the contents. Yes, my own precious C——, you were at the time of your writing, in deep waters. Oh! how I longed to be at your side, and to join my tears and prayers with those of you both. How keenly did I feel the distance that separates us, and the length of time that must elapse before the sight of your handwriting could relieve our uncertainty. But all this was sad forgetfulness of the eye that never slumbers, of the ear that is never weary, of the hand that never hangs down, of the heart that never grows cold. I failed to remember that the very necessities of the child endeared it to a Father's pity and love, that your hanging over the bedside of your poor suffering child was but a picture, and a very feeble one, of Him who says, "She may forget, but never will I forget thee." Four, nay, five months must elapse since the writing of yours and your receipt of this, notwithstanding all our facilities of communication. Long before you receive this, therefore, I trust J—— will have been restored to you. If not, he will have a better portion, a better home, better friends, and will have exchanged dying parents for the eternal embrace of an ever living, ever-loving Father. Who, then, could wish him back? But he is, I trust, long ere this, recovered. How earnestly do I pray that it may be so, if for the good of the dear child and for the glory of Him whose he is.

There is one thing to which I wish your attention, my dear child. It regards a feeling you express in your letter. You seem tried in spirit with regard to prayer; I do not much wonder at it, painful as it was. But do not you see that this is one of Satan's devices to deter you from prayer? Yet I would not forget, neither would I have you to do it, that there may be a sort of reaction in the soul from the grieving the Holy Spirit. That you were too anxious may be easily supposed, and that there was in consequence, or might have been, a secret dictating to God and a consequent secret rebellion against His will, when that will opposed yours, may also be suspected. Now, if all this

really existed, and it is possible, what wonder is it that in the recoil which always takes place when there has been anything like opposition to the will of God, the soul should experience a darkness, a confusion, a *bewilderment*, if there be such a word? God may yet grant to your prayers the desire of your heart. But, my love, He is not bound to one time, and to suppose that delay is denial, or that even denial itself would be an act of unkindness, is in itself such an unkindness as must be touching to the kind and fatherly heart of such a Father. Oh! be not discouraged, but deeply humbled, and take it where your poor father has so many thousand times gone, to Him who has said, "If any man sin, we have," &c. The great secret which I find for happy walking is to be met with in Phil. iv. 4–9.

Ever your affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A. S——, ESQ., AT THE CAPE.

Hampstead, Nov. 15, 1842.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—A leisure day gives me an opportunity, which I have long desired, of sending you my affectionate thanks for the many tokens of your love and Christian regard, and of assuring you how tender a remembrance we bear of you and yours, and how much we long, when we see it to be His will whose name and nature is Love, for your return.

Your letters have long demanded a reply, but you well know the large draughts upon my time and thought, the many things which I have constantly and even daily to exercise my mind, my spirit, my affections, to try every grace that is in me and every corruption with it. And you also know, at least you shrewdly guess at, my natural unwillingness to write, for which, however, I make no excuse nor defence in the least degree whatever. If these things make no real apology, they at least assign the true cause of my silence, and I hope that you have not really supposed that there existed any other. How time rushes on! It is now more than three years since we last beheld each other's

face in the flesh, since we last took our leave of each other. How many things have served to remind us since then of the fleeting character of all earthly good, and of the imperishable nature of the love that knows no change. What marvellous displays have we had in our own case of the forbearance which has never tired, of the patience which has never been exhausted! What gentle warnings, what tender rebukes, what wholesome corrections, what relentings, if one may so write (Jer. xxxi. 20), what plain and evident tokens of wise, fatherly, unchanging love! Would it not be true, dear and beloved friend, that if there had been only these three last years, they would suffice to erect a monument, high as heaven and wide as eternity, to the praise and honour and glory of our covenant God and Father? What need have we found in them of the infinitely precious blood of Christ! What discoveries have we made of the deficiencies in our own righteousness, and of the infinite value of His! What value have we discovered in the inexhaustible treasury of His grace! What need have we had of His sanctifying, comforting, restoring Spirit, as the Spirit of grace and supplication, the Spirit that illuminates, convicts, reproves, and consoles, lays low and lifts up, wounds and heals, kills and makes alive! Nor have we been without some inner walkings with our Heavenly Father, some sips of the heavenly fountain, some commencements of bliss, some foretaste of heaven, and all this in the way of mere sovereign unmerited grace and mercy and love. Such have been the last three years, and our whole spiritual life has been *but as they*. How loud will be then our song above! How loud should be our song below, not of our lips only, but of our lives also—of our lives especially and above all.

You are aware, I doubt not, of some of our trials as a church in the midst of our many mercies. The death of dear Whitmore, and our being obliged to withdraw from ——, are both of them deep dispensations. The first brought us pungent sorrow, but mixed with lively joy at his joyful and most blessed translation to the upper streets of the celestial city. His consistent life and happy death brought one song to our hearts, even

thanksgiving to our God. But the last is unmingled sorrow throughout. The death of dear Balch was one of great blessedness; tranquil, substantial, solid peace in Jesus marked the closing scene with a peculiar grandeur; indeed, I can call it by no other name. The calm serenity that animated all that he said and did, seemed so to say the Lord is here.

You recollect dear sister Bland; her departure too was very glorious; so was that of Laura Lade, and C. Simonds, and of our sister Wright. Do you recollect all or any of these? In all these the Eternal Spirit put forth His Almighty power in a very peculiar degree. They are gone to Jesus, and their memory is blessed, and when we go, may our latter end be like theirs!

We have had family trials since we met. My dear wife's aged father is gone to his rest in Jesus, and we still have some to remind us this is not our rest. My precious daughter is in trouble at this time, her eldest child being very seriously ill when she closed her letter, and she being in expectation of her husband's being summoned to join the army, of which we thought there was no danger, as he was in the civil service. But it is the Lord, and what is there not in that word when the Eternal Spirit applies it to the heart? My heart felt for the trial of dear Mrs R——'s daughter. How deep, how mysterious a dispensation! O that she may be enabled to have all the blessing of the heavy stroke! Remember me very affectionately to both mother and daughter. Give our very kind love to your dear wife, and kiss your dear children for me. May a good and gracious God ever bless you and yours. You are very dear to me, and as the best proof of it, I pray that He would fill you both with the love of Jesus and of Himself. Whenever you can write to me I shall be thankful to receive a letter. Your dear sister is well. With many, many thanks for all your love and affection, and for the wine, which is most excellent,

Believe me, with real affection,

Your sincere Friend,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO MISS D——.

January 17, 1843.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, AND, I SINCERELY HOPE, SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—Although I have not written to you, as I have for a long time wished to do, yet I can truly say you have been very often in my thoughts, and not unfrequently in my prayers to a throne of grace on your behalf. O that He in whose hands you are, and on whose heart I believe you are borne, may grant you all the support which you need, and which He alone can impart. Times of sickness are usually times of trial, not joyous but grievous, but they are also to God's dear children usually times of great and peculiar blessing, not always felt to be so at the time, but really so, whether we feel them to be so or not. Then usually is there more and deeper searching of heart; then usually are our thoughts of ourselves the lowest, and our views of Jesus the most close, most touching, most precious; and when, dear young sister, we get nearer views of Jesus, all seems well. The blessed Spirit makes use of such periods for bringing us more acquainted with ourselves, and this is often very humbling, and not pleasant, but always profitable.

I hope that you find this a period of much prayer. Prayer, real prayer, brightens all trouble, because as the soul really draws nigh to God, it casts the trouble upon Him. What a difference it makes when we can realize that sweet scripture, "Casting *all* your care upon Him, *for* He careth for you." And how many proofs, how many thousands of proofs, has He given you of His care, temporally and spiritually; and among the former of these, must not be overlooked your having such kind and very affectionate parents, who not only watch for your body, but care for your soul. Yesterday we were led to pray especially for you in the public worship. This was done particularly in the morning, and not omitted in the evening. This I mention to shew you that you were not forgotten by us in your trial. It is pleasant to think of those whom Jesus loves.

"Give all diligence," dear young sister, "to make your calling and election sure." Seek the peculiar sealing of the Spirit; make a serious, sacred duty of real, honest, thorough confession. Be willing to know exactly how things really are between your soul and God. Tell everything to Jesus, and then take it to God as a Father. Remember it is His glory to give and to forgive.—Believe me, your affectionate Friend in Jesus, JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS SON.—ON PARISH DUTIES.

Hampstead, January 1843.

MY VERY DEAR J——,—I snatch a moment just to assure you of my love, and tender sympathy in all that concerns you, now and at all times. The account which you gave me produced a mixed feeling, partly pleasant, partly painful. Your work is in His service who never suffers His true labourers to lose in any way, but the description which you send rather alarms me, and there appears a part of your work that might be spared. In comparing your present position with what I occupied when I began my ministry, I think that I did more, but then I was much stronger than probably you now are. I had the school, with your dear mother, from nine to a quarter past ten, the whole morning service, then dinner, then the whole afternoon service at Hordle,* then the school till tea, then the people in the vicarage in a very crowded room, with a very long prayer and sermon. I am not aware that it was injurious to me, but then I was in the full vigour of robust health. So far, indeed, was it from injuring me, that I consider much of my present health is, under God, to be attributed to the expansion of lungs which it produced. Still, dearest J——, I cannot but feel a little anxious; nor do I like the ten miles' walk on the Monday; half the distance might be of great service. But do, I pray

* Milford and Hordle were then united, and formed one parish, with two churches, in each of which there was service once on the Sunday. They have been since that time divided into distinct parishes, each with its Incumbent.—ED.

you, remember that, for your own sake as well as my sake, care and prudence must be used, not to urge far higher motives than these. The afternoon school might, I should conceive, be spared. For you to be there till a quarter past three, and begin at half-past three, seems out of all consideration for mind and body. Did you preach unwritten sermons, it would—did I judge of you by myself—be perfectly impossible.

I remark that you wish me to send you some of my early sermons. This, if you desire it, I will do. Yet, were you to take my advice, I would be exceeding sparing in my use of such helps. As you have only one sermon in the week to prepare, I should invariably prepare that one. Your present position being easy as to sermonizing, you will probably never again have so much time for this branch of your work. Therefore make use of it. Pay great attention to your style. The general style of preaching is, I cannot but think, too much of the tractatio, and too little of the concio. The being within walls has a tendency to produce this effect. Were we out of doors, addressing a multitude, we could not give them an essay. A book which I should like you to study, at the least for these half-dozen years, and read at least a hundred times, is "Cecil's Remains." Above all, my beloved J——, read your Bible, not ministerially, but as a poor sinner, with much and fervent prayer. To read the Scriptures *ex cathedrâ* is one of the devil's masterpieces of cunning to mar all our usefulness. Spirituality of mind is the best preparation for the pulpit, which some forgetting have been as dry and unctionless as the merest preacher of baptismal regeneration. By the by, what think you of the Bishop of ——'s Charge? "O quantum mutatus" was all that I could think as I read it. How it makes me mourn for the diocese, and how it makes me admire and thank God for the higher grade of intellect and spirituality in such a man as the Bishop of Chester, his meekness, courage, and true wisdom! May you be preserved from the first approaches towards this pestilent heresy! Poor S—— did not see their extreme danger.—Ever believe me, your affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS WIFE.

Hampstead, February 10, 1843.

. . . . Yesterday was a fatiguing day, or I should have written. In addition to this, I suffered a little from my head. The pain was not acute, but it continued nearly all the day, and I was fearful of doing anything that might increase it. But it is now, I thank God, quite well. I am happy to say that Wednesday evening, solemn as the occasion was, most solemn, went off in a way which I humbly expect will prove a blessing to the Church. All was awful and silent. Not a word was spoken, except by O——, and G——, who proposed and seconded his being cut off. I addressed the meeting by introducing the distressing subject, and concluded by a few words of solemn admonition. It was deeply affecting.

Yesterday I called on the D——s, and sat some time with them. I also called on Mrs P——, Mrs L——, and S—— N——. Had a long conversation with M—— and Miss ——, on her situation as governess. My class in the evening was a good one, the most numerous I have had. So much for my movements. May the blessed Spirit condescend to bless them, weak and unworthy as I am!

I find those two truths a stay to my soul,—the efficacy of the atonement, and the stability of the promise. Just now this seems my all, and enables me to look up to God as my Father, although I am His sorrowing child; for as I think of my sins and sinfulness, it almost seems as if I must sorrow even in the land where sorrow shall be known no more. I know this is a contradiction in terms, but I can scarcely banish the idea.

My visits yesterday were, on the whole, refreshing; with S—— N—— particularly so; and I had a happy, though rather wearying day.

Time is short, and our long eternity at hand. Oh, to be ready, daily, hourly, momentarily! . . . .

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Salisbury, March 29, 1843.

Many thanks for your last letter. It was such a comfort to me, you seemed so peaceful and happy in the midst of all your disagreeables. Ah, my dear girl, of how little importance is it where we are, if we have but His presence, which is better than life. If we have but the clear witness of the Spirit with our spirits that we are the children of God, it is a balm for every wound, a cordial in all our faintings. Ever seek this continually, my own precious child, and be very careful to maintain it when you have it. It is easily lost, and slowly regained. The stone soon descends, and with difficulty ascends. I know of nothing that so seems bound up with all that is vital in our happiness as this. Deep searchings of heart, quick repentance, and real return to God through the precious blood of sprinkling, in the way of thorough humiliation for the sin, and the renewings of a Father's love and a Father's forgiveness, is the grand secret for solid peace.

I shall be thankful, if so it seem good to Him who is the All-wise, that it should be so, when I hear of some new appointment for your dear James. I much fear that Nowgong is not a very healthy place. The accounts which you gave me of the deaths of Mr Grange and Mr Shuter, a good deal affected me. But you are in God's hands, and His are the *best*. It gave me great joy that you should take so much delight in Owen. He is my decided favourite of all my authors, and next to the Bible itself. I will send you out one or two of his other works, and I hope you will be equally pleased with them. There is a depth, a richness, an unction, which I do not find elsewhere. It requires a calm, composed, reflecting, as well as prayerful state of mind to read them with profit—then they are invaluable.

My paper leads me to a conclusion. I have been suffering a good deal of late from pain in my head, arising, I believe, from overwork, but am now, I thank God, somewhat better, and but in that respect quite well. I think it arises from overpress of

the nerves, and am taking quinine and gentian. But tabernacles are weak things at the first; no wonder if they give some evidence of increasing weakness. May every blessing attend you, dear and beloved C——! My tender love to dear James, and to the two chicks, to whom I send a dozen kisses each, and ever believe me,

Your fondly attached and affectionate Father,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Brightwell, April 26, 1843.

MY OWN DEAR AND PRECIOUS C———,—Your last and most valued letter cheered my poor heart, yet it distressed me too. I seemed to feel increasingly the distance which separated us when I read of those trials through which you were passing, the uncertainties which seemed all in your path, and the rough places which still marked your course through the wilderness. I wanted to clasp you once more to my heart, and to assure you how wisely, tenderly, and holily the Lord your God was leading you, in the midst of all that might seem perplexing and mysterious. But when I found how your Heavenly Father was doing all this Himself, teaching you as no earthly father could or would, with how unutterable tenderness He was leading you on to know more, and more, and more of Himself, then I felt ashamed of my weak faith and feeble trust, and saw how, under the veil of parental feeling, unbelief could hide its head and lead to a departure from the living God. It shall be no real evil, my beloved child, that you have so lately seen the young, the healthy, and the strong, cut down like the early flower. Near views of the eternal world are not often *realized*, although we are convinced that it is near. Everything which tends, through grace, to strengthen the impression, to render the colouring vivid, is always a blessing, if realized. The great danger is, that of its quickly fading away. I have often been led to think how much you have need of the closest and most

intimate communion with your ever-present, ever-living, ever-loving Father, who are necessarily so much excluded from all other means of grace. But it often happens, or rather it is so appointed of God, that when we are deprived of much which others enjoy, what yet remains is more enjoyed. Erskine remarks, that when some of the lesser windows of God's heavenly temple are sometimes closed, such as public worship, the ministry of the word, communion of saints, the ordinances of God's house, &c.; the larger windows, such as private prayer, reading the word, meditating thereon, confession of sin, with the eye fixed on and resting in the Son of God, and delight in God Himself, may be then more especially open. May you, with myself and all that are dear to us, experience this ever under such circumstances, when they occur. Certainly, in our bodily frame, if sight be dim, the hearing is sharpened; if I lose one hand, the other becomes more useful.

Here we have been for nearly a fortnight. It has been a time of much quiet and of much refreshing to the tired body and the jaded mind. I wanted rest, and, through God's mercy, I have had it.

May God's chiefest mercies rest upon you, fill you, satisfy you! May you be deeply sanctified, grow up like your sainted mother, or rather like the perfect pattern, Jesus Christ himself. Pray much for me, and for your dear brothers. Your beloved mother is writing to you.

Ever believe me, dearest C——,

Your attached Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, June 30, 1843.

I KNOW that it will cause you to rejoice and bless God, when you hear that I am better; indeed, in perfectly good health, though still unable to preach twice on the Lord's-day. I am sure that it is better that I should not make the attempt, for,

although I could get through it (n.v.), yet the exertion of mind would be injurious. Dear C—— S—— will be here, I trust, in about three weeks. How glad shall I be, I hope thankful too, if his steps are to be led hither; I feel so strongly towards him; and I cannot but see many circumstances greatly coinciding in reference to this. But there is but One wise, and all things are in His most gracious hands. We have some thoughts of going once more to Edinburgh this vacation. Should we be permitted to do this, we shall probably spend our six weeks there, making a few excursions to the north. The bracing nature of the air, and change of scene and perfect rest, may, through God's mercy, quite restore me.

If dear C—— S—— should be united with me as co-pastor, I trust that it will be a great blessing to us as a Church and people, and to myself individually. Of course, as you may suppose, the whole thing is not without its difficulties; but these are but little in comparison with the blessing which our gracious God may convey to us through it. To-morrow, my dear C——, I shall say, next June four years, you will be on the point of leaving India. For my own part, I dare not look forward so long, but should it be the Lord's will that then we should meet, I humbly trust that our meeting together will be for His glory, and our mutual, highest, most exalted happiness.

How all your storms, my dear love, have all blown over, one after the other! so it is with the whole family of God.

> "Trials make the promise sweet;
> Trials give new life to prayer;
> Trials lay me at His feet,
> Bring me low, and keep me there."

How wisely and how tenderly has the Lord been leading you. Even such a poor blind creature as I can see it. You recollect Mr Hancock, of Kilburn; he is gone, as is Mr. C——. Dear Mrs C——, she is greatly supported; the house is sold. Thus all things change. One of our deacons, of the name of Cozens, is dead. He was passing, in a boat, through a lock in Ireland, and, putting out his head from the cabin-window, it struck him,

fractured his skull, and in two hours and six minutes he was a corpse. But he is gone to his rest, and died in the direct service of his Master, as did your precious mother. What a thought,—in two hours and with Jesus for ever, for ever with, for ever like Him! I preach his funeral sermon (D.V.) on Sunday. Thus, in the course of fifteen months, we have lost dear Whitmore and dear Mr Cozens. Strive to die daily, look up to the Holy and Eternal Spirit to give you a dying frame of mind in the midst of life and health and strength. We shall soon, I humbly trust and believe, through the infinite merit of Jehovah the Son, the gracious indwelling of Jehovah the Spirit, and the unchanging love of Jehovah the Father, be with Him whom we love for ever and ever. Even should we see each other's face in the flesh, yet what is a grain of sand to the universe?—much, compared with our short-lived blessings and a never-ending eternity. Seek a realizing view of heaven every day, that it is near, that it is yours. Keep the conscience perpetually sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and deeply humbled on account of sin. God in heaven bless you all, prays

Your most fondly affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, November 28, 1843.

MY OWN DEAREST C——,—It seems but yesterday that I wrote to you, so swiftly do the hours fly away, and yet it is one sixtieth of the period that yet remains when if He see it right, who wills nothing wrong, we may meet once again. I am not quite clear that I act wisely in suffering my mind to anticipate in ever so faint a degree so distant a period. If I am wrong, I pray that I may be led to see it to be so, that I may not do it any more. How dear you are to my heart, He only knows who knows all my heart, how great that love is. Yet there is One dearer still, far dearer than all, all created good, and God forbid that anything should for one moment interpose between Him and my best, my purest, my highest affections. I am per-

suaded that we have just so much of happiness as we have of Him, and that we *cannot* be happy but as He takes the right place in our heart, and rules supreme. Your letter by the Memnon, wrecked though she was, at last reached us. This was very kind of our Heavenly Father. James Bird sent seven letters from Bombay, and not one has arrived.

With regard to ——, give yourself no trouble about it. See how your Heavenly Father has watched over you hitherto. Let His promise, let the past, *let the gift of His Son* put all surmises to silence. Naked faith on the bare promise most glorifies God. (Rom. iv. 20, 21.)

It will delight you to know that I am better. This is really the case, although I can scarcely say that I am ever quite and entirely free from headache. The least overpress of any kind brings some degree of pain with it. But my general health is as good as when we last met. As a proof of it, your dear mother and I took a five miles' walk yesterday.

As your situation now is so very different from what it once was, you will not be surprised if new temptations spring up. You will not forget that Satan, your great enemy and mine, studies us as a book, watching for the occasion to take all advantage. When you have much company, as you sometimes must, take one hint from me; as a burnt child dreads the fire, so I write under a deep feeling how often I have suffered loss from not having attended to it myself. Make time in the middle of the day for some real retirement with your Heavenly Father. If it be only for a quarter of an hour, nay, if only for *five minutes*, the good you may derive through the blessing of the Holy Spirit may be incalculable. The watch is ever going down—remember this, may I through grace remember it too! Study to feel a real sense of your own adoption, never be satisfied without it. Pray much, much, much for it. A mere hope is not enough. Covet assurance. Yet do not fix your ideas of assurance too high. A man may live in some degree of blessed assurance who feels vast degrees of difference in it at different times. Study with much prayer the 42d and 43d Psalms. Cast down, yet "God my God," yea, "my exceeding joy."

Numbers have far more assurance than they think, numbers far less.

I feel the sheet rather too short for my long love. I may therefore, in my next, take to a larger sheet and a larger hand; but with my tender love to dear James, many kisses to the dear chicks, and my tenderest love to yourself,

Believe me, your attached father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, Jan. 29, 1844.

Behold me in your mind's eye once more in my old spot, whence so many of my letters have been written to my own dear and precious C——; and now, with my pen in my hand, and this *prodigious* sheet before me, I am full of thought, and love, and fatherly affection, and I hope not without thankfulness to Him who is better than the best. When I turn towards Assam, and Burrampoota, and Tezpore, and Nowgong, and Gowhatty, and seem to ask whether my Heavenly Father will ever permit these eyes to behold you once again, my own beloved child, do not misunderstand me. How tenderly I love you He only knows, and yet your absence does not make me unhappy. It once did, but not now. I trust that my poor heart, so ever prone to over-creature-love, has found more rest than it once found, in Him who, in the tenderness of His love, and the infinite depth of His wisdom, moved you far away. It was for my good that He did it, and I bless His name that He enables me to see it, although, next to the death of your most precious mother, it was my heaviest trial. It is this, my dear child, that prevents me from being unhappy in your absence. Is it not humiliating that we require so many stripes to *force* us, as it were, to God, when there is enough in Him to draw us to Himself and to keep us with Himself for ever? Be very urgent with God that my last days may be pre-eminently my best, my holiest, my happiest,—my holiest will include the other two.

Jan. 30.

I had well-nigh forgotten to tell you that since my last I have had further advice for myself; and have seen Dr ——. He altogether coincides with the opinion of Dr H——, and entirely interdicted my preaching twice on the Sunday, and told me that if I preached only once, I might continue doing this for very many years, if the Lord thought it good, but that if I attempted more than this, the probability was that I should cease very soon altogether, that many clergymen had consulted him on similar occasions, and that he had invariably given the same advice, and was more and more confirmed in it by subsequent observation. To this, therefore, I yield as to the gentle voice of my Heavenly Father, desiring only to bless His name, that for twenty-six years, next October, if I live to see it, I have preached of Him whom my soul loveth, in that chapel. You will, I know, be glad to hear, that as it regards my feelings at this moment, I seem perfectly well; I walk as well as ever, perhaps not quite as far—think as clearly, and remember as distinctly. For all this I would be deeply thankful, desiring only to live more while I live, and to be in daily preparation for the period of eternal youth and imperishable being.

At our last Missionary Meeting I read Mr B——'s letter; it was well attended, and his letter made much impression; give him my Christian love, and tell him that I hope soon to answer it, and send him some little token of our love and sympathy. It rejoiced my heart to see dear James's large contribution. It seemed to do my very soul good to see him thus led to act out Ps. xxxvii. 3; he will find the Lord's promises more solid than mountains of brass, silver, or gold, and that to lay down a little at His feet who laid down His life at the feet of God, is even great substance.

My dear love, I often think of you and your many avocations, and your tremendously large party; this I am quite certain of, that it requires more grace, more watchfulness and prayer now, than when you were at Nowgong. There you had *water* to cool grace, here you have *fire* to heat corruptions; and it is through

both we are brought, ere we are led into a wealthy place. (Ps. lxvi. 12.) Unknown evils are like lions on paper, we must know a full cup and an empty one ere we can enter into Phil. iv. 11, 12. I am a brave man when I am alone, but let me be placed in some society, and then James Evans comes to the end of James Evans, at least in a measure, and for a time. How favoured have you been, dearest C——, in your marriage; who can set forth the blessings of that union which strengthens desires after heavenly things, not weakens—lifts up the soul instead of sinking it to earth? Such has been my mercy, my mercies; may the Father of all mercies, the God of all comfort be with you. J. H. EVANS.

TO MRS R——,—IN BEHALF OF THE FREE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

Hampstead, 1844.

MY DEAR MRS R——,—I am sorry that I did not find you at home. But the steps of a good woman, as well as of a good man, are ordered of the Lord. I want to see His wisdom and His love in the most minute event, and sometimes, through His grace, I do.

I wanted to have some talk with you on the Free Church of Scotland, for which I plead (D.V.) next Sunday morning. I feel deeply interested in the stand which they are enabled to make for the kingdom of Christ upon earth, as uncontrolled and uncontrollable by a State, which, as long as man, unrenewed man is so, must be radically corrupt.

I believe that this, their stand for truth, will, through grace, light up such a flame as will never be wholly extinguished, and be a witness for a despised Saviour, when the bones of those who made it have long since mingled with the clods of the valley.

It is my earnest desire, therefore, to give them all proofs of love and tender sympathy, for the sake of Him whose sympathy is my salvation and theirs. Dear Mrs T—— has given me £5 for them. Can you assist us?

It is not for a common case that I thus strenuously beg. Many of them, dear men of God, while we live in ceiled houses, have their raftered roofs to look at and take shelter under, and many not even that; many have left house, home, parish, friends, bread, for Christ. Ought we not to help them?

I feel assured, dear sister, that you will.

Ever yours, dear sister in Jesus,

Affectionately for His sake,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow Hill, April 29, 1844.

MY OWN BELOVED C——,—What a peaceful nook it forms when one can retire out of circumstances into God Himself, and find one's repose in a patience that never tires, a power that nothing can resist, a wisdom that nothing can escape, a love infinite and inexhaustible! The matter of grief is, that we seem so much to live on the borders of this goodly land, instead of going into the length and breadth of it. Last week the morning's exposition here was occupied with the circumstances of the flood and the preservation of Noah. It was an interesting subject. Gen. vi. 8, 9; vii. 1, 16; viii. 1, 15, 20, 21. The causes of the deluge—the intermarriage of the sons of God with the daughters of men, and the spread of wickedness as a consequence—Noah walking with God and finding grace in His eyes—the Ark a type of Christ—the Lord commands Noah to come to Him into the ark (vii. 1), implying that he would be *with* him; not *go*, but *come*.—Noah enters in (ver. 7), we enter *in* by faith, and by the same faith we abide in Christ.—The security of the true believer (ver. 16), God's tender remembrance of His people (viii. 1; Isaiah xlix. 15),—Noah's waiting obedience. As he built and obeyed, entered in and obeyed, so he went not forth till he was commanded. (Vers. 16, 18.)—The *first* thing which he did was to build an altar; before he chose a place for his home he erected an altar to his God; he offered there not sin-

offerings, but whole burnt-offerings, first in time, first in quality. Christ was all this. This was a sweet savour to the Lord. (Eph. v. 2.) A savour of *rest*. God is satisfied; no more curse. (Vers. 20, 21.) But I shall finish my letter to-morrow. Never did I long to see you more ardently, and never did I subscribe myself with more yearning of heart,

Your loving and affectionate father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS WIFE.

Salisbury, May 28, 1844.

———,—After a prosperous journey, by the will of my Heavenly Father, I arrived here in much safety and in much comfort. In the rail coach I found a nice sort of Quaker man with whom I conversed much; I hope not without some profit, but too much on general subjects. In the express I had much pleasant talk with an old poor woman who, I think, knows Him whom we love, and I gave her one of the tracts I had. At half-past three I reached Salisbury, and found my dear aunt tolerably well for her. Most rejoiced was she to see me, as I her. I was much struck this morning with "offer unto God thanksgiving." Oh, for a thankful, grateful heart! Two things of inestimable value are connected with it,—glorifying God, and a well ordered conversation (Ps. l. 23); "rather giving of thanks" has more in it than I have ever yet fully understood. May my heart more deeply experience what it really is. We are journeying on together for a few years longer, it may be, but what deep desires ought to be in both our hearts that this period of our lives should be deeply sanctified. Each passing year should lead us to more thorough searching of heart, to more intense longing after this greatest of all blessings. I find so much cause for deep abasement that others should think so much more favourably of me than I deserve. Alas! alas! it is not he whom man approveth, but he whom God approveth, that shall be as a tree planted by the rivers of water. Much pray

for me that I may be more spiritually-minded, that this frame of soul may be more habitually enjoyed without any exciting cause in the general habit of my every-day life. Give my kind love to all your circle. . . . .

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Salisbury, May 29, 1844.

My own beloved C——,—Behold me in the drawing-room, sitting at the large round table, with this immense sheet to fill, and with but few ideas, as you, I fear, will find; but setting to with my heart full of love and tender remembrance of the past, and some—it may be faint, perhaps—yet some hope of future meetings and greetings, if He sees it well who does all things well, and nothing but what is well. I arrived here on Monday at half-past three, leaving Vauxhall at nine, Winchester at twelve; thus, in six hours and little more, I saw the old spire and breathed my native air yet once again. You will be glad to hear that my headaches are on the whole better. I went to the Cathedral this morning, stood in my old place under the western window, heard the organ, with its sweet volume of solemn yet mellowed sound, through the vast building, accompanying the voices of the choir in their harmony, and thought, fondly thought, of my precious, precious father, whom nineteen years since, or nearly so, I saw committed, as to his poor body, to his grave in that same Cathedral; and, perhaps, my loved C——, it may be that you may take your stand beneath that same window, listen to that same organ, and fondly think of—but whither is my old romance hurrying me? Oh, how much better and wiser and happier to be looking forward to the home in heaven, and to be living in daily preparation for it!

I find it would hurt me to write more; therefore, with the fondest, tenderest love, I am, dearest,

Your attached father and friend,

J. H. Evans.

TO A LADY IN SCOTLAND.

Hampstead Heath, June 15, 1844.

My dear Madam,—I have really, and in perfect sincerity, no apology to make, although I feel sincere regret for not answering your deeply interesting letter sooner. An overpress of engagement, and much pain in my head, were my reasons for not doing so. Among those reasons, indifference to the point in question is most certainly not to be numbered.

You suppose me capable of answering a question which appears, I confess to my own mind, a very difficult one. May He who is the only wise preserve me from misleading you in any measure and degree. If you knew how utterly incapable I feel myself of advising you aright, you would scarcely, I think, have written to me on the subject.

As far, however, as I see my way, it appears to me, that if it had been a *matter of conscience* with yourself and your sister, whether you were a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian, or whether you were either, or a Dissenter, no consideration whatever, however *highly I hold the obligations of filial submission*, ought to make you swerve in the least from the strict path of duty. Your father, so dear to you, and so justly dear, could have no right in a matter so obviously confined to God, the Supreme Judge of conscience, and of your own selves.

On this principle I acted in my own individual circumstances in respect to my own beloved father; and on the same, my own dear children have acted towards myself, all three of them being Episcopalians. But in your case the position seems to me somewhat different. You are, if I mistake not, Episcopalians still, your only offence arising from Mr B——'s denunciation of dear Mr D——, and thereby abetting the Communion Office of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

I hope that it is not from want of distinct spiritual perception, that I suggest whether it would not be a sufficient protest against that highly objectionable service, if you were to absent yourselves from his church on communion days, and on other days

go with your father as you were wont to do. I give this advice with *very considerable hesitation;* but it is from taking the whole of your situation into consideration, and on the alone supposition *that Mr B—— preaches the gospel,* and that the arrangement is only for a time.

Should Mr B—— not be a faithful gospel minister, I could not, under any circumstances whatever, recommend any one to attend his ministry; Gal. i. 8, 9, is too explicit to admit of any doubt.

Present my very kind Christian regards to your father, and my warmest assurances, that if anything in this advice be at all painful to him, how sincerely I grieve in one sense to be the occasion of it. But I would also beseech him to consider, how utterly impossible it would have been for me to have given any other; and, moreover, how fully convinced I am, that although the warm feelings of his heart lead him, it may be, to a different conclusion for the present, yet that the time will come when he will cordially approve of it.—With respectful regards to himself,

Believe me, my dear Madam, yours very sincerely,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Bakewell, Derbyshire, Aug. 29.

Nearly three weeks have elapsed since I took up my pen to write to you. How swiftly have they passed away! and I hope and believe, not without some degree of the Divine blessing. We tarried with dear Mrs C—— for a fortnight, having the cottagers to our prayers and exposition in the morning, and on the Tuesdays and Fridays having a more general meeting, sometimes attended by more than ninety persons. On the Sunday the men came, and entreated, as they were in the week in the harvest-field, that I would have them in the evening, which I did, and they came in great numbers, and it was attended with no sense of fatigue on my part. Was not this encouraging, and most kind of my Heavenly Father?

When we left Leicestershire, we set off by train to Ambergate,

in Derbyshire, in company with my dear friend and brother, Mr M——, who came to us for a week to Wibtoft, with whom we spent our time delightfully and profitably, for his conversation is, on all subjects, interesting and edifying. With him we arrived at Ambergate, one of the stations on the railroad from Derby to York. We passed through the most lovely scenery till we got to Matlock. The rocks in Derbyshire are much of the same character as those in the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe, the woods finer, the pastures richer, and the river very much more considerable; but altogether there is very great resemblance, only without "the deep blue sea." Matlock is a lovely place, embedded in wood, with the river Derwent winding at the foot of the hills;—if I were poetical, I would say, frowning with deep woods, and abrupt crags that crowned them. Our hotel was thrown back, with a wide lawn in front of all this, with a lovely garden at the side interspersed with walks, in the midst of which was a lime-tree of really stupendous size,—a monster tree; a little beyond this, the church, a very pretty modern structure, on which we looked from our windows; and in the distance, the heights of Abraham, some mole-hill Himalayas, clothed with wood from their base to the summit. After we had our tea, we mounted these ascents, *haud sine labore et anhelitu*, on my part, and just at dusk reached a pleasant seat, on which, without any displeasure, I reclined, but was soon accosted by the janitor of the cave, who expected us to enter it, which, after a little delay, we did. We were admitted by a long winding passage, just high enough for our heads, opened a door, when we had a lighted taper put into our hands, and went on, and on, and on, till we were introduced into a very high and gloomy cavern, lighted up here and there just to make the darkness visible. The grand masses of rock, the different strata of earth, the various minerals, crystals, all sparkling more or less in the beams of light from our tapers, formed an imposing sight. There were many and vast caverns on all sides of us, and the guide told us there were many,—although he had been there, I think he said, twenty years,—which he had never explored. The height above, in some parts, was, if I recollect aright, nearly 400 feet, and there

was a cavern that descended more than 400 yards. All this is stupendous, at least it was so to me.

After a refreshing night, we went on the next day—for Matlock was too close a situation for me to sojourn at—up a most romantic dale, about four miles in extent, to Winster, a distance about six miles in all. We went to church the next day twice; a strong, powerful sermon in the morning, and in the evening one on Confirmation, which I did not over abundantly like. On Monday, quite contrary to all the entreaties of the friends with whom we were, we left Winster, and came and took lodgings in this sweetly pretty place.

Monsell Dale is one of the most striking things in England. I will give you a short description of it. Imagine a most fertile and strikingly beautiful dale, sometimes narrow, sometimes widening to a considerable breadth, through which a rapid, sparkling stream, now wide, now a rushing, foaming torrent, winds; the hills above it, dwarf Himalayas, about 800 or 1000 feet high, perhaps not quite so much, clothed sometimes with the richest underwood or lofty trees, sometimes breasting themselves out with huge masses of limestone rock. After passing along this dale, for a considerable space, we came to a pass, traversable by water; we entered a boat, rowed by the two lieutenants for about a mile, and then the scene was stupendously beautiful,—the rocks, immense masses, coming down to the water's edge, and over them the finest woods. But I shall weary you. After dining, pic-nic fashion, in this delicious retreat, we returned home, I hope grateful for our much enjoyed excursion.

Yesterday we went with Mr M—— to Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's. Of this I will only say, that all I have ever seen of this world's grandeur sinks into utter insignificance before this gorgeous place. The effect, however, it produced on my mind was mournful rather than exhilarating. As we went into the conservatory, which cost £28,000, in which a coach and six could turn, the conviction forced itself on my mind, how narrow a spot this noble possessor would soon occupy;—what a poor thing it all was compared with a good hope through grace.

However, I am glad to have seen it, if it only gave a strong comment on Eccl. i. and ii.

Thus, my beloved child, I have given you a little outline of our tour.

With kindest love to dear James, and many kisses to the twain bairns, ever believe me, dearest C——,

Your fondly attached Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, December 2, 1844.

What will you say, my dear C——, if I tell you that I had *almost* made up my mind not to write to you this month? Such, however, was the case. The truth is, this being Monday I am hardly fit for it; as I am now once more attempting to preach twice every Sunday, I of course feel something of its effects. Nor is this surprising, when next April 15th I am sixty, the period when, Carlisle tells me, I begin to be *an old man*. You will, I am aware, not think that I am quite justified in my thus attempting to preach twice, but you cannot judge unless you knew *all* the circumstances. Be assured that I do it simply on the dictates of conscience, and from a deep conviction of its being the will of God. He for whom I make this little sacrifice can preserve me by it as well as through it. In my general state of health I feel myself astonishingly well,—I think better than I have been for years. It is simply preaching twice on the Sunday that affects me, and this not more than two days after. All the rest of the week I am well. Pray for me, my beloved child, that I may be directed by my Heavenly Father, and take the course which He would have me take. Phil. ii. 30 may be your text.

I have among my greatest delights that of sending you this cheque for £36, 14s. 6d.: £10 from the Female Bible Class for your school, and £26, 14s. 6d. from our Missionary Society, for the same object. Give this to dear James, with my love, and this is not the last time (D.V.) you will hear from us. His

letter I shall read at our next meeting for their encouragement. It will, I am sure, please you to hear that our Working Society are employing themselves for your orphans, making little articles of dress for them. In short, we look upon Assam as a part—somewhat distant, I confess—of John Street, and shall not forget to offer up our poor prayers on its behalf. Tell dear James to write to us from time to time. It will draw forth sympathy and stir up exertion. . . . . .

May every blessing be yours for time and eternity, prays

Your most affectionate father and friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MISS F——.

Taplow Hill, January 22, 1845.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND AND SISTER IN JESUS,—Many a time have I wished and purposed to write to you. But long as the time has been since first I formed these wishes and purposes, I have not *very much* to accuse myself of in my silence. I will not, however, take up much time or space by explanations, which your own mind will readily supply. "The *spirit* was willing, but the *flesh* was weak."

It was great trial of faith and patience respecting your prospect of once more living in London, the growth of the gourd and its withering. These things seem little, but are great; they are the small fibres, the minute threads, that make up the mighty all of providential wisdom. Yet the Lord deals very gently with you, and with surpassing consideration of all that you required. Put that disappointment and your quiescent state of mind—which, I trust, it was your mercy to realize—into one scale, and the benefit of some scores of sermons into the other, and the latter might be found light weight. The Lord meets us where Satan also meets us, and in that spot, if self is ever brought low, it is there. Self-knowledge is a precious jewel, it never is sold at a low price. I have no doubt but, in that dear man of God under whose ministry you now sit, you will sooner or later derive more good than you are aware of, and

in a way you little expect. The belly of the lion was a strange place for honey, yet it was the Lord's bee-hive.

Things go on in John Street much as usual. I am enabled to creep on with my two sermons on Lord's-days. But I thank God that He does enable me thus to do, although with increasing convictions of my own want of power in preaching His Word. The Bible classes continue to be full, and the congregations are large. All this calls for ceaseless gratitude, but my soul longs for more than this. As age comes on, I seem more than ever to yearn after conversions, especially of the young, and next to that, the deepening, ripening sanctity of believers. Next to the welfare of my own soul, it is that which is the nearest and dearest of all objects. My next sermon, if so the Lord will, will be on Eph. vi. 4,—a subject to you, I know, interesting. May the Spirit of wisdom give all wisdom and all blessing. In answer to some of the remarks of your letter, I would, in the faithfulness of Christian affection, remark, that I cannot but think you should make it a subject *of very special prayer*, that while you are where you are, your Heavenly Father would grant you wisdom from above to make the very most of what your present circumstances will permit. As I cannot but hope that your sojourn there is but a transient one,—it may be till your health be re-established,—so am I of opinion that the ministry of Mr —— must have something in it calculated to be of lasting service. May He give you grace to discern *what this is*, and then the meekness of spirit which can alone enable you to receive it.

My head admonishes me to close. I am here for about ten days (D.V.) for a little rest, which I much needed. Since I have been here, death has been knocking all around, in my dear wife's family in the case of her sister-in-law, and in that of a friend, where nine children remind the sorrowing widower how fleeting is the cloud of earthly joy. But they are both in heaven with Jesus, happy, holy, perfect spirits. The Lord bless you, my dear young friend and sister. May He make you like Himself, lead you day by day by His own blessed Spirit into all the depths of His love, fill you with all His fulness, and

prepare you for His service and glory. With Mrs Evans's kind Christian regards, believe me yours, with sincere and affectionate esteem,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A RELATIVE ON THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE.

Taplow, January 1845.

BELOVED BROTHER,—I scarcely need assure you how much all our hearts are drawn out towards you at the present moment of deep and unutterable trouble, for such we are quite assured that it is, and none more than myself, having passed through the same waters of bitterness and suffering. And yet it is hard for our poor and contracted natures fully to enter into the all of another's woes, though in our measure we do, and ought to do, from the love we bear towards you and yours.

That you are so gently dealt with and so graciously supported does indeed gladden my own heart and the hearts of us all to perceive. God is faithful, my brother, and so does He ever prove Himself. Through all our years has He shewn it with more than a mother's tenderness and more than a father's pity. These are His occasions, His opportunities, the doors through which He enters afresh into the secret recesses of our hearts, and reveals Himself anew to us. In the common every-day occurrences of our lives He is good, yea, goodness; but it is, as you and I well know, amid the sorrows of life that His kindness, gentleness, tenderness, and love seem *unspeakable*. We seem in a sense not to have known God before, and yet He is but as He was, He is what He ever will be,—infinite, eternal, immutable Love. When I write "*well know*," I may well withdraw my words. Alas! my dear brother, how little, how faint, how indistinct is all our knowledge of Him!

The dear departed one, she now knows Him; knows Him as He is, loves Him as she ought. That faithful covenant-God, that tender Father, that exalted and precious Saviour who

formed the chief joy of her soul when upon earth, is her only joy now; not that she loves those she has left behind less than she did, but she loves them in Him, for His sake, and to His glory. It is pleasant, beloved brother, to think of her now, a sufferer now no more; no more sick and fainting body to press down and weary her enfranchised spirit; no more depressions, no more sinkings, no more sin. It is pleasant to enter into, however feeble our power, her vast, pure, intelligent, and holy joy, filled with all the fulness of God, satiated with the Divine goodness, *wanting nothing*. And it is but a very little while, and we—oh wondrous grace!—hope to be there with her, to be with Him, rather let me say, whose presence is heaven's brightest joy, its purest element. One thing I am led much to desire for you. When the Lord laid his hand upon me, now nearly fourteen years ago, I had fondly hoped that so deep a trial would issue in a deeper spirituality of mind. In the uprightness of one, my dear brother, who would fain fix his eye upon God's eye, I confess that, as far as I am capable of judging of myself and my real state, this has been but little the case. Your dear wife's estimate of me was far, far too high. When I see the deeper spirituality of some of God's children, their simplicity and lowliness, their unearthliness and self-denial, the strong and mighty bent of their minds heavenwards and Godwards, I seem abashed at the sight. I write in the confidence of love and in sincerity of soul before God. Therefore is it, beloved brother, my prayer, my earnest prayer for you, that you may have the *full* possession, *all* the sanctified use of this tremendous affliction, that you may not only see the unutterable love of God as your most wise and gracious Father in it, which, thanks be to His blessed name you do, but that your heart, your poor wounded heart, may be *filled* with that love, and with all its *elevating*, *humbling*, *weaning*, *purifying* effects in your spirit. May that good and most gracious God ever bless you, and enable you *so* to pray for me. Give my affectionate love to dear M——. How kindly, how tenderly, with what infinite wisdom were all her movements directed! My kind love to the

two dear girls and boys. Oh, that the thousands of prayers for them may all be realized, and you live to see it.

Ever believe me, dear and beloved brother,

Yours faithfully and most affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

June 2, 1845.

YOU have long ere this, I humbly trust, reached your Assam home in peace, and have had opportunity, quiet and prayerful opportunity, for reviewing all the scenes of the last six months. You have had a peep into the world again; that world which you have, through grace, left and turned your back upon for ever. You have had some insight, too, into the religious world. This I am not sorry for, because you have only seen this when you were in England, and under your father's roof, and might have imagined that some of the descriptions which you then received might have received some of their colouring from his hand. Now you have been enabled to judge for yourself, and what is the result? You found one unworldly man, one heavenly-minded, weaned spirit, with whom your soul held sweet and precious intercourse, and but one. So will it be, with but small exception, if ever you should live to revisit your own native shores, whether I may live to see that happy day or not.

These are not days, my beloved C——, for deep spirituality. There are many bright spots to cheer and draw out our gratitude to God. But there is one very dark one, and it grows increasingly large, or I am much mistaken; and that is worldly conformity; and this casts a sombre shade over all. We rejoice to see the labours of God's saints for the good of others—the teaching the young, the instructing the old, the visiting the abodes of the abandoned, the poor, the sick, the aged, the dying, the sending out the Gospel to every corner of the land, yea, of the whole earth. But worldliness, worldly conformity, the love of wealth, show in furniture and in dress, aping the

world in that wherein it ought ever to be avoided—its amusements, its pleasures, its pursuits—is a cankerworm, which, if God's mercy and grace interpose not, will, nay must, devour the very vitals of all profession.

Now that you are safe again in your little nook, you will have time to turn over all this; and I trust that, through God's grace, you and your dear husband and your poor unworthy father, and all who love the Lord, may be taught by such exhibitions as you found at Calcutta, and which, alas! are more or less to be seen everywhere, but especially in large towns, the unearthly, unworldly nature of Christ's kingdom, how truly it is not of this world, but is directly opposed to it, and cannot accord with it. It is Satan's great masterpiece of craft not to *destroy* all profession, but to *neutralize* it by mingling it with the world; so to dilute the wine of the kingdom with water, as to render it worthless. The longer I live, the older I am, the more I perceive the truth of this principle; would that I may be more thoroughly imbued with a deep sense of its importance! It is easy to acknowledge that the kingdom of our Lord is essentially holy, spiritual, heavenly, but it is not so easy to act it out. If we do act it out, it will cost us something; the grandeur of this world will look cool on us and be offended; but it is better to suffer with Christ than have the smiles of a world He will soon destroy.

If you and I are truly bent upon being more spiritual, we can afford to walk pretty much alone.

Everything in this country is looking serious. Popery is making rapid strides. The Maynooth Bill is all but passed. Sir James Graham tells us the Roman Church is not idolatrous. If so, the Homilies of the Church of England must be false, the Thirty-first Article must be abrogated, and the Queen's coronation oath dispensed with. And, if this be the case, we may yet have a *Stuart* upon the throne, and all the blessedness of the Reformation lost. The clergy are divided, and the Bishops far from unanimous. Nothing, my dear child, can more significantly shew us how unfit are human legislators for the Church of Christ.

With regard to myself, I am at last brought to the decision of preaching only *once* on the Lord's-day. I have tried two sermons since October, but am now constrained to hear my Father's voice—"Do it not." It tries me, I confess it, not a little. But it is the Lord. If the taking down this first pin in my tabernacle do but, as a means, bring me closer to Himself, will I not bless Him? The congregations are increasingly large, and the God whose name is Love still owns the poor attempt to serve Him. Souls are converted, and the printed sermons in the "Penny Pulpit" are much blessed by Him.

As this is Monday, I cannot write much more, my head somewhat aching. But, unless I am really prevented, I shall hope to write every fortnight, although it may be but a short letter.

Ever, ever your most affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, June 30, 1845.

MY OWN DEAREST C——,—If you had seen how great was the disappointment, and how many an anxious look at the hour of the post shewed it, when no letter from C—— was for many days my trial, you would have seen, alas! what a poor weak creature your poor father is. Yet I feel that I was even wrong to expect a letter from you by the last mail, for there was really no probability that you could reach home in time for it. Such, however, was the fact, and I tell it you that you may not think of me more highly than you ought to think.

How one's very heart-strings seem tied and bound up in the creature; and yet, if it came to the point, one is conscious that we would rather give up all, a thousand and a thousand times, than Him, without whom all would be *as nothing*. By what a gentle process our wise and gracious Father detaches us from it, and yet how, to the very last, the weaning process is needed! How graciously He bears with our proneness to idol-worship,

and, by little and little, detaches us from it, by shewing that He who gave His Son, and He who gave Himself, and He who makes them both known and loved and endeared to the heart, is the best! It is before the Ark alone that any Dagon can fall, and before it he cannot but fall.

We have not quite settled whither our steps are to be directed, or, rather, it is not seen whither our Heavenly Father is directing them. The S——s, with dear R—— C—— and Miss P——, have, in all kindness and love, pressed us to go to Newton, but I have thought it best to decline it; for, in the first place, the thing would be too exciting for me, and the air of Devonshire is too relaxing. It is, however, a great disappointment, and I feel it such. But it is so obvious a duty, recruiting for future service, that I am at no uncertainty.

Did you ever consider how very seldom deep permanent good is conveyed to the soul except in periods of trial? That this is the case, I am deeply convinced. The ordinary means of grace are of unutterable value in the way of preparation for service; but it is the extraordinary means, namely, real trial of service, which, as they try the armour, so do they really prove the exercise whereby our hands become agile in its use.

I must draw to a conclusion. Farewell. May you be like your sainted mother,—unworldly, meek, lowly, strong in purpose, fervent in zeal, fearless of consequences, tender, affectionate, persevering! What am I writing? May you be like Him whom she desired to resemble!

Ever, ever yours, fondly and faithfully,

J. H. EVANS.

TO G. M——, ESQ.

Hampstead, June 25, 1845.

MY BELOVED BROTHER,—Many thanks for your welcome letter. It is pleasant to hear from those whom we love, and doubly so when we are quite assured that they love Him whom we love the best. May His presence be sensibly enjoyed by you who is ever near,

ever the same; wherever you are or may be, may "the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush" continually cheer your spirit, animate your faith, and kindle your love! As dear L—— once said in his prayer, "travel where he may, he cannot travel out of the hollow of Thine hand, O Lord." Sweet and soul-cheering thought! May it, through grace, oft cheer us both in our journey onwards and homewards!

By the bye, I begin to think that your view of that text, Ex. iii. 2, is the correct one, and that I was wrong in supposing that the burning bush unconsumed was typical of the Church safe in all her persecutions. No! There seems something higher, more sublime than this, or verses 4 and 5 would seem to lose their force. The incarnation of the future Messiah does appear to be the better interpretation, and then those verses have much force and beauty in them. Oh, how little, dear brother, do I know of Scripture! I really am ashamed of myself on this point; and when I heard, on Lord's-day evening, that Romaine once said, "This is the nineteenth time that I have read the Bible," I really felt self-rebuked before God. May I be taught more deeply to value it as God's own book, read it more laboriously, prayerfully, above all, more in the Spirit, and in the spirit of a child. Dear —— preached usefully on John v. 39, in the evening of the Lord's-day, yet I confess I have very many misgivings on his account. I have high esteem and Christian regard for him, but I begin to see that the more spiritual do not value him in his ministry as I humbly conceive that he deserves, although I honestly confess a few words from yourself have been more blessed to me than any of his sermons. Would that this were the means of encouraging you, and of opening your mouth, and drawing out your heart to the work of edifying the Church of God. Dear and beloved brother, let me remind you, that the past experience of your life is for the instruction, the consolation, the warning of the saints of God, and not in these very things for yourself only. I think that I can as clearly discern in my own case, mean and inconsiderable as I am, that the circumstances of my past life are part of the John Street Church property, as I can see anything that is not revealed. And so I am

disposed to think that all that you have gone through for discipline, and humiliation, and self-emptying, and the revelation of Christ in you, is to be for our good, for the confirmation of my feeble knees, the lifting up of my hands, so oft hanging down, and the comforting the feeble-minded, such as I am. Only, my brother, be strong and of good courage, and the Lord shall certainly strengthen thine heart.

I do not wonder at your misgivings as to Mr P——'s house, although not on the same grounds as yourself. And yet, so far as one like myself can express an opinion on such a subject, I cannot but hope, in deep submission to the will of my Heavenly Father, that you may be directed hither. I need scarcely write this, for you must have known as much before. My strong personal regard leaves me at no uncertainty here, for I must be allowed to say the close contact into which we have by an unseen hand been brought, I consider to have been one of the great mercies of my life, so unlooked for, so undesired. Faults, my beloved brother, we shall find in each other, more than we expect; but I trust the grace of which we are the unworthy subjects will be also seen struggling through the crowd, and even should this not be at all times so discernible, we shall more be amazed at the wondrous love that can love such to the end. Nor am I without the cheerful hope, that as hitherto we have not been without the blessing, we may, through much prayer, enjoy it more abundantly.

Mrs Evans unites with me in the very kindest regards to all yours. You may give rather more than this from me to C—— H——, and tell her that I recommend Isa. xl. 29–31 to her prayerful consideration.—Ever believe me, beloved brother,

Yours, most affectionately,

J. H. Evans.

TO MRS W——, ON THE LOSS OF HER SON.

August 7, 1845.

My dear and beloved Sister in the Brother born for

ADVERSITY, PRECIOUS TO ME FOR HIS SAKE AND FOR THE LOVE THAT I BEAR TOWARDS YOU IN HIM,—Had I known that you were in town, I might have been tempted to call, although you might very possibly have declined seeing me. Nor should I have felt surprised, much less hurt at this, had it been so, for well do I know that there are periods when one finds nothing but the presence of the Master Himself will do us any real good, and every one but His own self seems an intrusion. Yet, precious sister and friend, I bear you much on my heart, and often at a throne of grace I implore the God of all grace especially to bless, support, comfort, and sanctify you; to grant that your possession of, and delight in, God Himself as your present and eternal portion, may be more sensibly enjoyed; that your own Father's voice in this deeply trying visitation may be so distinctly heard as that there may be no mistake as to its being any other voice than His, and its gentle whisper of love be never unheard. This *may* be, beloved sister, the last *awful* accent of his Fatherly voice which you may ever hear in a vale of tears. No domestic pang, no loss of one near and dear, may again rend your poor heart. Oh, may it be your realised mercy to glorify Him in the fires, and in the perfect work of patience to possess your soul!

Your son Henry is now with the Son of God. He sees Him, he is with Him, he is like Him, gloriously like Him, though soon to be more glorious still, when that body, lately wasted by disease, and by death corrupted, shall become glorious, incorruptible, immortal.

> Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
> I shall be near and like my God.

When you have time and spirits, send me a line, *i. e.*, if you at all feel inclined to do so. Otherwise, do not. It would be a satisfaction to hear even a few particulars about one so dear to the Lord and to you.

Tell me, too, how you are, and how the Lord supports your soul, what are the things and the views of truth whereby He most sustains you. Such unfoldings of God in His treatment of His suffering children are deeply instructive and interesting.

They more and more tell me what He is, how great, how condescending, how gentle, how tender, how holy.

Ah, my beloved sister, we, through wondrous and most sovereign grace, shall soon be with Him too. It will not be long, and by the power of His grace, the worth of His blood, and the guidance of His hand, we too shall behold Him, and never, never sin.

E—— sends you her kindest love and tenderest sympathy, and with a loving heart, though somewhat aching head, I remain,

Your ever affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

MY DEAR YOUNG SISTER IN THE FAITH OF CHRIST, AND IN THE SORROWS OF A VALE OF TEARS, MY OWN CHILD IN THE LORD,—It has pleased the Father of your mercies to be the Father of your trials; and He who gave you your husband as a loan for a little while, has now resumed the gift, and taken it to Himself for ever. When you started in the heavenly course, you expected to meet with trials of faith, and patience, and hope, and love, although when you last saw me you little expected that this would be one of them. He who loves you better than husband or child can love, yea better than you love yourself, loved you too well to tell you beforehand what He was about to do with you, and too well not to do it. Ah, you are but little aware what strong and stubborn weeds are to be stunted by this deep ploughing, by this sharp and bitter frost, and what precious gleams of sunshine may succeed them, and raise the heads of many an otherwise drooping flower. Jesus is never so precious as in adversity. No wonder, He was born for it. We may well expect in sanctified troubles some of our choicest mercies, for in them we have most of Jesus. He never smiles so sweetly as in the hour of our sorest trouble. He seems doubly Jesus then. This will be a time, dear young sister, in which the Holy Spirit

may deeply renew his work, more powerfully convince you of sin than you hitherto have ever found Him convincing you, in any past period of your life. But His work is always in love. He is the Spirit of Jesus. As He convinces, Satan will try hard to *distress*, to *confuse*, to *terrify*. This *may* be the case, for our bitter enemy waits for his opportunities with ceaseless patience, in order to take advantage of us, and times of sore affliction are among his *most favourable* opportunities. When the gold melts the scum rises, and some of this scum is to be found in some of our tenderest feelings. Keep your eye on the Refiner. His eye is always upon you. When Satan brings his charges, may you have faith and wisdom to take them all to Jesus! If this be done, you are sure to be a gainer. Above all, dear young sister, this is the time for glorifying God, by *patience*, and *filial submission*, and *hopeful expectation* of the fulfilment of God's most gracious promises. Glorify God in the fires. May He who is able, pour in all the balm into your wounded heart, strengthen your feeble knees, lift up your hands, give you all the blessed consolations of His love, make you an immense gainer by your loss, and sanctify you, body, soul, and spirit!

Prays your sincere Friend and Father in Christ,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Wibtoft, August 11, 1845.

As my two last letters were very short and hurried ones, I begin thus early that I may make up for past deficiencies, my own beloved C——. We arrived here last Wednesday, on a visit to dear Mrs C——, with whom we spent a fortnight last year, and shall (D. V.) probably do the same this. The perfect and entire quiet just suits me, and I am already the better for my retirement from the loud and busy throng. Oh, how do I enjoy the having half-a-dozen hours to myself! My early walk from a quarter past five to a quarter past six; my quiet morning reading; then reading Howe "On delighting in God," and

praying with your mother; then giving one or two hours to the Scriptures; then writing some sketch of a sermon, to help me in my London career, when the spirit is willing but the flesh is jaded; then dining, a short and frugal meal; then reading "Conder's India," where the air is breathed by my beloved child; then taking a drive till tea; then taking up my pen and writing to one so dear as you are, or even to one much less so, —yes, this is my life, with only the addition of having in a few poor cottagers to our morning prayers, and calling on the saints that are scattered here and there in this neighbourhood. "What a monotony!" says the world. "What right have you to say so," I reply, "who have not one thing to give me to afford me any real joy?"

Last night I had the neighbours and villagers in, and preached to them, not in "the long drawn aisle," and 'neath the "fretted vault," but in the low-ceiled kitchen, dining-room, passage, and stairs; but about 150 were present, and, what was infinitely better, I trust and believe the Lord was present. Oh, how little, how small, how poor and contemptible do all other things appear, when our mind is in a right state, compared with the enjoyment of His presence, which is better than life! It were well for us if we always duly felt this, if, when in the public means, the private retirement, the daily occupation, the domestic interchange of thought, and desire, and enjoyment, the bitter and the sweet of life, His presence were ever sought, ever desired, longed after, prayed for; if, when we had it not, nothing would satisfy us without it; if, when we had it, a sense of His love in bestowing it made us doubly anxious that we do not lose it,—which, alas! we may easily do,—in even laudable pursuit and manifest duty.

Your affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MISS F——.

Wibtoft, August 12, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER IN THE LORD,—May grace,

mercy, and peace be with you, and be multiplied very abundantly from God the Father, by the Spirit of adoption, in Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father! I have long desired to write to you, thanking you for your letter and kind remembrance of me in the Lord, but press of occupation and press upon the nerves both hindered; and now that my heavenly Father has graciously removed both these obstacles, I take an early opportunity, for so it really is, of a short reply and grateful acknowledgment. I have in this quiet nook all blessings richly to enjoy, perfect quiet, spiritual friends, much time for thought, reflection, humiliation, and encouragement; a door of usefulness wide open,—yet not too wide for my strength of mind and body; ears ready to hear me, and hearts disposed to welcome me; some tokens of Divine favour and blessing on the Word spoken last year when I was in this place, and some encouragements at the present moment. Is not this a call for thankfulness? And with all this, a good hope through grace of being for ever with the Lord. Surely, if I do not bless His holy name, the very stones will. Your letter, and the report which I have had from time to time from the D——s, gives rather a different picture, dear sister, of your position. This I cannot but feel concerned at, sympathising in some real degree, though most imperfectly, I am aware, with you. Yet do not forget that the same tender Father, the same matchless wisdom, the same unwearied love, which sent me hither, sent you to ——, and are continually residing with us both. That the interpretation of that, which we oft think to be but a dream, is "certain" and "sure," viz., that "all things work together," &c.; that many of our choicest lessons are taught us with the letters reversed; that we learn comparatively but little in smooth ways, and paths pleasant to the flesh, nay to the spirit; that a deep sense of desolation, usually in a child of God, issues in deeper searchings of heart, humiliation before God, appreciations of Christ, and closer intimacy with Him, whose glory to reveal was the Saviour's great glory, and whom to know and love and delight in, will be heaven's greatest glory. Dear sister, we do but as yet stand on the threshold of sanctification. How much more we, through grace,

may yet attain to of holy conformity to the mind of God, and the example of Christ, we little know. But, through the riches of sovereign grace, we have attained to a blessed standing in Christ, a perfect righteousness and complete acceptance in Him. Here is our encouragement. May it be our mercy to press towards this mark, even to know Christ yet more, and more, and more, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death, even that great object for which he died! May this be our "one thing," and then whether at —— or John Street will be a little matter. Let me tell you a secret. I found much of the Lord's presence here last year. I set my heart, therefore, upon coming here again. We came last Wednesday. Thursday, no blessing, Friday, the same, Saturday, the same. On Sunday, I was led to "pour out my complaint before Him, and shew before Him my trouble," forced to feel that it was not *place*, it was not *circumstances*, it was HIMSELF I wanted. This led to more actual *seeking*, to some more actual *service*, and Isaiah xl. 29 was found to be God's word. Farewell, dear sister. If He whose will is wisdom, faithfulness, and love, send you back to us, I shall most heartily rejoice, but do not come till He bids you. My fervent desires are for your truest, highest happiness, but this is in God Himself, and He is with you, and your God. May he make your path plain before your feet!

Prays your affectionate Pastor and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

Mrs Evans sends her Christian regards.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Ambleside, Westmoreland, Sept. 1, 1845.

Here we are, my own beloved C——, and here your little note followed us, where we have been with our friends the P——s since Saturday week. We are in the midst of lakes and mountains, at least what we call so. Our mountains are what you call

mole-hills, our lakes what the Americans would call small duck-pools; nevertheless, *parvis componere magna solebam*, and hills are mountains to us when they are more than 3000 feet high, and lakes seem worthy of the name which are about twelve miles in length and more than one in breadth.

It is, in truth, a lovely spot, and so I am sure you would think it to be, although little Jamie would ask, "Mamma, are there any rivers in England?" We think of leaving on Thursday evening, going on about twenty miles, and then (D. V.) travelling the rest of the way, 256 miles, on the Friday. My sojourn here has been, I hope, beneficial to me, although the want of free circulation of air—for the mountains immediately above our lodgings prevent that—rather, I fear, relaxes me in some measure. But the quiet and retirement are both beneficial to me, and I hope that I can say that I have found my sojourn here a blessing on higher grounds, and in a far more important sense, and although I have been a good deal depressed about ———, yet it has been, on the whole, a peculiarly happy time with me, so graciously does our Heavenly Father set one thing over against another. The train of thought into which my mind has been led has been from a consideration of "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." (Ps. xxxvii. 4.) This has been the means of shewing me, dearest C——, how low a life may yet consist with what looks very spiritual, is very active, receives much commendation, and may be not altogether unuseful; that nothing less, however, than this, constitutes healthy, happy, influential religion. It has, through the Divine teaching of the Holy Spirit, shewn me, that to enjoy God is the great end of man, that it is one thing to know something of the peace-speaking power of the Gospel, to know something of its liberty, and something of the Spirit of adoption, and still more to realize God as the Source of true delight, and to delight one's self in Him, in the right use of the creature, in things of ordinary transaction, in the business of life, in things little, in things great, pleasant, or painful, in His Word, in His ordinances, at His throne. To see Him in His Son, in the goodness of His

nature, the vastness of His promises, the tenderness of His love. If I love to be with some dear friend,—not only to be near him, but to be with him, to confide in him, to converse with him, to delight in him, to be like him in all that is imitable, how much more ———

September 2.

We yesterday went a mountainous trip, four miles up-hill, six down, through a mountain pass, craggy, wild, and barren, and reached a lovely lake, Ulleswater,—a lake ten miles long, somewhat less than one wide; one bank a steep, precipitous mountain, Place Fell, the other sweetly wooded to the water's edge, broken with promontories, rich valleys retiring into distant mountains, over which the sun gleamed, brightening these valleys with its rays, in which villas and cottages just shewed themselves; the water of the lake clear as crystal, sometimes at the shores shallow, but generally extremely deep, in some places sixty fathoms. We rowed about six miles on it to a shooting-box of the Duke of Norfolk, where was a beautiful waterfall. After landing, we went up to the house, went into a cool hall, with its antlers, tusks, fowling-pieces, oaken table, and after resting ourselves (for the hill was very steep) we descended to the fall, which was very beautiful, and then rowed to the inn, and returned to our lodgings about nine.

I must conclude, with all love to all, from your affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS SON.

Brightwell, Sept. 11, 1845.

My very dear J——,—This is your birthday; and my heart ascends in every prayer to God on your behalf, that all the blessings of the covenant of grace and mercy and love may be richly and abundantly enjoyed by you,—that in the deepening spirituality of your mind, your increasingly close walk with

God, and happiness in Him, you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We arrived here on Wednesday morning, having reached London on the Friday night previously, after a fortnight's sojourn at the Lakes. You will naturally ask how we enjoyed ourselves, and whether I have derived benefit from the excursion; and to this I must candidly reply, that much as we did enjoy ourselves,—and it would be ungrateful indeed were I not to acknowledge it,—yet that, had the party been larger, though the addition had been made by my two dear sons, the object for which I went would have been defeated. As it was, I found our friends themselves, without whom I should never have thought it prudent to have gone, frequently too much for me. Such is the state of my head, so indispensable is much quiet to me, that again and again I found myself losing ground by the demand made upon me in the way of excursions. It was on this account, my beloved J——, that I felt myself compelled to give up the idea of having you both with me, and in the prudence of that determination I have been confirmed by all that I felt during my sojourn in that beautiful region. The situation did not quite agree with me. Mountains surrounding the place, the free circulation of the air is thereby impeded, and I suffered in consequence. But the change of air and scene, I have on the whole, found beneficial; and as a proof of it, I preached twice on Sunday, and on Tuesday evening as usual.

As to the scenery, it is superlatively beautiful, far more so than Scotland, even though on a smaller scale. The lakes are exquisite, and the mountains strikingly grand. Skiddaw is not equal in height to Snowdon, but it is a more beautiful mountain, and Scawfell is nearly, if not quite, as towering as Ben Lomond. No lake can be compared in its dimensions and general effect with Loch Lomond, but Ulleswater, Derwentwater, and Windermere, leave one little to desire in the way of lakes. The walks about Ambleside are delightful—strikingly so. As we were in our boat on Derwentwater, surrounded by mountains, with Skiddaw just before us, we heard the sound of a bugle. It was a key-bugle, and was played on most inimitably. The air that

he—a Mr Bowes—played was most exquisite, and the echo complete and perfect. He was in a boat about a half-mile distant, but, oh! never can I forget that sweet music. The half note, the quarter note, of which the bugle is alone capable, with the slightest appoggiatura, were all echoed, re-echoed, in the softest but most distinct reverberations. The calm surface of the water, the quiet, peaceful mountains, the wooded islands, all helped to produce the effect. But I forget that I was sixty last April.

I must conclude. With all my over fondness for music, I hope that I found something far beyond it all in the quiet seclusion of my retirement. There, dearest J——, I often thought of you, and always prayed for you both. With tender love to F——, to whom I hope soon to write, ever believe me,

Your ever attached Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MRS D——.

Taplow, September 24, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER IN CHRIST,—Although I did not actually promise that I would write, yet I am unwilling to return to John Street, which I shall hope to do next Lord's-day week, without assuring you that you have not been forgotten by me during my absence. It is our mercy when we are remembered in love by God's saints, but much more when we are assured that we are remembered by Him who did not forget us in our low estate, who bears us on His heart, moment by moment, before Him who is His Father and our Father, His God and our God, and who will never forget us,—no, not through *eternity*.

I send my letter to the dear Church this day. May the Lord's own blessing go with it, and by His own grace and Spirit bless it, with all its imperfections, to that people so dear to me, and fill them with His love!

This my beloved sister, is to my soul at this present time

the subject of all subjects, that God, even our own God and Father in Christ, is deserving all our love, and that as one accepted in Him the Beloved, it is my unspeakable privilege to delight in Him, worthless though I am, who has given such costly proof that He delights in me. And what have been our whole lives but one exhibition of unbroken love? Oh, when once we really, fairly, and thoroughly look back on the past of our lives, see the interpositions, the deliverances, the especial declarations of love and mercy and mere grace, contrasted with our ill-deservings, yea, our hell-deservings, it would seem monstrous ingratitude were we not to acknowledge the debt of love that we owe,—a debt ever increasing, and ever to increase through all eternity.

Few things do I, through grace, find more profitable than thus to retrace my mercies. It were well if it were done by me more frequently and more thoroughly. If we have prayer-meetings, I think that we should also have our praise-meetings. This at least we may say, our prayers should never be without praise, which is indeed "comely to the upright."

I sincerely hope, dear sister, that, if He thinks it right, your poor head is better than when I last saw you. It is, however, my mercy and your mercy—thanks be to the God of all grace for it—that "things *present*" are ours as much as "*things to come*," although they may not be always things pleasant. Your head may often be out of order, as mine is not quite well at this moment, through my letter to the Church this morning; but we have One Head who is never out of order, and that Head is in heaven, where we hope, through wondrous grace, soon to be, and there to be with Him for ever.

But my head here tells me to conclude.

With affectionate Christian regards to your dear daughter, and all kind remembrances to your sons, ever believe me,

Yours, most truly and sincerely in Him who is the best,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Oct. 15, 1845.

This is your birthday, my own dear and beloved C——, and I cannot refrain from taking up my pen to begin my letter, although this is my home lecture evening, and I shall not be able to do much in the letter way, being tolerably tired from my morning visiting. I have not failed to ring a few changes in C key on my ten bells, although the notes seemed to give rather a mournful sound, as they told of her far away, never more to be seen *it may be*, till—but I am ashamed to go on in such a strain, rather let me say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name;" when I think of this beloved one, called of God, redeemed of God and to God, and loved by God, and loving God, and ordained to be with Him for ever, rather let my poor unthankful spirit say, Lord, in this as in everything else, let me lie as a child in Thy bosom, and know no will but Thine. You may wonder why I so little allude in my letters to your proposed period of departure from India, June 1848. I hope that it does not appear as if the very thought of your not returning then would not be most trying—the tears that are ready to start from my eyes tell another tale; but I feel that life is so uncertain, God is so wise, so good, so faithful, that I quite turn from all schemes, plans, anticipations. True, I seem, as old age creeps silently, but rapidly on, in a sense *childless*. True, the fond visions that once seemed to rise up before me of being surrounded by my three children in the last evening of my days, have in a sense been long subsiding; but I would rather that it should be so, than that I should be dictating, however silently, to One who has led me on, step by *step, for more* than forty, fifty, yea, sixty, years, and that, too, in infinite forbearance, gentleness, and love.

16*th*.—I snatch up my pen once more, just before I go to town. We had a nice lecture last evening, the attendance large, the subject, I hope, not quite without interest, Rom. viii. 35, first clause; E. W——at *your* place at the organ; the rooms,

hall, storeroom, and stairs well filled. Is it not a mercy that my gracious Father should so favour one so utterly unworthy? It seems to me quite wonderful, and with my mouth in the lowest dust would I ever acknowledge it.

But I must conclude. May every blessing rest upon you! My kind love to dear James. Many kisses to the twain bairns, and ever, ever believe me,

Your fond Father and Friend, and brother in the Gospel,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Dec. 1, 1845.

In the drawing-room, just opposite your dear picture, with your piano on one side, and your two screens at my left, looking on that window, and out of it, where I saw the last waving of the pocket-handkerchief, where I caught the last glimpse of you, here I sit with pen in hand to write to you, my heart full of tender fatherly love, and I would hope, in some degree touched with a sense of that debt which I owe to the wondrous grace and mercy and matchless love of Him who has led us both on from that hour to this. Oh, my dearest C——, how sweet is the recollection of past mercies, how it sweetens life, neutralizes all its bitters, and throws its bright beams on what yet remains of the future in our brief existence here! I believe it is one of our wisest, holiest, happiest employments, to be thus engaged. And now that I am on this subject, I will give you a receipt of Bishop Bull's, when his spirits were depressed and sad. It was this, "I look *around* me, and think how many are in the same trouble as myself, perhaps much greater, and they have no God to go to. I look *behind* me, and think of all the way which I have been led, and the mercy upon mercy which I have experienced. I look *beneath* me, and think of the hell which I deserve, but which has no place for me. I look *before* and *above* me, and think of my heaven at the door, Jesus my forerunner there, my God there, where, through wondrous grace, I

shall soon be myself. And by the time that I have looked at this last all my trouble is gone."

It is a good receipt, dearest C——. Often may you be led to it. And I would desire to take it in the bare anticipation of what would sadden and depress. It is equally efficacious as a preventive as it is a restorative.

But we are in good hands. As thy day thy strength shall be, the morrow will take thought for the things of itself.

I have but little *penchant* for carrying on the question with regard to lay-agency, except as it is a Tractarian question. I fully agree with you as to ministers being regularly set apart for the *office* they sustain. But it becomes us to beware how we put any stumbling-block in the way of *preaching the Gospel*, lest a certain red-blue-black coat in Kutcherry should close his book, and lest we suppose (will you forgive me?) that all the persecuted at Jerusalem (Acts viii. 4), and so much blessed of God (xi. 19–21), were all ordained ministers. You see your old father still loves a sly joke when there is no harm in it.

Ever believe me your loving Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A. S——, ESQ., AT THE CAPE.

Taplow, Dec. 23, 1845.

One would think, my dear friend and brother, that my letters ought to be of great value, since they are so rare, and that I shew but little proof of my love since I write so seldom. But I need not waste time in proving to you how little I think either of these things to be the case, nor in making excuses for what I am ready to allow admits of no excuse. This is in general a real statement of my case, when I am in my work, I am wholly occupied in it. When I cease, I am wholly taken up with acquiring fresh strength, bodily, mental, spiritual, for that which is soon to be before me. If this be no excuse, it is at least the truth. There is, however, *another* truth, which is, that I bear you and yours much upon my heart and Christian affection,

that I shall rejoice to see you both once more, and that for His sake who is the best.

I doubt not but that your dear sister has informed you that I now am enabled to preach twice every Lord's-day, and that without any real inconvenience. This is to me a great mercy. Oh, that it may, by the power of the Holy Spirit, be such to others! What we want, dear brother, is the putting forth of that Divine energy in the ministration of the truth as to warrant the expression in my own experience and in that of others, "the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." I do not mean by this to insinuate that there is *nothing* of this. God forbid! and forbid, too, that I should be backward to acknowledge it! But there is cause for deep humiliation in the midst of the highest demand for thankfulness. We are as a Church in much peace and quiet. We have no intestine jars. There is much harmony, and some blessed measure of brotherly love. And I hope and believe, too, that there is more of holy activity of service, more work of faith and labour of love, more of His spirit who had tears to shed for Jerusalem, and who went about doing good. Yet, when we consider what a Church of Christ ought to be in the world, our wondrous mercies and vast responsibilities, we must still lay our mouths in the dust because of our shame, while we praise the wondrous grace of Him who casts all our sins behind His back, and remembers them against us no more for ever. There is a work going on amongst the young of the congregation and Church. For this, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." When you and your dear wife read this, I trust that your minds may be drawn to consider my earnest, my fervent entreaty, that you both, and dear Mrs H——, and any others who know anything of me, and care for the Master whom I desire to serve, would meet together for especial prayer on my account and that of the people among whom I minister, that we may *walk* in the Spirit, *live* in the Spirit, and *be filled* with the Spirit; that we may, like Caleb and Joshua, follow the Lord fully.

Ah, dear and beloved brother, we have, through grace, great and wondrous grace, known the Lord for many years, and what

have we not found in Him? He is everything to us, everything for us, everything in us. O that, as we live in Him, we may live for Him, never feel ourselves happy but as we are with Him, leaning on Him, and drawing all our springs from Him. All this is easy to write about, but how hard to carry it out in the humbling detail of every day's existence in the common things of life.

How are your dear children? Have any of them been led to make the safe and happy decision? Give my love to them, and ask them that question as from me. When they return with you, should this be permitted them, they will find many young persons, not much older than they are, who have given their hearts to Christ since they left us. If I live to see you once more, I shall be grieved to be told that they have not sought Him whom no one ever seeks in vain.

O that the same blessing might rest upon *mine* and *yours* as rests upon dear Mrs H—— and hers. Give my affectionate remembrances to Mrs H—— when you see her, and kind love to dear Mrs S—— and your children, and believe me, my dear brother,

Yours ever affectionately,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

H——, near T——, Feb. 18, 1846.

Your letter, dearest C——, cheered my heart this morning and as you say nothing about the seat of war, I conclude that you think little of it, are little apprehensive of any alteration in James's position in consequence of it, although his regiment is in the action. This calls for gratitude and praise and devout acknowledgment, for how great had been the trial had it been otherwise!

Here we are with persons most kind to us and attentive. Mr —— was once in the Lower House, a great Reformation man, and defender of the Trinitarian Bible Society. By tasking his mental powers too severely he overwrought them, and is now debarred

from all mental exertion altogether, employing himself chiefly in out-of-door pursuits. He is a real Christian man, and altogether a superior character. Captain H—— and a Miss B—— form our party, and as we are all, I hope, followers of the same Master, and all have great horror of Tractarianism, the *melée* is very pleasant, and I hope profitable. When I mention the last of these, it is, be assured, no unimportant ingredient in Christian fellowship. You can have no idea of the spread of this baneful plague in this country. It is infecting the whole land, and, I feel persuaded, will soon pervade it altogether. Its progress is often silent, unobserved; but it is not on that account the less, but rather the more, fearful. A slight tinge of Evangelical truth is mixed up with High Churchmanship, or the high towering of priestly assumption, and the religion of ordinances as administered by certain men apostolically commissioned—this forms its first ingredient. This soon mingles with gross Tractarianism, or Popery masked, and this is soon identified with Popery unmasked, or Popery proper. And all this in the midst of much strictness of walk, sanctimonious appearances, and outward observances. Thus is Satan trying his last attack, perhaps, before he is bound, and the latter rain sent down.

We have prayer and exposition in the morning, and meet together in the afternoon for reading the Scriptures. This, with a good deal of interesting conversation at our meals, causes, through the Divine blessing, an inward spring to flow which is beneficial to us all. To-morrow we purpose (D. V.) returning to town, and thence to Taplow till Wednesday, when we think of ganging homeward. This will conclude our three weeks' holiday, by which I hope that I have been benefited bodily and mentally,—may it be also *spiritually*,—which is best, far best, of all. Our visit to the H——s was most pleasant and delightful; he is so very spiritual a man that it really is quite a blessing to be with him. There are some who bear strong testimony to our common Christianity, but there is a contradiction between the lip and the life; with him the testimony is one and the same. He says, loves, and does the same thing, and that is it which gives him such a weight of character.

May every blessing be with you and your dear husband and your pretty bairns! I wonder whom they are like, and whether I shall ever see them.—Ever believe me, with the fondest love,

Your ever affectionate Father and most sincere Friend,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, July 1, 1846.

MY DEAREST C——,—My lecture is just over, and I snatch up my pen to scribble a few lines to you. And although I am very tired, yet I think that it will refresh me to talk with you; for while I write it seems as if I were with you; as if I saw you once again, heard your voice, so like your mother's; as if the years were annihilated that have already passed away since I last beheld you, and the time that may yet intervene before we meet, should we ever meet more in this vale of tears.

Our lecture was exceedingly well attended. E. W——, our organist, F. H——, our organ-blower, the R——'s, her sister, Mrs M——, the B——'s, the T——'s, and H. C——, your old friend, Mrs W——, the W——'s, Mr C——, and, I suppose, sixty or seventy others. I mention these just to retrace some of the past sketches of your life, and to refresh nearly forgotten remembrances of bygone days. The subject was, Heb. ix. 24, *Christ in heaven.* What for? As *God's favoured Servant* and *beloved Son,* having finished the work that was given Him; a work so fragrant to God, that 4000 years before it was accomplished it threw back all its fragrancy upon the offerings of our fallen parents in Paradise,—upon Abel's, Noah's, and all the victims of the Old Testament dispensation; without which they could have had no fragrancy at all, Heb. x. 4; a work so fragrant that, though nearly 2000 years have passed on since it was accomplished, our momentary sins, the sins of our best duties, the sins of our worst frames, are all blotted out, so that when, with a penitent heart, we wash in the fountain which He has opened, we are made white as snow; a work so fragrant, that the very vilest have been pardoned and sanctified by it.

What is He there for? As the *Representative* of His whole Church and people.

See Exod. xxviii. 12, 29,—on the *shoulders* for strength; on the *heart* for love. The stones of various sizes, lustre, brilliancy, value, but all equally upon the *shoulders* and the *heart*. All His *strength* engaged on their behalf; all His *love*, all His *merit*, theirs. How close the union! When He goes to the Holy of holies, they go in with Him; where He is, there they are; when He appears in heaven for them, it is as if they were there. I quoted "One glance of Thine," of old J. Newton. How closely united one to another!

What for? He is there as the *Lamb* slain from the foundation of the world, now *alive*. The *High Priest* ever living to plead the merit of His own blood, and pleading it at all times, Rev. v. 6; and all things directed by Him under the influence of that great atonement, as One pacified, loving, gentle.

He is there as our *Intercessor and Advocate*, bringing down blessings, all blessings, on the score of His finished work. He has gained the cause upon earth, and now pleads it in heaven, procures all needed blessings for us on the score of justice. Intercedes as an Advocate.

The legal high priest went in only once in the year, and then but into the holy place made with hands. He, into heaven, never to leave it,—an ever-during *now*, an eternal *present*.

Lastly, as *Forerunner*. Aaron was none: he could not introduce one of his into the holiest. Jesus introduces *all His* into heaven, and gives them some foretastes, yea, some blessed preparation for it here.

Forgive my sermonizing, at least my *long* sermonizing, in my short letter. But I found it sweet to my own soul; and I should be thankful if more than I tasted in it, much, much more might be communicated by the blessed Spirit to yours.

Truly He is precious. May He be so to us both, a thousand and a thousand times more than we have ever found Him.

We have no letter this time. But it is the Lord, and all is well. Yet it touches me, when I do not *know* whether she may yet be in the valley to whom I am writing. But all is well.

Oh, to live for heaven! for the land where there shall be no parting, no uncertainty, no sin; all *holiness, happiness,* — all Christ, all Spirit, all God!

My tender love to dear J——. Many kisses from grandpapa to the twain bairns; and, with all a father's tender affection and tender prayers, ever, ever yours,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Barnstaple, August 18, 1846.

Here we are, beloved C——, where we have not been since we were with you, my precious child. Oh! how it reminds me of past scenes, days that are among the things that were. How it reminded me, as I walked up the street this morning, of the day when the G——s welcomed us from the coach to their hospitable home. Nine years have rolled rapidly on since then; grey hairs have flowered on my head, reminding me of that bourne whence the traveller returns not. C—— has left me since then.

But in the midst of all this, what unnumbered mercies have been my most undeserved portion! Strength to walk where I then walked, though not with a foot *as agile,*—I was going to write, *as light;* but, alas! for fifty years and more it has been never such; but with a foot as able to walk as it then was, or nearly so; with a kind, tender, affectionate wife to bear with me and soothe and cheer; with kind, affectionate, attached children; with a daughter, though absent from me, yet present with me in spirit, whom I love as my child and as beloved in Christ. Able still to preach the Gospel, which is precious to me, feebly indeed, and poorly, yet sincerely, and not altogether without a blessing; still looking to Jesus, still resting in and clinging to Him, still able to say that all my real happiness is in God, whom in Christ I behold as my Father and my only real portion. What mercies are these, my beloved C——!

Our course hither has met with some, yea, continued interruptions and providential hindrances.

We took C——n on our way, where my beloved friend D—— lives, thinking of staying with him three days. But, instead of this, through the alarming illness of his wife, we were detained there ten days; and I grieve to say, her attack is yet unsubsiding.

On Friday (D. V.) we purpose to go to Ilfracombe, where we hope to be for a month, or nearly, whence I hope to write a longer letter.

All love from all to all.—Ever your most affectionate,

J. H. EVANS.

TO THE REV. R. D——.—ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Ilfracombe, August 23, 1846.

MY OWN BELOVED FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE TRIBULATION OF THE WILDERNESS AND IN THE HOPE AND PATIENCE OF THE GOSPEL,—Grace in all its fulness be yours, and peace in all its sweetness, through Him who died for you, who liveth for you, and liveth to intercede at the right hand of His Father and your Father, His God and your God.

Truly my heart mourneth with you, suffereth with you, as doth the heart of E——. The stroke which our heavenly all-wise God and Father has assigned as your portion is as full of mystery, as it is, in faith's eye, of love; and we must wait till He shall make it plain, and that will soon be, dear and beloved brother. Yes, it will be but a very little while, and every rough shall be smooth, and every crooked shall be straight. We shall ere long, and it may not be long, tread the valley which your dear wife has now passed,—the same valley. O that each day the anticipation of the glory which shall be revealed, and the inward, holy, soul-emptying, soul-satisfying longing for its possession, were more my portion! But, blessed be God, it is not the strength and liveliness, but the *reality*, of our faith which is the substantial basis of our security.

Your J—— is, you have blessed reason to believe, now at this moment with Jesus. Could we desire her back, a sinner, a suf-

ferer, and, if she had lived, in all probability a mental sufferer all her days? I am sure that you would not, that you could not. I know how painful is the very reading of commonplace condolences in a grief and anguish like yours, precious brother; therefore I cease to write such to you, whom I would never give pain to. But that gentle, blessed Spirit of Jesus, who tells us of Jesus, of Him whose Spirit He is, may graciously remind you, that it is only in the seasons of deep desolation we can ever know the still deeper sympathies of Jesus, that His arm is always below us and our trouble, still lower than both.

Be on your guard, beloved brother,—if one such as I am may venture a caution,—against Satan's especial temptations at this season. Times of sore trial are always times of sore temptation. They are Satan's opportunities, but, blessed be God, they are also the opportunities of Satan's Conqueror. May He, by His grace and Spirit, and by the sprinkling of His precious blood upon your conscience, deliver it from all guilt, all self-condemnation, save only that sense of it as shall make your complete justification in Jesus the more precious, and assure you that there is not a drop of wrath in that bitter cup which you are at this moment drinking.

Trouble not yourself with second causes. Your great First Cause is your God and portion. Everything that could be done was done for her you loved. Causes for humiliation the faithful spirit will discover, but none for forgetfulness that in Jesus, as you are without spot, so in Him you have all fulness of grace, wisdom, sympathy, and love. May your wounded spirit take all you have—your dear children, your body, your soul, your ministry, your family, your fears, your tears, your all of difficulty—to Him, moment by moment.

All love from both to you and yours, especially to your dear sister and dear J——.

Ever, ever yours, in tender sympathy and love,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Ilfracombe, Sept. 1, 1846.

My beloved C——, — It is with your image before me, recalled by so many fond recollections in this place, that I now take up my pen, with all the broad expanse of the deep blue sea before me, the surface spotted with ships in the distance, the mountainous coast of Wales bounding the horizon, the beautiful Capston hill just at my feet, spangled with sheep, a bright sunny day gilding the beautiful scene, and a fine breeze from the sea, cool and refreshing. And yet my poor ungrateful heart is ever reminding me C—— is away. This, I confess, ought not to be, yet nature feels when grace prevails. Oh, to feel more that one is but a stranger and pilgrim here, laden with mercies, one's very troubles tempered with them, yea, made up of them, so that one may well wonder that in such a wilderness one has such a multitude of them, but in the midst of them journeying on to the land of rest and peace, to the happy home where all whom we love the best will be with us for ever, and He who is infinitely the best will be our portion for an endless eternity.

Here we have been for nearly a fortnight. The particulars of our C—— visit you will receive from your dear mother, and a most deeply affecting one it was. He who appointed it is sufficient for all that He appoints, yet I cannot but feel that the effects of it will long remain with me, such a powerful hold it seemed to take upon my nerves. But all is well. May it only prove a deep spiritual blessing, and my soul shall bless His name the more for it as long as I live. We spent three days with dear P—— and her dear husband, and three delightful days they were. The Major came to us on Friday and left us yesterday (Monday), and we purpose (D. V.) going to Barnstaple to-morrow and leaving on Friday, and so on to Brightwell on that day.

I wish that I could say that I had derived much real good from my visit to these quarters, but I cannot. The very kind-

ness of friends, and the being so constantly obliged to refuse acquiescence with their invitations, forms a trial. I lose my conviction of privacy, which is so essential to my thorough *refitting*, to use the nautical phrase; and at this present moment I seem to need commencing my vacation anew. But He knows what is best for me who has promised to direct the feet of His saints; and whatever the future may be, I desire to roll every care upon Him who hath given such proof that He careth for me. What has not a little thrown me back has been my striking my head in going up stairs, and a violent blow it was, for the pain of it I feel at this moment, though it is nearly four days since it took place. As my head is my weak member, there seemed something extraordinary in this But I would lay my mouth in the dust, and see nothing but love, and faithfulness, and wisdom in all His dispensations who allows us to call Him Father. I am sorry, dearest love, to send you so sombre an account of myself; but as I always write to you just as I feel, and all I feel, I can keep back nothing. Besides, I humbly trust that a quiet fortnight at Brightwell will be a means, through God's mercy, of strengthening me for the work before me. We went on Friday to Morte Bay and Barricane, both which you recollect visiting many years ago, as well as your dear husband. Ilfracombe is not much altered from what you recollect it, save only that the Capston walk has been much improved.

Your attached and affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MRS D——.

Brightwell, September 9, 1846.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, to whom the name of Christ is precious, although by reason of infirmity and bodily weakness you too often doubt it, but to whom the love of Christ has been shewn for the many years of a

long life, and will be shewn through all the ages of a countless eternity. Ah, my dear sister in the Lord, it would be one of Satan's great lies to persuade you that you have not fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before you; that you have not often washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; that you have not found from time to time peace in your soul through the blood of the Lamb; that sin has not been, and is not, your burden, your shame, and your sorrow; that you have not cast off your own righteousnesses as filthy rags, and embraced the righteousness of God as the ground of all your acceptance before Jehovah; that prayer is not at times your great relief, and seeking to please God your real aim and desire: I say it would be Satan's lies could he persuade you that all this was true. But, my dear and beloved sister, this he cannot do. Sometimes, indeed, he *almost* does this, but never *quite*, and *quite* he never will. I am sure of this. A faithful, covenant-keeping God will prevent this; a tender, interceding, ever-prevailing Intercessor will prevent this; an indwelling, comforting Spirit will prevent this. Jesus loves you too well—yea, loves His own work in you too well—to allow this triumph to His great enemy and yours. Shall this be the triumph of hell? This was one for whom I became incarnate; for whom I lived a life of ignominy, shame, and scorn; for whom I shed my precious blood; whom I sought out in the cloudy and dark day; whom I have kept through a long life, kept in widowhood, as a mother, amidst business, and difficulties, and tribulations, and now in old age, and feebleness, and faintness, weak body, weak mind often, and still more often weak faith, and shall I give her up at last? Shall this be the mockery of hell? Never, never; the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, "I am the Lord, I change not;" and would it not be change—yea, the greatest change—if it were so? You have a mother's heart, dear sister. Did you love your son the less because he was sick, and weak, and sore? No, you did not. Beware how you think yourself kinder than Jesus. How often have I loved to hear the still small voice of His love, speaking soft amidst all your strong unbelief, causing you—in a sense forcing you—to allow the work of grace in your

own soul. But my poor head bids me conclude with our united love to you both, and affectionate regard to all yours.—Ever believe me, my dear sister,

Your most affectionate Friend and Pastor,

J. H. EVANS.

TO G. M——, ESQ.

Brightwell Rectory, Sept. 11, 1846.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER,—It has been a grief to me that, separated as we are from each other in the body, we have had so little intercourse through that which was in our power, the pen; and that I have not snatched a moment, now and then, to assure you how much I bear you upon my heart in the Lord Jesus Christ, greatly desiring to see you yet once more, and acknowledging how much I miss our meetings together, rare as they were, and the stirrings up from mutual prayer, and conference, and confession. Truly I can say, that although I have had the privilege—O that it had been more possessed indeed, and made use of for the Divine glory!—of mingling with no ordinary exhibitions of grace since I last saw you, I have had no drawings forth of soul to soul quite as close as I sometimes have found in my little study with yourself, when the Spirit of adoption, displaying his secret energy, either in quiet peacefulness, or in deep humiliation before God, has laid us low in the dust at His blessed feet who died for our sins, and ever lives to make intercession for us before His Father and our Father, His God and our God. I found beloved R—— C—— all that he ever was, and more—more like Christ, more self-denying, gentle, and full of love,—one of the most remarkable instances of Divine grace, *especially shewing itself in this*, a strong stimulant, or rather stimulator, to lead others to covet and aim at the greatest grace, and the most patient encourager of its very weakest display.

Dear C—— S——, and Miss P——, and beloved D——, too, greatly refreshed me, and many precious saints I found at Ilfracombe, who were all kindness and love towards me.

I wish that I could say that I had derived all the good that

could be desired from my visit. This, however, has not been the case, and I consider it from the Lord. I think, unless I am much mistaken, that it is His voice,—the voice that is full of wisdom, faithfulness, and love. It says to me that I must give up the attempt to preach twice on the Lord's-day; nor is this *my* conclusion merely. R. C—— and C. S—— are both decided in their judgments. Before I left Barnstaple, I read to them the rough sketch of a letter which I have since sent to the deacons. I wish that I could have shewn it to you, but that was impracticable. This is the outline:—It began with stating my reasons for not going on with two sermons, which I need scarcely enumerate to yourself. Such, however, as they were, they produced the effect of such an exhaustion of bodily, and mental, and spiritual vigour, as made that which ought to have been, and otherwise would have been, my joy and delight, to be my burden, and often my sadness of spirit laid me so low—I do not mean as to health in general, but as to the affection of my head, and the incapability of long continuous thought—that five weeks' absence have produced little, if any, relief. This I laid before them, and certain other evils, such as want of time for quiet, holy, personal reading the Scriptures, due answer of letters, paying necessary ministerial calls, the attendance on the male Bible class, &c., &c., &c., all which hindrances were directly connected with having three weekly sermons to prepare. I then came to the remedy,—

1. Co-pastorship.

2. The calling forth what we possess of grace and gift, as a Church, for our own edification.

With regard to the first, I confessed that I had great misgivings. Not that I have any doubt as to plurality of elders in a Church, but think the mode of attaining them, as pursued in Dissenting Churches, *most hazardous*. I mean the calling an untried, unproved, and therefore *unknown* man to the name and office of pastor, although the individual be most richly endowed with both gift and grace. If any individual, or individuals, in the Church, shall prove himself, by the exercise of gift and grace, to be possessed of any one or more pastoral gifts, such as visiting

to edification, expounding the Word, mediating between parties at variance, stirring up the saints to holiness by intercourse with them,—all which are most valuable qualities,—such a one ought to be welcomed as an especial gift of God, received, and valued. While the usual plan most commonly proves a failure, this can scarcely be anything short of a great blessing, through the power of the Holy Ghost. Dear R. C—— told me that had he proposed his brother H—— as a co-pastor, the whole Church would have been up in arms, but that, through his grace and gift, he has so commended himself to all, that he is received as a peculiar boon of a Father's love.

With regard to the second, I told them distinctly that I had for years seen the obligation of a Church meeting as a distinct body from the world, to be *counseled, exhorted, comforted, reproved*, as the Spirit should help; that while some saw not with me, my own mind had remained unchanged for *years;* that we had brethren well qualified for this work; and that Brother —— would willingly aid us, and he has said as much; that while the morning service should be as it is, the evening should be exclusively for breaking of bread and the edification of the Church, in which I would always aid when wanted and helped; that while this ministry was not above my strength, more than this would be.

This, my beloved brother, I have distinctly laid before the deacons, and they will give themselves to prayer and conference on the point. But as far as regards my own mind, I confess that I feel no uncertainty whatever.

The great Head of the Church requires no service for which he gives no capacity, and if He requires it not, man must not. But O that He may not only guide my judgment, but possess my heart and subdue my will!

Whatever form of worship we may adopt, as on the whole the most agreeable to His Scriptures, if the Holy Spirit breathe not upon it and into it, all will be dead. May He fill us with His power! How is dear Adams? Is he in heaven? How long were you with him? Do not fail to tell me this.

E—— sends her kind love to dear Mrs M——, and all affectionate regards to your daughter.—In great haste,

Yours with truest affection,

J. H. EVANS.

TO G. M——, ESQ.

Brightwell, Sept. 1846.

BELOVED BROTHER,—I have just time to forward Mr M——'s letter. Dear Adams is in heaven. Earth has one less, and heaven has one more of the loved family of God. Of all the sons of men, my Heavenly Father made him the greatest means of grace to my soul. Oh to be like him, in his faithfulness, tenderness, lowliness, uprightness, and love! But grace made him all this, and grace can make us to walk as he walked. Though such a saint, he went to glory as a sinner saved, and so must we. Jesus bears all His upon the same heart. The Lord bless you in your deep trials,—deep indeed they are, but deeper far is His love.

Many thanks for your letter. It was very sweet, though very sad in its details. I return (D.V.) to John Street next Lord's-day. We purpose being home October 10th.

Ever yours most affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MRS D——.

Taplow, Oct. 6, 1846.

DEAR AND BELOVED SISTER IN THE LORD,—My dear wife and myself have just risen from our knees, after praying for you and yours. We bear you upon our hearts, because we are quite satisfied that the Lord Jesus bears you upon His, and it is sweet and becoming in this as well as in all other things to follow Him. Great has been, beloved sister, His love and tenderness towards you, and great have been the proofs of it which He has given you, solid and substantial, yea, eternal proofs. He has not only laid down His precious life for you and borne away your sins,

yea, *all* your sins *far* away, so far that they never more will be found; but He now liveth for you to intercede, to sanctify, and to bless with all needed and most needful grace; yea, He liveth *in* you, and is the very life of your soul, proving that He is, by sustaining you in the midst of all your weakness of body, soul, and spirit, when strength has been well-nigh gone and faith has almost given way. Oh, how great are the victories of the Conqueror when we are thinking ourselves all but overcome! It seems almost needful that we should be brought to our *weakest*, that we may know His *strength*; to our *nothing*, that we may see Him to be *everything*; to our *lowest*, that we may discern a little of His *highest*. You have travelled, dear sister, in some of these rough ways, but how many of them have been made smooth by Him in the days of your pilgrimage! Amidst all the decays of nature and the changes to which grace is exposed in its streams, though, blessed be His name, not in its source, may He, by the power of His Spirit, be so revealed constantly to you, if not by *feeling* yet by *faith*, as your never-setting sun, that you may never more be allowed to doubt His love, so vast, so precious, so costly, nor for one moment to suspect that because He may hide Himself beneath a cloud He forgets to shine. There are peculiar trials and temptations in seasons of decay and long-continued feebleness, and we are unwise not to expect them; yet so unwise are we, and that too often. But He that will not quench the smoking flax, gently supplies it with the secret oil that prevents its entire extinguishing. May you and I be more constantly found *acting faith*, through the Spirit on that High Priest, who tended His temple lamps constantly and unweariedly, and while we are *more than ever diligent in the use of all means*, act more simple trust and confidence on Him whose love is as unchanging as His nature.

With our united Christian love to yourself and daughter,

Ever believe me,

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Nov. 19, 1846.

MY OWN BELOVED C——,—How precious are your letters, the constant assurances of your love, and not forgetfulness of us all, although we doubt it not, and had no suspicion of its being otherwise. And yet, as it is our infirmity to require the renewed declarations of all this, so is it sweet to receive them, and a cause of thankfulness when God in His mercy sends them to us, I trust enabling us to rise above them by seeing Himself in them.

We want continued communications from God Himself to assure us of His love and tender remembrance of us, and though this be our infirmity as creatures, and fallen creatures, yet He condescends to us, and refreshes our souls by them from time to time, and so will it be where all sinful infirmity can no longer exist. It will be in the way of infinite communication, that the very bliss of heaven will be consummated.

On the prospect of soon seeing you I do not allow my mind to dwell. Sweet as the *bare* prospect and possibility of such an event *may be*, and when my spirit in any measure realizes it *is*, yet I dare not dwell upon it. Convinced am I upon high and unselfish grounds that my precious child *ought* for her own sake, for her children's sake, and therefore for her husband's sake, dearly as she loves him, and ought to do so, to return home. I feel that I must for His sake who is infinitely dearer to me than all His creatures, leave the matter wholly with Himself, that in this I would have no will but His will,

> Who never has a good withheld,
> Nor will withhold from me.

The Lord Himself guide you! This is our prayer, and I doubt not that it is especially that of you both. Oh, how blessed it is to have such a God to go to in all our need! Whatever our need may be, He is *below* it, "Underneath are the everlasting arms" Even should we err in judgment, yet if

we are upright in heart, He can turn the very error into a blessing, yea, the greatest blessing.

One thing we cannot lightly pass over, and that is your most providential deliverance in the extreme hour of danger. The tender interposing mercy of our gracious God was most conspicuous. O that it may never be forgotten! actually so, it cannot be, but miserably undervalued it will be, except as we seek the especial anointing of the blessed Remembrancer, the Holy and Eternal Spirit Himself. Might it not be well if some especial time, in the day of the week, and in the time of the day, when the delivering hand was put forth, were set apart for this? We are poor creatures, and like Paul's ship we want under-girdings. (Acts xxvii. 17.) Mercies slighted are dangerous things, as I, alas! have often found, though God has forgiven it all, as I dare to believe. (Rom. viii. 1.) I have been forced to break off.

With all tender love to dear James, and the bairns, three,

Always and for ever yours most affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Dec. 15, 1846.

As dear O—— W—— preaches for me (D. V.) to-night, I have a good long morning, and shall write a *letter* this time to my own beloved C——, for I know not what trouble she may be in, what depths she may be passing through in respect to her beloved children. God has been trying you as He has often done your poor father, who is now writing to you; but ever in tenderness, faithfulness, and with an infinite necessity, as sometimes one can distinctly see in this life, but shall altogether see in the clear, unclouded light of eternity. The base, contaminating nature of sin is far too deeply embedded in our natures to be got rid of by common ordinary means, however costly and precious those means may be, and indispensable as *correctives*. The drill-ground has its use, as your husband

will tell you, but it is the battle-field that tries the regiment, and forms the soldier. We think ourselves wise till we know our own foolishness, strong till we feel our own weakness, over-rate our faith till we try it; and then, in self-despair, we cast ourselves upon the strong for strength, and find Jesus precious. All this is what you may be going through at this moment—and how it is with your dear babe I know not; but this I know, "All is well," and one thing more is certain, soon, very soon, *you* shall say so too, even if you are scarcely able to say it, while your eye glances over these lines, through a mother's infirmity, and the feebleness of faith, which is the inheritance of most of God's family in these days. . . . . .
But you say to this, You do not know me. It is most true, and if all the men in the world were to tell me that *I* was safe, I honestly confess that I must give the same answer, and that all the assurance on the subject would altogether fail to give *me* assurance, if God the Spirit did not give it me Himself. But while there are some who talk much of an assured hope, and that assured hope seems always to give way under the ordinary troubles of ordinary life; there are others who talk little of it, and think that they have little of it, who yet seem to see a Father in their trials, and kiss the hand that smites them. Hence, dear child, I am driven to the conclusion that there are some who have far more assurance than they think, and some inconceivably less; that a quiet *filial* leaning upon God in trial is assurance, real assurance, although it may not mount up to all the brightness of a cloudless sky.

Assurance is usually a flower of slow growth, lifts up its head most in the shade, and bends low; and where the last feature is not discernible, I confess that I stand in doubt of it, and suspect it to be a weed.

From a strong light which the Holy Spirit may cast upon the cross in one sermon, through one representation of Jesus, the soul may spring up at once into assured hope; but commonly, assurance of God's love to me and its effect my love to Him are the results of increasing experimental acquaintance with Him. As I know Him in the Son of His love, read by the teaching of

His own blessed Spirit the history of His love in my life, notwithstanding *all* my sins and sinfulness, my innumerable backslidings and departures from Him, His restorings and rebukes, His hidings and revealings, His gentle and most undeserved smiles, His providential trials, and providential deliverances,—it is in all this I seem to know Him, know Him in His Son, know Him as my God. With a broken heart, with many tears, with little joy, I may thus know Him. But I confess I would rather *thus* know Him than in some of the most rapturous expressions of many who are esteemed as most assured saints.

Grace is to be regarded rather by the weight which it enables a man to carry than by the swiftness of his pace. A young woman is not an old woman. A married woman with three children is not the same as one who has none. Two children running wild, while she is unable to prevent it, are not the same as a little baby. Two children with the scarlet fever, and one likely to have it, form no little subject for thought, care, and prayer. The grace that sustains and cheers and helps the soul to go on through this crowd might enable that same person to run with great swiftness on a gravel walk and a smooth lawn. Yet God forbid that I should make excuse in you and myself for little faith. But it is one thing to encourage little faith, and quite another to encourage myself to be *satisfied* with little faith. I believe that you have more faith than you think, and, paradoxical as it may appear, that you have less. But that we have *any* is of mere grace, that there is so much unbelief may well make us ashamed. But if it end in two things, it shall be well; if it make us, through the Spirit, careful how we weaken what we have by any wilful sin; if it lead us in ceaseless prayer to say, "Increase my faith, Lord; I believe, help my unbelief."

My tender love to dear James, and many kisses to the bairns; and with all the affection of a fond but sinful father, saved, as he humbly hopes, in the Lord, ever think of me as your fellow-traveller to the land of everlasting rest.

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO MISS F———.—ON THE ETERNITY OF PUNISHMENT.

Taplow, Dec. 21, 1846.

My dear Sister in the precious hope of a peaceful and loving Gospel, whom I love for Christ's sake, and for whom I never felt more sincere regard than at this moment,—You did, indeed, little estimate the true state of things, and see them as they are, when you thought, as you expressed yourself last night, that I had little borne you on my heart to a throne of grace, when I preached the sermon of yesterday morning. Never, to my recollection, did I make more sacrifice of self in the delivery of any sermon than I did in that; and never did I take the matter which I had in hand in more helplessness, as to myself, than I did in that instance. My last petition was, if I well remember, "Lord, may I ascend those pulpit-stairs with a deep recollection of the 'Dialogues on the Trinity;'" nor was this, dear young sister, without some especial remembrance of *yourself*. That I did not take you more directly and more personally to Him who loves to hear prayer, was from this cause,—that I did not think you more than veering towards an opinion which I consider to be dishonouring to Him whom I love, and very injurious to the soul of any one who really cherishes it.

I had no idea that it was, in any measure, a fixed sentiment, and your note expressed as much. If you think, therefore, beloved sister, that you were the person whom I had especially in my eye in the observations which I made yesterday, believe me, it was an entire mistake. I had, I must be allowed to say, a far higher object,—it was the glory of God in His own precious truth; yet I *had* an individual, I will confess, in my eye. It was one not half so dear to me as yourself, but one of the mightiest of minds,—it was John Foster. I have lately been reading his Life; it contains some of the brightest gems of intellect, and is a deep, yet awful *study*. He holds something of both the views which I stated yesterday, and with them he held so many *uncertain* views connected with the *person* and *work* of the blessed Redeemer; his convictions respecting Church fellowship

were so unfixed and unsettled; his whole religion, to my mind, was so sombre, so unsatisfying, and, in many points, so unsatisfactory, that it left a strong and painful impression on my mind.

I saw in his case the extreme peril of travelling out of the sacred record and going into visionary speculations. I touched upon the case in such words as these:—A mighty intellect, but without an equal counterpoise of holy, healthy, spiritual religion. And, if this mighty mind sat brooding over unfathomable mysteries, is it wonderful that this child of darkness was the result? In thinking on the causes which may have led to this erroneous sentiment of the limited duration of punishment, I *drew his picture*, as I was able; too much of an unsubdued spirit; a lofty mind, that would not simply submit to *simple* truth; a daring to speculate in the wide fields of human fancy; and insufficient views of sin's nature, and therefore of sin's desert. Such was the person whom I had in view; this was the generic character of the species. The occasion of my preaching the sermon arose from his Life passing through our Hampstead Library and falling into my hands. I received, indeed, a stimulus from our dear sister W——, on whom I called on Wednesday, who, with her son O——, both of whom are of no light estimation in my mind, *positively implored* me to preach instantly on so dangerous an error.

This is the case, dear and beloved young sister. My motives were, as far as I can trace them, mainly and principally, though with sad admixtures, directed by a simple aim at His glory whom I serve, and the good of immortal souls. I do not write this as if I wished to justify myself in your sight, for I have no self-accusation; but I do it to assure you that there has been no breach of love on my part. I feel no regret, but much the contrary, at having preached the sermon. But deep regret should I feel, and bitter self-reproach, if I had needlessly placed one thorn in the bosom of one of God's children. Be ever assured of my sincere Christian affection; and it is this very Christian affection which stirs me up to a holy jealousy on your account. It is not that I stand in doubt of you. Of the genuineness of your character as a follower of Christ, I have not the shadow of

a doubt. But neither have I of John Foster's; he was a true man of God, but the independence of his mind betrayed him into errors. I fear the same results, from much the same cause, in yourself. I do not mean to compare your mind with his as to power, but as to certain other qualities there is a strong resemblance. Bearing you on my Christian regards as I do, how was it possible for me not to fear, that as in his case one error led to many, so it might in yours? I could not be your faithful pastor, I could not be your affectionate friend, were I indifferent on such a subject.

Could I endure the bare possibility of one so esteemed by me as yourself falling into the ranks of Epicurus, Socinus, Free-thinkers, Deists, Atheists, Suicides,—in one, at least, main part of their wretched creed? Could I feel anything but deeply, when I saw how little you might, in the simple honesty of your mind, suspect the *tendencies* of an opinion to which there was at least a veering; that you might, by a plausible theory, be entrapped into a creed which, by its consequences, if it denied the eternal punishment of the wicked, would by the same process equally deny the eternal blessedness of the righteous, for both were declared in the same terms? (Matt. xxv. 46; Rev. xiv. 9, 10, 11; xxii. 5.) Yet much as I might feel, and do feel deeply, on this subject, be assured it was not at yourself I pointed my remarks. But a truce with this. Rather let me conjure you, on the highest and loftiest of all principles, to weigh prayerfully, and with deep searching of motives, the arguments of yesterday's sermon. Is *punishment, annihilation*? Does it not imply EXISTENCE? Is *everlasting, temporary*? If it be so, then is not *eternal* life, *temporary* also? It is the same word in both instances. Can you believe this? I cannot; can *you*? If *I* did, I could believe anything. Language is no longer the vehicle of ideas, much less is it the embodying of ideas. If in the same sentence—in two successive clauses in that same sentence—one and the same word shall set forth *eternal* and *limited* duration, such a system would be the tower of Babel revived, all would be *confusion*. The danger of this mode of interpretation stops not with itself. Once acknowledge its correctness,

and the whole Bible is an uncertainty. It stops not there. There is the diseased state of mind which can be satisfied with it. My dear friend, you have in some sense regarded me as a father; I beseech you, then, as a father, beware of this rock. It has death all around it. You have esteemed and valued me as your spiritual counsellor, and have acknowledged me as a medium of spiritual good; then, with my eye fixed on a near eternity, I beseech, implore you, pray over Prov. iv. 15, and act upon it.

Ever your affectionate Pastor and sincere Friend,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, February 15, 1847.

. . . . . I have no doubt the misgivings, searchings, downcastings, and low thoughts of yourself, are the genuine work of the blessed Spirit in your soul. A thousand instances of unfaithfulness, want of uprightness and entire integrity of heart, are before the eye of God *every week of our lives.* It is no small mercy when He condescends to lay them open to ourselves. This ploughing up is in order to a seed-time. We know nothing of Jesus but as we discover our own *vileness.* It is in the region of self-discovery we discover Him of whom Moses in the law and and the prophets did write. Much that passes for religion, even in saints, is nought,—mere nature. A broken heart is incompatible with a sense of soundness. One hour of real acquaintance with our own characters as they really are is worth a year of easy profession. That we are saved by grace is a short lesson, but it takes our whole life to learn it, and we only half learn it after all. Unless I am greatly mistaken, these are the genuine breathings of spiritual life within you. Beware of undervaluing them, precious C——, and then beware of slight healings of these precious, though painful, wounds. He who wounds can alone heal, and His mode of healing is as wonderful as Himself. Take no other healing. Looking to Jesus is the remedy. But the Spirit of Jesus can alone apply it, and

it is known as His work by the tenderness it produces. (Zech. xii. 10.)

Kindest love to all from your fondly affectionate father and friend, J. H. EVANS.

TO THE REV. R. D——.

Theydon Bois, Epping, March 1, 1847.

MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,—Your letter, which only reached me yesterday,—for we are staying at the H——s, and it was in consequence delayed,—was a refreshing to my spirit. It was from the Lord, and He came with it. It was not, precious brother, that I for a moment doubted your love, but that, from past experience, I was made sensible, that when a deep wound has been inflicted on the spirit, there often is, as was in my case, a nervous susceptibility that often made the merest trifles a burden. I was afraid that I might have incautiously said something, or done something, which might have unintentionally occasioned a wound. I bless God that I was mistaken, for I tenderly love you. No one but He who bare our sins knows our infirmities, and He knows them all, and does not despise us on account of them.

What you heard was correct, that I had been ill. I had a severe attack of bronchitis seven weeks ago, nor have I preached for eight Lord's-days. For a fortnight of that time I was unable to lie down in my bed, but am now, through God's mercy, nearly recovered, intending (D. V.) to preach next Sunday.

As to greater matters, I cannot say much. Yet I believe God the Spirit has brought some degree of light into this dark dispensation, has shewn me a little of the emptiness of self, the world, the Church, yea, all things but Christ. I cannot but hope that the laying me aside, and taking me out of the pulpit, has, in some small measure, shewn me more of my littleness, nothingness, and the utter emptiness of all outward things. At least I think that He has disposed me to learn the lesson, humbling as it is, and loathsome in itself to my proud heart. Oh,

how pride can fatten under the pretence of ministerial usefulness!

Dear H—— is here, in the midst of trials. His people do not come to hear him. Seven of his farmers never enter the church. He preaches most precious truth, but a large proportion of the small total consists of strangers from other parishes. Little or no conversion-power in the ministry. No spiritual brethren in the ministry around him. Nothing but Puseyism *flourishing*. Yet, beloved brother, Jesus reigns, and wondrous grace will it be if you and I shall soon reign with Him. And yet wondrous, and I am sure, most *sovereign* grace, will be that grace which accomplishes it. At times I dare to believe this.

As to your dear girls, my precious friend, decide on nothing now. Your book has, for the present, its leaves firmly adhering together,—you cannot open it. Put it *fairly* into the Lord's hand, and very soon He will unloose them. They will even seem to open of themselves. But His hand shall be in it. My poor opinion as to them is the same as it was,—never to send them into the world on any pretence whatever; and London and its wretched dissipation is the worst of all preparations for such a place as C——. The Lord Himself be your very guide! My wife thinks just as I do.

Ever, ever believe me, dearest brother,

Yours with the sincerest affection,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

April 2, 1847.

MY DEAREST C——,—Your dear mother has given you all the particulars of my late attacks of bronchitis, from which, though they have long kept me a prisoner, I trust that I am really, but slowly, recovering.

Do not be alarmed about me, my dearest C——, for I tell you things *just as they are*. All has been, and is, mercy through-

out. It is my gentle warning, the voice that whispers, "This is not thy rest, it is polluted."

You are aware that I have for long, as the Scotch say, suffered from my throat. A severe cold, caught three months ago, increased the suffering. It was aggravated on the day of Mrs Evans'* funeral, which was bitterly cold; and returning to my work again rather too vigorously, and not being sufficiently careful after visiting a sick and dying case, I brought on a violent attack of fever, which, in a few hours, reduced me to the weakness of a babe, and has issued in affecting my throat, so that for many weeks I shall be unable to preach at all. But I am now much better, so much so that we purpose quitting home for Cowes (D.V.) on the beginning of next week, where, if the place agrees with me, we purpose remaining about three or four weeks.

It is good to have a message sent to one now and then, reminding us that our name is Gershom. (Ex. ii. 22.) I have always enjoyed uninterrupted health, if a few little ailments are excepted, arising from—I am ashamed to use the expression—overwork. And I fear, that through my depraved and corrupted nature, I have suffered loss from it. It is hard to realize what has not been experienced. Sickness, weakness, sleepless nights, and a real look into the grave, are hardly known till they are brought near to our vision. Sense and sin dim our spiritual faculties. All sorts of riches contribute to make the needle's eye small and narrow. But if it be good to have the message, how much better is it when the blessed Spirit makes us to receive it in our hearts, and to welcome it as from our Father's heart!

But I must conclude, with all love and tender affection to your dear husband and children,

From your most affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

* The second wife of his late father.

TO MISS R——.

Cowes, April 15, 1847.

. . . I am slowly progressing—how can it well be otherwise than slowly with the weather so intensely cold? But utter foolishness may well acquiesce in the appointments of infinite wisdom and unutterable vileness, in the decrees of infinite love. This is my birthday. That ocean before me has not so many drops as are the aggravations of my sinfulness and the accumulations of incalculable mercy.

My eyes rest on the roof of the house where, forty-two years ago, I lodged, and where—though to all appearance drawing near to eternity, without God, without Christ, without hope in the world—I lived without thought, without prayer, as a beast before God.

In these very lodgings where we now are, twenty-four years ago, or nearly, I was with her who is now with Jesus, and had my first acquaintance with dear Mr Adams, who was for so many years as an angel of God to me.

In this place sixteen years ago, after I had lost her, I sojourned with my dear children, one of whom is far, far away. And yet how imperishable are the materials of human happiness when really and substantially built upon solid foundations! Perhaps I am as happy at this moment as I ever was, although I will confess it is one of the most trying junctures of my life.

Dear Miss R——, pray for me that this season may be deeply and permanently sanctified to me. I am not only afraid of missing the blessing, but of receiving only a *transient* blessing. There are the cordials by the way, but there is food that lasts for many days; yea, manna for our forty years in the wilderness. I want this last.

Ever yours affectionately in Jesus,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MISS J—— F——.

Cowes, April 15, 1847.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,— . . . . I know that it will give you pleasure, and that it will be a cause of thankfulness, to find that I am progressing, although it be slowly; the coldness of the weather not allowing me at present to venture out, and thereby I do not get strength so soon as I might otherwise do. But we know not what is the *best* weather, although we ought ever to know that what is is the best for us.

My dear young friend, this is my birthday. This day sixty-two years was born into this world of sin and sorrow a very great sinner, but one who, through wondrous grace, believes that he will have to cast his crown at the footstool of sovereign grace and distinguishing mercy through an endless eternity. In looking back, all seems blotted, defiled, polluted; but Jesus is my plea and my fulness too. Though my name is vile and despicable, His name is in heaven fragrancy, beauty, and glory; and in that name do I stand, and in nothing else. Yet I desire to be holy, and to be accepted or acceptable in His sight, and would not only desire, but aim, to walk as under His eye; and that I may through this new year, on which I have in a sense entered this day, have for my motto, "To depart and be with Christ is far better."

With the Christian regard and affection of both of us to the dear W——s, ever believe me, dear J——, yours faithfully in the bonds of the Gospel of love,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, July 2, 1847.

You will be rejoiced to find that I am better, though still somewhat feeble from my three attacks, nor do I expect to recover from their effect for some time to come, so much did

they concur to weaken me. Nor do I intend to preach perhaps for these two months. Still I am very considerably better, and almost free from any distressing pain in my face and jaw-bone. For this how thankful ought I to be, and for greater mercies still! I will not say that I anticipated any dangerous issue; yet when it came on, to pass night after night without sleep till three or four o'clock, and in intense pain frequently till then, serious and solemn thoughts did arise, and close questions could not but be put; and all this I found deeply searching and profitable, taking me out of my pulpit and placing me upon a low platform indeed. But it was altogether a season of much blessing, and all that this poor world has to offer I would gladly give up for the mercies which it contained. Oh, it is a blessing indeed, when the soul really finds itself with God, alone with Him, yet not alone; when it is willing to be searched and looked into, and finds self-loathing its element and Christ's name very precious, and a throne of grace and a God of grace its relief, when one rests beneath the cross and longs for holiness.

There is something surpassingly sweet in the thought that, through wondrous grace, we hope to be together for ever and for ever.

My letter must be short, for my head is still weak. But in the truest love to yourself and dear James, and many kisses to the bairns, ever, ever believe me,

Your fondly attached Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, July 16, 1847.

Lawn in the garden, thermometer 75°.

MY DEAREST C——,—Although I am almost out of all heart in writing to you, having received no letter from you since May 28, although my poor heart almost fails me at the long and most unusual silence; yet I take up my pen once again, remembering, "Is there evil in the city" (affliction, trial, disap-

pointment of any kind), "and *I* have not done it, saith the Lord?" No, Lord, I believe there is none; and all is either of Thy doing, or Thy permission—all is in wisdom, faithfulness, and love. What the means may have been of this dreary delay I know not, nor can even guess; but this I know, that God is in it, and no want of love on your part. Still it is a trial, and has for long been so.

Oh, it is well to have the ties that so bind us to the creature, and, alas! so drag us down to earth, now and then made to tremble in our grasp; to be made to feel, that that which seemed so essential to our happiness, is not *really* so, that God alone is our chief joy. God in Christ, God as seen, known, and loved in the Son of His love—God, who is the real happiness of all His saints, on earth, or in heaven. It is not husband, wife, children, parents, dear and precious friends, dear and precious as they are, which form the highest element in which our renewed souls most freely and delightfully move, but the possession of God, the Best, *the* Good, the *only* Good, and the enjoyment of Him as such. How else, my beloved one, could we have the inward witness that we are His, born of His Spirit, partakers of His nature, and training up for His glory?—that we are not of the world, but of God, and have received not the spirit which is of the world, but the spirit which is of God, knowing the things that are freely given to us of God. We may well, however, be thankful for anything that serves to deepen the impression, at all times weak, and at some periods, so I find it, peculiarly so. I am a good deal better, I bless God; really, but slowly progressing. We leave this pretty place this day week, having let our house for ten weeks. My object is, under the Divine blessing, perfect recovery, if so it please Him, who is our only guide, that all may be given back again to Him, and that I may devote myself to His ministry and service all my poor days, and be unreservedly His. Without this, life seems not worth the having. It is quite destitute of its only real enjoyment.

We are not at all settled as to our plans. Scotland has many attractions; but it is a great expense the going thither, and it is doubtful whether I could find sufficient retirement; and quiet

seems absolutely essential. We wait for the One who is able to direct our steps.

Many things are essential to form happiness besides mountains, lakes, and rivers; but this we are slow to learn, and of all slow learners I think that I am the slowest. But it is a mercy to be in the school, though in one of the lowest forms, and at the bottom of it.

Ever yours, most fondly and affectionately, in the bright hopes of soon meeting you either in earth or in heaven,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Wibtoft, July 31, 1847.

It is not easy to express, my own beloved C——, the joy that I felt when once again I saw the well-known hand, nor the gratitude which I felt, poor and inadequate as it was, when I saw how the blessed Spirit had supported, and taught, and humbled, and lifted up, in the midst of the varied exercises of the mind, and sometimes sharp trials allotted you by your all-wise and gracious Father. I seemed to see the reasons, at least some of them, wherefore you were taken from me, not in wrath, not in even fatherly displeasure, but in the infinite love of Him who would train up, in His own best way, His own only right way, His child for immortality. Oh, my precious C——, what cause for humiliation is it that we need such varied discipline to assure us, to teach us, and to apply it when we are taught, the lesson, although it be a self-evident truth, that there is none good but One, and that is God! How slow are we to understand, what God assures us in His Word, that sin is the one evil, the world one emptiness, Christ the one refuge and only salvation, and that there is no real solid happiness, but as we are aiming, honestly aiming, to walk unreservedly with God!—yet we think that we know all this, we fancy it, and because we are in some little degree active in God's service, imagine too oft that we have in some degree attained. Then comes the temptation, sudden

and strong, unexpected and mighty, and our boasted, or at least fancied strength, is found to be altogether weakness. The trial discovers what prayer, the Word, and past experience did not. The holy and blessed Spirit, *by this very trial*, does more for us in bringing home the Word, applying the promises, and detecting, at the same time, the hidden evils of our nature, to our humiliation, than by, it may be, hundreds of sermons; though the truths in those very sermons are all then brought into the experience of our souls in a way never before known by us.

How the business, the influence, often secret and unperceived, of the world around us, of our own little world, to say nothing of the world within us, blinds our spiritual vision, and hinders us from seeing things as they are. But, in tender mercy, our gracious covenant God and Father sends His messenger to us, as He did to Job of old, in the way of His providence, telling us to step aside a little that He may converse with us; and then the mist and fog that for a while surrounded us is lifted up, and we see more clearly and distinctly; in other words, we see in His light a little more of Himself.

If ever we meet in this world we may talk of these things more coolly that I can easily write of them now. But the thought of a near heaven makes all straight, however crooked. When God sees it right to send you, I shall, with my mouth in the lowest dust, accept the precious boon; but till then I wait, not desiring to place a returning child before my eyes, but *Christ*, and *God*, and a *pure* and *holy heaven*. For this may we live; in the lively hope of this may we die. Tender love, &c.

Ever, ever your affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Scarborough, August 17, 1847.

MY OWN BELOVED CHILD,—Here we are in the north of Yorkshire, in a most bracing and a most attractive place. From my window in my bedroom the ocean lies before me about 200

feet beneath. Between that ocean and the esplanade, which is a walk close to our lodgings, rather more than a quarter of a mile long, there is a garden in full view of the sea, laid out in beautiful walks and pretty rural seats and alcoves to protect from the rain and sun. At the base of this garden, which consists of many acres, and in which is a saloon, or reading-room, and a spa, and a very good, nay, superior military band, lie the sands, covered at low tide with numberless pedestrians, equestrians, and carriages of various sorts, and at high tide with the foaming ocean. The bay is bounded on the north by the stone pier and towering castle, and to the south by a long extended coast, indented by numerous bays and relieved by various promontories. Sometimes we have a hundred vessels at once in full sail, going up or down the coast. In short, my Heavenly Father has given me everything to recreate and renovate; and already, although I have been here only a fortnight, I feel much better. Oh, may my heart be thankful for even these lower mercies, for they are not *little* things, if, through His blessing, they conduce to a recovery, and fit for His service. If God condescends to my weakness, and humbles Himself to my feebleness, shall I not bless His name? though the things themselves form no part of my real happiness, *which is only to be found in Himself.* These little alcoves, that restless ocean, this long quarter of a mile walk, so quiet and soothing as I pace along it, alone and secluded, at half-past five or six in the morning, with my little Psalter in my hand or pocket, and some of its sweet Psalms in my memory, and I hope in my heart, have been the places of many a refreshing season of quiet, holy, happy intercourse with God, for which I would lay my mouth in the dust and be thankful.

You will be thankful to hear that I have been progressing from the first beginning of my visit, and, as far as I can judge, there is all probability of my resuming my work among my people after a time. We are very quiet here, and see scarcely any one. The H——s have been here, and have been a great comfort and delight, but they have left to-day. Dear Mrs C——, who has been with us, leaves on Tuesday; and on Wed-

nesday, dear F—— comes for a fortnight. . . . . Oh, the unutterable blessings of sanctified trials! Who can declare them? The being brought close up to God, though it may be in the midst of painful questionings and some misgivings, to be forced to pray and seek God, and afterwards to find Him all that one can want, all that one can desire, to discover the readiness to bless (Ps. cxxxviii. 3), the gentleness, the faithfulness, the love. Man can only be known in our need, much more is this true of God.

With my kindest love to you and yours, ever believe me your most affectionate and loving Father,

J. H. EVANS.

Scarborough, August 19, 1847.

DEAR MRS G——,—You will forgive the liberty which I take in writing you a few lines on the subject of your conversation. With my prayers I send this to you.—I remain yours very sincerely, in the bonds of the Gospel,

J. H. EVANS.

God declares in his Word that there is no name under heaven whereby we can be saved but the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. This, being His word, He commands me to believe, and therefore He commands me to rest in that name for salvation. Instead of doing this, I pray that I may be enabled to believe that which God says is true. What does this mean? If a man declares such a thing to be, and I reply, May I be *enabled* to believe it, for without I am so enabled, I cannot do so,—what is this but to doubt his veracity, and indirectly to suspect that he is a liar? And what says the word, 1 John v. 10, but the very same? Is it, then, wrong to pray for faith? Far from it—it is our bounden duty; but, in point of fact, one who really and from the heart prays for faith in the Son of God, has already *some degree* of faith in Him, or he would never *so pray at all*. It may be as a grain of mustard seed (Matt. xvii. 20), it may be nothing more than that he believes that Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God; but this is declared to be the true faith again and again

(Matt. xvi. 16; John iv. 42; xi. 27; Rom. x. 9; 1 John v. 1). What he prays for is rather for the increase of faith, than for its first commencement in the soul. Had he none, he could not thus pray. For how can I pray to believe that to be true, of the truth of which I am not agreed? the thing is *impossible*.

What he wants is really such an assured confidence, such an appropriating power of faith as may apply the truth with power to himself, which none of those who have any faith at all can *ever be satisfied without*, although, from want of simplicity of mind, some misconception, the strength of unbelief, or it may be for the exercise of patience, or some other grace, it may for a while be delayed. And how should he go to the throne of grace for this blessing, and in what frame of soul? *thankfully*—that he has any faith at all, for the least real faith is saving; *simply*—with a deep feeling that it is most unmerited grace; *prayerfully*—with wrestling supplication for more, never resting short of it (Gen. xxxii. 26); *holily*—waiting on God for the upholding power of His Spirit, in order to walk according to light received, seeking closer acquaintance with, and more intimate dependence on Jesus the unspeakable gift, and God in Him, in all the secret and public means of grace, by embracing in His strength all opening opportunities of service, but never, never, never resting short of the desired blessing, and even then desiring its continual increase. In these ways the believer is, sooner or later, *sure* to speed. It is an act of sovereignty that God gives faith at all, but having given it, and promising its increase if sought in His own way, it is His faithfulness of love which makes that increase *sure* to all who in those ways seek it at His footstool.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Scarborough, Sept. 4, 1847.

. . . . . I find that not only *at this time* do I need especially to be quiet, but that *at all times* much retirement is absolutely needful for *me*. Some lamps are peculiarly liable to go out, certainly mine requires much tending in secret,

or the wick burns very dimly indeed. Light, I am aware, is for the good of others; but in order to diffuse, we must look well to our own socket. How often have I lost by forgetting this! I have gone on diffusing till the lamp was nearly out. You will find this, my precious C——; you may go on attending to every domestic, and relative, and even stated, religious duty, but if time is not actually made for downright retirement with God, nothing thrives, the unction of the Spirit stops, the supplying oil fails, and everything is dim. God loves us to be alone with Him, and loves us to love it, and when we are without it to be unhappy. People may make what excuses they may, but I cannot but think that five minutes of resolute retirement may be had much oftener than men suppose; I mean throughout the day, time just to think, I am alone with God, God in Christ, the best, the holiest, the wisest, the kindest of beings; and when the blessed Spirit adds, "my Father," to this, what a bright beam does it cast upon a gloomy day!

What a magnificent sight is at this moment before me. Complete sheets of foam in the mighty ocean that dashes at the foot of our cliff, a broad horizon of sixty miles of sea, not a ship to be seen, nor daring to venture out—such is the storm at this moment raging; while I in perfect safety am writing to my beloved child, having just run over the *Indian News*, for this month, just to see, Is my precious one safe? Ah, that word *safe*, what does it not involve! Yes, but my soul replies, She is safe, happen what may, though I may never see her more in this passing, momentary transition state. And yet I trust that this lower mercy may yet be vouchsafed me, in the tender loving-kindness of my Heavenly Father, if it be for His glory and our real spiritual good.

This place has agreed with me well, better than any other. I am muscularly much stronger, and mentally a little so. We leave it (D.V.) next week. Whether I shall be able to resume my work remains yet to be proved. We are in good hands, and those hands are directed by a loving heart.

My next letter will probably be from Brightwell, which we intend to be our next tarrying place.

The Lord bless you, my dearest child. My tender love to your beloved James and the three bairns.

Ever, ever your affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MISS B——, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

Brightwell, September 16, 1847.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND AND SISTER IN CHRIST,—It is a blessed thought, that your dear brother is with Jesus, and in the immediate presence of God; a pure spirit, disencumbered from his poor clay tabernacle, and from what is infinitely worse, the body of sin and death, which is a far greater encumbrance still. And this is, I humbly trust, from all that I hear concerning him, his most blessed portion *at this moment*. Yes, at this very moment; absent from the body and present with the Lord, whom he loved when he was upon earth, but whom he loves unutterably more now that he is with Him.

And far more blessed a thought is it, dear sister, if you and I, through wondrous grace, have clear and soul-satisfying inward proof that we, ere long, shall be there too; conscious, even here, of some of its real beginnings in our hearts. And how certain it is, that heaven has its commencements here below, faint as they are, and feeble always; so even at our best, and sometimes so feeble, that they seem *scarcely to be discerned*, yet are they there.

What are all the soul's hopes in Jesus, and that soul's dissatisfaction with itself? What are all the reliefs at a throne of grace? The beams of light that cheered the saddened and the darkened spirit from the page of God's own book? What are all the willingnesses to take the low place before God, and in comparison of ourselves with our fellow-men? What is the inward conflict with God's hated foe and ours, sin? What is the soul's longing after holiness, and submission, and devotedness? What is all this, dear and afflicted sister, what is it, but the little commencement of that heaven in our souls? And

may we remember, that it is no real humility which denies or disparages God's own work in the soul; and that, while it is one thing to forget our shortcomings and sad misdoings, it is quite another to forget what God has wrought in us by his own blessed Spirit, which is nothing less than the kingdom of heaven *within* us.

My dear young sister, your dear brother has at this moment, I rejoice in the thought, the full experience of all this. I am glad to hear that his end was peace, longing to be with Jesus; that in Him he found rest upon his bed of languishing. Give my tender love to your beloved father, to whom I would have written, but feared that it might be too much for his feelings.

My affectionate regards to your brother and sisters, and believe me, yours ever sincerely,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Brightwell, September 30, 1847.

Although I am expecting soon to hear from you, for the India mail is, I see, arrived, yet I once more must begin a letter from this place, which we purpose leaving on the 2d. In the first place, you will rejoice to hear that I continue to amend; so much so, that I hope to begin, though in a very small way, my work once more at John Street. Dear C. S—— preaches morning and evening, and I hope to address the communicants at the Lord's-table next Lord's-day. And if it be for His glory, I shall indulge the delightful expectation of being once again employed in the work *which I love the best;* but only can I desire this if it be for His glory. This ought to be surely our single desire in all things and at all times. And we should do well to search our motives in what we do, whether this or some far lower principle is not at the root of much that passes for something more spiritual. Yet the prospect of not being laid altogether aside has something in it, I confess, inexpressibly delightful to my soul. O that, with a single eye,

a submissive spirit, and in utter dependence upon the Holy and Eternal Comforter, I may address myself to the steep hill,—for such, my precious C——, it is,—and give up and consecrate what yet remains of health and strength and life to Him to whom they all belong, and from whom alone they derive their only real charm!

I have often said, that if my Heavenly Father were ever to remove me from John Street, were so great a trial to befal me, there is no place where I should be so contented to lay me down and die as at Edinburgh. I feel much attached to the Scotch; they are a moral, intelligent, warm-hearted, and religious people; and although I doubt not but that there is much death in the midst of much form, yet I equally doubt not but that, among the spiritual of them, there is very much grace also. The breathing of the Spirit, my own child, is not much found amongst *masses* anywhere; and, if you expect to find it otherwise, you will be sadly disappointed. There are a few in all denominations, and, comparatively, *but a few*, who pant after the marrow of religion. It is easy to pass as good soldiers on a show-day, but to be good soldiers of a despised Captain is quite another thing. Instead of vain questions, may Luke xiii. 23, 24, be our wisdom. If it be no summer walk, to strive to enter in, we have a Father to go unto for all needed grace—Jesus at His right hand sprinkling the mercy-seat with His blood, and His promised Spirit to help and to enable us to stand up against, and, from time to time, overcome our infirmities.

May that gracious Father's tender love and all-sufficient grace strengthen, stablish, settle you, prays your fondly attached, but unworthy earthly Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, October 15, 1847.

This is your birthday, my own precious. As we sat round the table, after dinner, your beloved mother and your fond

father, &c. &c. &c., all drank your health. Ah! it seemed as if it touched me to the heart to see so many happy faces and my own dear C—— not among them. But it is well, and well for ever. May I write this *pleno corde*, the *fluente calamo* is but a little matter with God; and I hope that I increasingly feel it to be a light matter with *me*. It was a mercy that all those I have marked with a cross as God's dear children themselves, as I believe, all desired, in wishing you health, something far more than mere bodily health,—even true health of soul, real prosperity, close intercourse with God, and constant spiritual vigour; even that which, like Jacob, wrestling with God, overcomes and subdues with the omnipotency of weakness, laying hold of Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness, and who overcomes by being overcome. May you, in all respects, be well, my precious C——; have power, through the constant supplies of the Spirit of Jesus, over all your enemies; walk evenly and happily with God in the Son of His love; seek His face, yea, seek it evermore, in little things as in great, in bad frames as in good, in the lowest frames of soul as in happy ones; and this is my greeting on your birthday.

Oct. 18.—Since the beginning of the letter, your dear mother and myself have been to town for the Sunday. She attended the school morning and afternoon, and we both heard two good sermons, one from O. W——, and another from C. S——, both excellent in their way; and, if the Lord graciously help, I purpose beginning again on next Sunday. I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope. If it be for the Divine glory that I should resume my work, I am quite happy in the thought of doing so; but if not, I hope that I am quite as contented to retire. However, I must acknowledge that my hopes are bright, that I shall not be altogether laid aside as a broken lamp and fit for nothing. But we little know what shall be most for the Divine glory, this or that. I sometimes am greatly of opinion, that, at my time of life, the sphere of action seems too wide for me. But of that He is the judge, not I: and with him I leave it. This only am I quite sure of, He can

do without me, but I cannot do without Him, for He is essential to peace, salvation, and all my happiness.

Ever your affectionate Father, J. H. EVANS.

TO A DEACON OF JOHN STREET CHURCH, UPON RECEIVING THE PRESENT OF A CARRIAGE, THE GIFT OF THE CHURCH.

Hampstead, Nov. 22, 1847.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL, EVEN IN JESUS, OUR TRUE BROTHER, FROM WHOM, AS THE FOUNTAIN, FLOWS OUT EVERY ACT OF KINDNESS AND LOVE IN HIS PEOPLE, —Receive my best thanks, together with my dear brothers the deacons, and the whole dear Church in John Street, for the costly and truly estimable proof of your love, which I have this day received. Totally unexpected was the gift; but there are things in the bestowment of it which render it on many accounts peculiarly estimable, and lead me to trace out another of the "tender mercies" of our God, so sweetly to be noted, if we have heart to observe them.

It was the very thing that I wanted, only *not so costly*. It was at the *very time* that I stood in need of it, for it was *only last week* that I told my son that, if I could afford it, I would buy some old second-hand Brougham or Clarence, and use it in the winter months, for I found that putting down the hood of my phaeton before I got out often gave me cold. Upon his telling me that for £40 or £50 I might perhaps get such a thing, I told him that this rendered it quite out of the question.

The carriage itself is only too good, but it is, in all other points, the thing which I could desire, and the delicate way of doing it is best of all.

In short, beloved brothers, the gift is as a precious stone; turn it whithersoever you will, it prospereth. (Prov. xvii. 8.) But precious as the stone may be, I can indeed say, far more precious is the love that gives it. In this I see Him whom we love better than all His gifts, and that long tried affection and regard which have bound us together for so many years, and

which give, in the midst of infirmities, the prelibation, so far as we are under its influence, of an undying eternal love. There is another circumstance connected with this gift which much strikes me. It is this. I am suffering in some degree from bronchitis, and C—— interdicts my preaching to-morrow evening. As a future preservative I then regard it. Every time that I enter it, may I not forget, but vividly remember Him who for our sakes became poor, had *no horse, no chariot*, not even where *to lay his head*. Lord, let not my comforts be a snare! May I thankfully use them, humbly rise above them, and use comfort and discomfort to Thy glory!

Yours, dear and beloved brothers, with all grateful acknowledgment to the dear Church, in true love,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO A YOUNG MEMBER OF JOHN STREET CHURCH.

Hampstead, Dec. 27, 1847.

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND AND SISTER,—I have only just time to say, in answer to your note, that, greatly as I would ever desire to promote brotherly love among the members of the one family, I could never think it right to do so at the expense of principle. And, as I view it, it would be at such an expense were I to communicate in the Church of England, in a congregation where the Gospel is not preached, and consequently no spiritual blessing communicated. As it is your *only place of worship*, thither I conceive you do right in attending, but beyond that I could not dare to go. I have communicated more than once in a church where I knew the clergyman to be a godly, holy man, and where separation was preached and aimed at between believers and unbelievers. But in your case the minister,—not of Christ, for such he is not,—cannot even aim at such separation from the world, for he is in the world, of the world. One may in sorrow say that he is rather a *goat-herd* than a *shepherd*.

Forgive me if I add, that the inducement to which you allude in your letter, as it regards your mistress, is far more likely

to be effectual, in the way of blessing to her soul, by all straightforwardness in acting out your own principles before God, than in any compromise of them. Only let all such taking up a cross for Christ, if it be worthy of the name, be with all meekness, gentleness, forbearance, and love, yet with all faithfulness.

Live the Gospel, look the Gospel, speak the Gospel. Seek, in much prayer, that all may agree together. This is influence. May the Spirit of truth, and of a sound mind, be with you!—Believe me,

Yours faithfully and sincerely,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Jan. 1, 1848.

Again, dear and precious C——, shall I be able only to write a short letter, for it is Saturday. Oh, when shall I have forethought enough to begin my letter a week before the mail-day, at the least? though, indeed, I scarcely know *when* I could have found time for its commencement. The real truth is, your father is so much better,—indeed, is so *perfectly* restored to health and strength,—that, being able to do more work, he *does* more work; and this so occupies him, that he finds it difficult to screw out an odd half-hour. My arm is nearly as strong as ever, my sleep good, my appetite good; and I hope my desire to serve God, in the health which He has so mercifully restored, somewhat strengthened also. What mercies upon mercies are showered down upon one so utterly unworthy of them! And in addition to those I have recounted, there is your dear mother, who has for nearly three weeks been ill, and a sufferer indeed, but she will tell you all about it; but, blessed be God, the God of all mercy, she is rapidly recovering, and I have to-day walked round the bed-room twice with her. Oh, how good is God, how wisely, how tenderly good! The three weeks before she was taken ill, I was, from my broken tendon, as unable to dress myself as an infant; and two days after I left off my splints,

and I no longer needed her help, she was taken ill, and herself wanted to be waited on. This little thing, but great mercy, tells us what is God,—benignant, tender, wise, good—Love.

But I want to learn higher lessons than these, precious as these are, most precious. I want more deeply to read His *holiness*, and to read this as the great end of all His fatherly discipline. Wherefore did my dear wife need this correction? In my own case I can see the needs-be quite distinctly, and so, I doubt not, can she. Ah, my precious C——, God seeth not as man seeth. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. Many causes for a Father's rod may we see, where man sees none. From time to time God puts a glass before our face, and in the dim light of a sick chamber, it may be, the blessed Spirit may give us more insight into our real state, than by hearing fifty sermons. I fully believe that she, with myself, shall through eternity have cause to remember 1847. In that year was the first *real illness* I have ever known. In that year I had bronchitis, tic, and a broken tendon. In that year I was laid by from preaching for more than half of its duration; indeed, I expected in it to be laid by altogether, and for ever, as to public work. In that year my precious E——, after so many months of nursing me, was herself laid by. But so convinced am I of the truth of Psalm cxix. 67, 71, that I would say that this 1847, deep as has been my cause for shame that I have not improved my affliction more, has had more happiness in it than any in my poor life. How unnutterable is the mercy of being brought by *any* means, the Spirit working by those means, only a *little nearer* God!

Then how precious that love in Him which so cared for *our* love as thus to endear Himself to us! May we through this year seek opportunities for sensible communion with Him, special seasons, and be very urgent for their enjoyment! Cordials are for fainting soldiers, and we are often fainting, and though we cannot live upon them, we cannot healthily live without them.

My kindest love to dear J——, and with a fond kiss to each

of the three bairns, and their grandpapa's new year's blessing, ever believe me,

Your fondly attached Father,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO AN INVALID LADY.

Hampstead, January 1848.

MY DEAR MRS ——,—You and I have known each other too long for it to require any apology for my thus writing to you. Feeble and delicate as is your health, and the tender relation in which I stand towards you, as your pastor and sincere friend, make it at once my duty and privilege to write without the least reserve, and this is laid the more imperatively on my heart from the very precarious state in which I considered you to be when I last called.

The conversation which we had together has left a very deep impression on my mind; and as I have reflected upon it (and this I have done again and again), it has not been without very considerable pain; for while I saw that there was much darkness in your soul (at least, so I feared), there were some remarks which from time to time escaped your lips, that, to my apprehension, fully explained and accounted for it all. There was clearly, though not a denial—not *actually* one—yet, at least, a grievous undervaluing of the work of the Holy Spirit in His sanctifying power on the heart. You would be far from maintaining that God's people ought not to live soberly, righteously, and godly. (1 Thess. ii. 10.) You would assert the contrary, and that the grace of God, and *nothing else*, can teach us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts. (Tit. ii. 12.) Yet, notwithstanding this, I still think that the sanctifying power of the Spirit is not valued by you as the Word of truth values it. If you recollect, it was considered by you a gross mistake in your Wesleyan nurse to say she had given herself to the Lord. If she did so in order to work out a righteousness before God, I should agree with you, but if, as I conceive may be the

case, she meant to say, that, as one fleeing to Christ for pardon, righteousness, and salvation, she thus uttered the very language of her heart, from a sense of His love to her, I can say that I fully agree with her, and not only so, but I stand in doubt, in some degree, as to the reality of that conversion where it would be denied. Dear Mrs ——, I write to you in sincere *regard*, but in *all faithfulness*. You and I shall soon have to stand before the same God, and it becometh me to write under this solemn conviction. It has been my lot to have had much to do with some who hold extremes in doctrinal truths,—that is, some who, holding certain great truths, *push them beyond their just limits*, and carry them to a *dangerous excess;* doing this they necessarily invade and take the place of truths equally important. Justification, our complete standing before God in Christ, and complete acceptance in the Beloved, our everlasting security in the covenant of grace, and sure perseverance in the ways of God to the end, were indeed mainly and strongly insisted on by them ; and *well they might be*, for they are the *very glory of the Gospel;*—but truths which are as plainly revealed, and *equally the glory of the Gospel*, were but faintly and feebly touched upon, such as the sanctifying power of the Spirit in the soul as an *essential part of salvation*—essential to all my happiness, to the real enjoyment of God upon earth, and to the full enjoyment of Him in heaven. That the great end of *election* is *holiness* (Eph. i. 4, 5 ; 2 Thess. ii. 13), so of *redemption* (Tit. ii. 14), so of *effectual calling* (Heb. iii. 1 ; 1 Pet. i. 15, 16), so of *chastening* (Heb. xii. 10), so of *restoring* (Ps. xxiii. 3) ; that sanctification is an essential part of the covenant of grace, and no very small part of it (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, 27) ; all these glorious truths were but lightly, if they were fairly, handled at all. Justification, in a sense, took the place of sanctification,—a place which it can in no sense occupy,—and the whole fabric of truth was disarranged. What was the effect upon their own souls? Most sad, as might have been expected. The Holy Spirit was grieved, and He showed that He was, by withdrawing His consolatory influences. *None of us were happy.*

You see I am forced in very faithfulness to include myself

We none of us were peaceful, in the true sense of the word,—a state of mind somewhat like a sick man bolstered up in his bed by false supports, not quietly reclining on the bosom of a gracious but holy Father, was the consequence. Such doctrines were the strong cordials on which we lived, but unless these were always administered, we sank,—a sure proof of a weak and unhealthy state of soul. But, dear friend, bread is the staff of life, not stimulants; a crucified Jesus is the spiritual aliment of a truly hungry soul—not high-seasoned dishes; and even the Crucified One is not the *ultimate end* that I have in view. I live upon a Christ received, not merely that I may be *safe*, but *that I may walk with God* as a duteous, pardoned child.

All those to whom I refer, positively *disliked* (with few exceptions) *practical* preaching. The effect of high cordials not being corrected by the wholesome admixture of perceptive exhortations soon produced baneful effects: a high and lofty spirit, conceit of superior wisdom, looking down upon others, imagining that no one preached the Gospel but themselves—were the necessary consequences. At that time by *the secret humbling power of the Holy Spirit* I made a partial escape, preaching that sermon, John xvii. 17, and, of course, was thought legal and in bondage. What was the effect? The Holy Spirit showed He was grieved by further *withdrawing His light*. His distinct personality and personal Deity were eventually denied, and all was in confusion. The world was conformed to, and, in some sad instances, the same breach upon a sanctified profession, as in the case of Dr D——; and all this (as I fully believe) arose from an undervaluing the Holy Spirit as the sanctifier of the Church of God —from the forgetfulness that happiness cannot, in the very nature of things, arise to a prisoner merely from *liberty* and *freedom from condemnation*; for although at the first these things are necessary, yet he must eventually have a well regulated mind, a mind capable of receiving the elements of happiness, or he may be as miserable out of prison as he was in it, though not from the same cause; in other words, that mere pardon and justification cannot make me happy unless (as their blessed effects) the

Holy Spirit sanctifies me by them, and makes me truly happy in *walking with God.* (Ps. cxix. 6, 165.)

This, dear friend, was the secret of none of those being happy to whom I refer, and it may be in your case the very same. I place all this before you in sincerity. I thought I saw in your conversation some of the elements of mischief to the soul, that I once discovered in others, and had such subsequent cause to deplore in myself. The doctrines of grace are the joy of my heart in the view of a near eternity; but truth is like the physician's prescription—take away some of the ingredients and nothing can be more destructive of health. Happiness is necessarily in some real, though most imperfect, measure (it will ever be so), in conformity to the mind of God. As I walk with Him, and in proportion as this is the case, I am happy,—no further. In order to this I must live on Christ; the last is the means, the first is the end; both ought ever to be before me. I trust that the blessed Spirit may, in great power, direct both our minds on this most momentous subject, and our hearts into the love of it. It is the pathway to peace (Phil. iv. 6), it is the path, the only path, to heaven. (Heb. xii. 14.)

Yours in sincere Christian regard,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, January 17, 1848.

MY BELOVED C——,—You are now at Tezpore once again in your new house—have long since settled the important arrangement of this and that article of furniture—found some things too short, some too long, and others that will not do at all. Some conversations have already been commenced, about sending to Calcutta for things absolutely indispensable, while second thoughts have more prudentially prevailed, that after all we can do without them. You have admired the view, and thought that if Papa could but see it he would admire it too. There are more peeps of the river and of the mountains than

you had anticipated, and the house seems so dry, compared with the other, and so much more healthy for the bairns. Thus the wheel turns round, and what is, has been, and shall be again. Your poor father knows all about this, for he has done the same, or nearly the same, and there is nothing new under the sun. The wheel turns round, but the axle is immutable. These little things occupy us for a while necessarily and sometimes very unnecessarily; and then they do so *sinfully*, but engage our *thoughts* they will,—they must, they ought. It is our fault if they engage our *hearts*. To have the heart right with God is the grand secret; would that I had learnt it, but it is great mercy to be learning it, and that through grace we are; and it would be ungrateful to deny it, and not truth either. We must take good care of two things: first, to take every failure to the cross and there confess it without excuse, trusting to 1 John i. 9, or rather to Him over whose head we confess the sin, and in Him whose faithfulness to His own promises cannot deceive us; next, to trace up every, even the least, desire after God, to the free, unmerited love of a gracious Father, who is by His Spirit thus drawing the heart of His child to Himself.

We too often overlook the minor influences of the Spirit. We acknowledge His enlivening, gladdening, soul-elevating influences, but overlook His humbling us, laying us low, taking us once again to the cross, and stripping us bare before God. But is not the one as precious as the other? Self-loathing is one of the sure marks of a spiritual, Spirit-taught mind.

Your dearest mother is now writing by my side, partially, but not wholly, recovered from her late attack. Severe, indeed, it was. I do not say this as if He were severe who sent it; most kind is He, and gentle and tender and good. We have both been to town to-day in our *new* carriage, of which she has given you a full and particular account. Sometimes the thought will rise, whether I will or not, I wonder whether my own C—— will ever enter it; but I banish such thoughts as I can, seeing Ps. lxxxiv. 11 is most certainly true, whether I ever see your face again or no; yet nature will feel.

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, Jan. 31, 1848.

My beloved Child,—. . . . . Your letter has this moment arrived. It seems almost as if we were at Gowhatty. In answer to some of your points, I would reply, that the witness of the Holy Spirit is most found in holy walking, and prayerfully noting the real state of my heart when I am alone with God. When the water is disturbed the gold at the bottom is not so clearly seen. I profess to love Jesus. Why? Is it not that, being washed in His blood, I may walk with thee, O God? Thou knowest; and soon when the soul is in that frame, God will cause you to know also, that this is the distinctive mark of His children. Nature may talk well of the blood of Christ, but only grace desires to be sanctified by it. Nature may desire to escape from *hell*, but grace only desires to live for *heaven*. *One real look at Christ is saving.* (Isa. xlv. 22; John iii. 15.) Oh, instead of doubting, *believe* what God says. It is in believing, evidences multiply, not in doubting. I hesitate not to say, that while you may have a thousand evidences of the flesh, known to yourself and to God, you have a thousand evidences of adoption; and one real evidence is worth a thousand worlds. *Nourish* faith, do not *weaken* it. Be very thankful for the least, then add to it. (2 Pet. i. 5.) The least is saving. Weak lamps require much care. Put your hand over the feeble light, then seek for more oil.

Ever yours,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

February, 1848.

Once more, my beloved C——, in the best and tenderest hopes that will be for ever true, I take up my pen to answer your last, received yesterday. If the answer should prove

rather dull, it will be because the writer is so, it having been the day of my Bible class, and the day having proved on the whole a fatiguing one. But it refreshes me to talk with you, and to assure you of my ceaseless love, and to speak by my pen of Him who is, I believe, far dearer to our hearts than all earthly things and persons, dear as some of them are and *ought to be.* Is it not touching, dearest C——, that our Master should be *our servant?* He says so to His disciples:—"I am amongst you as one that serveth." Did He not become incarnate, and live and die in our service? Does He not intercede for us now that He is in heaven? Did He not take a basin and wash His disciples' feet? (John xiii.) Has He not often washed ours? cleansing us by His precious blood from the pollutions of our daily walk; yea, will He not gird Himself even in heaven, in a sense, to serve us, while *we* sit at meat, if we are found watching when He cometh?—alluding, I suppose, to a practice common in some nations, where the bridegroom waits upon the guests. What a Master is He, then! Seek often to dwell upon Him in this and in all His endearing characters. It is when the Spirit helps us to do it, one of the great secrets for obtaining holiness. (2 Cor. iii. 8.) There are many of God's saints, conscientious, upright, tender in spirit, but this is greatly wanting in them. There is honest desire of walking with God, honest aim to do so, honest grief for their shortcoming in this; but there is little of Christ in their creed, and far too little of Him in their hearts, to give them much strength in the inner man. To use a common form of speech, there is not enough of Him to give them heart. Perhaps, my love, you, with myriads of others, whose names are in His book, may have suffered from this. I have, scores of times. To live on Christ, and especially on Christ crucified, is the great truth of Exodus xii., and it is in order that they may journey on through the wilderness. Living on Christ and walking with God is the secret of all happiness. But I must live on Christ in order to walk with God. A settled peace in the conscience, through the peace-speaking blood, is absolutely essential to the true serving of God (Heb. ix. 14), serving Him in love without slavish fear

(1 John iv. 18); and what filial love is there where this is not? But I must finish my sermonlet. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.—But in the truest affection, your ever affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Cowes, March 17, 1848.

Here I am, my own beloved C——, in the same room, in the same place, in the same family, with the same pictures before me (the spirit of a mother and her two children ascending to the heavenly regions of bliss), the same sea surrounding me, the same narrow streets to walk through as ever. All things the same except myself—my own gray head; spectacles upon my nose that were not wont to be there; my writing not quite so good. This place has a sort of talismanic effect on my mind. It brings the past in such vivid colours before me, that I almost seem unconscious of the lapse of time and the intervention of circumstances, and almost fancy myself as I then was. I do not doubt but that there are some advantages in the possession of such a sort of mind, while I am quite sure that there are many dangers attending it. I call it a springiness of mind, an ideal sort of mind that, in the recollection of the past, forms a sort of new world and lives in its own creation.

On Wednesday last I went over from this place to see old Aunty; her surprise was as great as her pleasure was unbounded at seeing me. It is quite surprising to see how little she appears altered by age. Would that I could see as healthy a state of soul as she is well in health of body! But that I fear is not the case. Still, however, I cannot but think that she is building on the rock, although her spiritual house is not so wide nor so high as many a humble saint.

I hope that I am not lowering the standard of the Gospel, but I cannot but think that, while much happiness stands connected with much spirituality, and growth in joy hangs upon

our growth in grace and in the knowledge of Christ; yet that *the least* true evidence of grace is saving, that some of God's children are very small, and little ones, and so remain even to the end. If you have any doubt of this, controvert it without hesitation and with all freedom. At the last gasp of life I shall avow myself a learner still. As I sow I reap, and in that proportion; but whosoever soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting, whether he sow little or much. If I have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, I shall be saved; but it is strong faith that glorifies God. (Rom. iv. 20.)

I am quite assured that sanctification of soul is more attained by an habitual sense of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the power of the Holy Spirit than by all other means, as means, put together. Therefore to live upon the righteousness of Christ as righteous in Him, and as such to look up to God as a Father, and walk with Him as such, is the most effectual means of keeping down our manifold corruptions. Our watchfulness, therefore, is chiefly to avoid whatever weakens faith, to pursue whatever strengthens it, and these two points take in the whole circuit of Christian duty; but still *faith in Christ* is the *magnum desiderabile*. If I look off Christ, I sink; if I look on Him, I rise; so thinks your poor, unworthy, but affectionate Father and Friend,

J. H. EVANS.

My love to all.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, April 20, 1848.

PRECIOUS C——,—Last Saturday I entered upon my sixty-fourth year, and it seems but yesterday that I entered upon my sixteenth. So swiftly passes time away, and so soon will be its termination, and time be no more. There is more necessity than would at first appear in "so teach us to *number* our days," &c. Still we say, when nearest to the close of our journey, a few years longer may yet be my portion; and when even the

last weeks come, still it may be a few days more. Oh, what a blessed state is that soul in, when it can *truly* say, willing to live that I may glorify Thee, willing rather to depart and be with Christ, which is far better! Yet surely, were our souls where they ought to be, and as they ought to be, it would be so, nay, it *must* be so. I hear from you, I believe what you write, and it gladdens my heart to hear assurances of your love; but this does not satisfy me, *nor ought it*, nay, there could not not be much love, if it did satisfy. I want to see you, to hear your voice, to be with you. And were we in that posture of soul which we ought to be in, it would be so in all the means of grace: what earnest longings would necessarily arise for His sensible presence in them all, whom we love the best on earth, and what longing to be with Him in heaven! Earth would then appear but as the porch, and death as the gate of the vestibule; but we should want to be in the room, and to be for ever with the Lord. I have been reading Bonar on Leviticus this morning. This thought seemed very sweet to me as I read it; the officer laid his hand on the head of the victim, he slew it, and flayed it, and then *went home*. It was an act of simple penitential faith, that simply took God at His word, and *believing*, he went in peace to his home, resting on God's faithfulness, and on nothing else, and then went to his duties. And this is every morning's work, and every evening's work, and often through every day, and never too often. It is the best preparation for duty, the best strengthener in duty, the only pacifier after all our manifold defects therein, a stimulant, and a sedative, but no opiate. If, through our depravity, it ever acts as an opiate, all its virtue is gone. We want Christ to take us *to* God, not *from* Him.

M—— has just left us, that is, yesterday, after a short four days' visit. But they were a pleasant four days, pleasant and profitable. There is something about her that much draws one to her, and to Christ in her. I much love her; I dare say she has her faults, but I have so many that I can scarcely see another's. Oh, what a depth of depravity there is in our hearts, and how long a time it takes to learn it! Let but a

new temptation arise, a train of circumstances present themselves, and what is the morning sacrifice then? If the hand be not on the head of Him (Heb. x. 14), how can we go to our homes? we cannot. Gen. iii. 8 is then our poor refuge—wretched to our own souls, and dishonourable to God. Oh, for grace to remember this, and to act upon it!

In all the tenderest love to yourself and dear J——, and the dear children,

Ever, ever yours most affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, May 1, 1848.

Yesterday dear C. S—— preached for me twice, for a severe cold and hoarseness confined me to this room. My thoughts were occupied with Brainerd's Life. It was a sermon indeed. With some degree of morbid feeling about him, yet altogether, I conceive that he was one of the most seraphic men that ever lived. His principle was this, that God is to be loved, not merely, or chiefly, for what he has done for me, but for what He is in Himself. Perhaps he may carry this principle rather too finely out, for it is only as I see Him *first* through the cross, that I know Him and love Him. But then, seeing him in the Son of His love, I see that in Him to love supremely, irrespectively (in a sense) of the debt which I personally owe Him. Howe has the same idea. I see a flower, it does not belong to me, but I admire it and smell its fragrance. I look at Windsor, and admire the situation and mass of building, though it belongs to the Queen. There is something selfish in the idea that I merely love Him because of His kindness to myself. God is *intrinsically* good, kind, benevolent, tender, gracious, whatever becomes of me.

This view is a great encouragement to weak faith, when it cannot strongly appropriate His *especial* love. If I knew that

there was such a man as Howard, who lived next door to me, I should feel a regard, though we never interchanged a word.

Another principle is, that true comfort is to be derived from the witness of the Spirit, but that the Spirit may not witness by any text or texts, but by shedding abroad the love of such a God in my heart (a far more certain witness than any other), reconciliation of heart with this God, so benevolent, tender, gracious, especially as seen to be all this in the gift of His dear Son. Then, that this comfortable state of soul is not to be sought for for *its own sake*,—that is, selfishly,—but as a *stepping-stone* to more intercourse with Him, more acquaintance, more consecration in His service. Most professors consider comfort the *finale*, he considers it the *prelude*. This is just what I think.

Pray, pray for your unworthy, but most affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

Love to all.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, June 7, 1848.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I cannot suffer the post to go without a line, although I have scarcely time to think, much less to write. But when your dear mother told me, in answer to my question, Will she have any letter this mail? no, then my heart relented, and I took up my thin paper, as you see, and blotted it in my haste, *ecce signum*. But thin as the paper, and blotted as the sheet, I know that you will value this little proof of my unfeigned love.

This June was to have been the month, my own precious child, when, ten years ago, I had fondly hoped to have seen your face once again. Year after year I cherished the expectation, and even, like a boy at school, marked the months; but the almanack has closed, and I can mark no longer. Five years more,—and that, I believe, is the time when dear J—— will have (D.V.) his majority,—is far too distant a period, for one

that would number his days, to set before him, with so many of his friends gone, and so few left, and so many proofs of waning strength and increasing infirmities. But I am dumb, and would not open my mouth, save only in adoration and praise, though the pen will now and then start forth in silent grief at the unnaturalness of Indian separations,—heart-rending and spirit-weakening, and sometimes, alas! flesh-stirring. Forgive me this proof of my weakness.

We have seen C. G——; most engaging in his outward appearance, a lovely young man, but alas! alas! his heart is in the world, as P—— told your dear mother at the chapel last night. Poor fellow! then what a bubble is his happiness!—a poor, thin, ideal thing, a phantasy, a deception, a lie! Then how tenderly has the Lord dealt with you, taking you away from home, and old friends, and beloved relatives, and the gewgaws of London associations, to take you up the Burrampoota, shut you up in Assam, remove you, if not from *all* the temptations, yet by far the greater number, occupy you in domestic duties, show you the indispensable necessity of being a living Gospel to husband, children, friends, servants, take you away from solicitations that might have been at the first too mighty, and would have been to the last, it may have been, mighty, as snares in your way.

Oh! my precious C——, it takes long time, sharp medicines, and a mighty, yea, Almighty Spirit, to wean us from the world. The loss of your beloved mother was my first great weaner, and the next is my separation from you. But though the first was the strongest, the last is a very potent one, and I have been taking it for ten years. But once more forgive me, dearest C——; nature is weak, and yet strong. Oh that Ps. cxxxi. 2 were more my experience! But I have long seen that strong affections lead to strong temptations, and seem to require strong afflictions.

I am just going to my Bible class, which is one of my pleasantest occupations. But as it gets increasingly intelligent, it requires increasing consideration of the varied subjects which come before it.

One thing has lately occupied my mind a good deal—the need we have of a larger measure of the Holy Spirit's influence, and especially for the conversion of sinners. "Ask, and it *shall* be given you," is the motto. "If ye, being evil, give good gifts to your children, how much more," &c., is a warrant, a sure warrant, for hopeful, believing, expecting prayer, without any hesitation, distrust, or misgiving of any sort. If a man gives me his word, I believe it, if he be trustworthy. If I do not believe it, I distrust him, I insult him. God gives me His word; it is to the *needy*, not to the worthy, that He gives it; but if I doubt that He will fulfil it, I insult him. Is not this great sin? Therefore numbers of us meet in spirit, at seven o'clock in the morning, to pray for *one thing*,—the Holy Spirit. Cannot you and dear J—— do the same, though it may not be at the same time?

But my class hurries me away.

Always yours, in fond affection, with love to dear J—— and the three bairns, most affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS WIFE, ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

Hampstead, June 17, 1848.

. . . . The Lord has at last sent His chariot for His own, and taken to Himself one whom he has loved with an everlasting love. Her sorrows are all ended, and her joys begun. Her sins are all terminated, and her holiness consummated. And much as she loves you all, and never so much as now, if all the angels in heaven were (which they never would) to intreat her to return to earth, she would reply, "What! return to sin?—never!" Happy spirit! she is with Him whom she loved best of all, though she sometimes hesitated whether she loved Him at all. It is sweet to think of her purity, her peace, and her joy. Sweet, because we loved her, and loved the remembrance of her; sweeter still, because, through wondrous

grace, we hope soon to be where she is, and with Jesus, for ever, and never, never, sin. Ah! that thought!—so vast is it, that it seems, in a sense, to swallow up that of all other things, there to be with Jesus, and with God, and perfectly holy.

TO MISS F——.

June, 1848.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND AND SISTER,— . . . . . Your account of your Bible class is to me very interesting. May yourself and the class find great blessings! In teaching others, we not only have truths more fastened upon our own hearts through that very medium, but we more readily come to the end of ourselves than by any other process. But, dear sister, to teach others effectually, we must be constantly taught by the life-giving Spirit. How painfully am I frequently taught this, and yet not without cause for afterwards blessing God, who has humbled me! How precious a grace is humility! Cost what it may, it is never dearly purchased. What pains the humbling Teacher has taken with me! and yet how the pride of one's heart—Satan's darling attribute—oozes out, in some polluting stream or other, continually. I should think myself to be in a comparatively healthy state, if I ever felt in any measure the due hatefulness of this resemblance to Satan,—for to hate a sin is next to the hungering and thirsting after its opposite.

With great sincerity of Christian regard, I commend you to the Lord, and to the power of His might, that He would keep, and sanctify, and bless you. Again would I urge upon you, in Christian affection, that the only deeply sanctifying principle is the love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Spirit. I may pray against peculiar sins, and pray for peculiar graces; but to rise in the morning, and go to the morning sacrifice, see the smoke of the accepted and consumed victim; go in the evening, and behold the same; in other words, live in the realizing view of God's love to me, while that love draws out all love to Himself, I find, as far as I experience it, which *is only a little way in-*

deed, my chief sanctifying principle. This alone humbles my proud heart, and makes me ashamed of myself. I cannot *really* look on the blood, but it makes me love Him who shed it, and Him who gave Him who shed it.

Blessed Spirit, shed this love abroad in the heart of her whom I am addressing and of him who addresses her! This, dear Miss F——, is the earnest and sincere prayer of one who subscribes himself,—Yours ever sincerely in the Great Intercessor,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Hampstead, July, 1848.

Again, my own dear C——, must I say that half a loaf is better than no bread, and a little chit is better than no letter. This is my sermon day, and I can ill spare the time; but I cannot let the post go without one line. Besides, I have sombre news to communicate, and that which will affect you much, as it afflicts me to write it. It regards our beloved aunt, who is now with us. She would not have come, perhaps, but for the wish that she felt to have surgical advice. We took her to Travers, one of our first surgeons, and he, alas! pronounced her case to be one of decided cancer. It is deeply afflicting, but it is the Lord, and He never afflicts willingly, has always one object in view (Heb. xii. 10), is ever with His afflicted ones, with especial supplies of grace for especial need, brings all His through all their afflictions, and makes them work together for good.

She is very patient, and comparatively cheerful, and as yet suffers but little. I find it a great trial, as you would expect. May I, through grace, find it a great blessing! We are, of course, anxious to soothe her, and show her all affectionate kindness in her last days, and therefore she will leave Salisbury to reside in our neighbourhood. Thus, my dear love, friends die—first wither, then fade, then die. The strongest are but as a flower of the field; the wind only passeth over it, and it is gone. She is to me very dear, the oldest friend which I have in the world;

and though not the dearest, yet so bound up in all the recollections of my childhood, my youth, and after life, and so endeared by all the fond kindnesses, of unwearied love, that her loss will be a great one to me, of course more than to any of yourselves; but oh to see more in Jesus, and in God, more in the realities of religion, and in the undying substance of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost!

Dear C——, I feel myself but a weak Christian. I cling to the earth, and to the creature; and though they form not my supreme regard, nor are the objects of my supreme affection, yet too much, Lord, as Thou knowest. Strong affections make way for strong afflictions. I should not have been separated from my only daughter for so many years—but my pen shall not go on.

I know that I love Christ infinitely more than I love you, and would not move this finger for your return unless it were for the Divine glory, and under the clearest intimation of its being the will of Him who is best. Read this in a parenthesis; it is the parenthesis of my weakness.

Ever your fond, affectionate, though afflicted Father, yet peaceful and happy in Christ,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS DAUGHTER IN INDIA.

Taplow, Oct. 6, 1848.

My beloved Child,—I had begun a letter to you at B—— P——, but as I commenced it in three flats, and the whole ran in the minor key, I have changed my sheet and my note; for your letter gives so poor a description of dear James's health, although I think and believe that it is only a temporary effect of temporary overwork, and may, through God's blessing, be permanently and quickly removed, that I could not think of sending out my short *miserere* in the same note, thereby adding care to your poor heart, when I ought by every means in my power, as I am sure it is every desire of my soul, to comfort

and encourage your spirit in Him who is quite enough, and infinitely more than enough, to gladden all the hearts of His believing people.

But you will say, Whence the flat note? Well, then, the cause was this: I felt too depressed at finding my Cromer visit a failure; for my health seemed rather worse than better for the change. But I feel much encouraged to-day, and therefore give my much beloved child the benefit of it.

With regard to another point, that respecting Mr ——, which is a far more important subject, for it regards God's holy truth, I would only write a few words. That Jesus is to be preached in the broadest way, consistently with the perfect acknowledgment that God has an elect people, I fully believe. Many are invited (κλητοὶ), few are chosen. The infinite worth of the atonement gives us full warrant to do this, though God's purpose might be confined to a narrower limit. The rejection of the broad invitation is the condemnation (John iii. 19); and the true reason is the love of this world, which is darkness. The light is rejected, therefore the rejecter sits in darkness. The stung Israelite died because he looked not at the brazen serpent, not because there was not efficacy in the serpent to heal. We have little to do—nothing—with abstract reasonings, in speaking to dead sinners. They love sin and reject Christ. This is their ruin.

With regard to German theology, I tenderly caution you against the great bulk of it. The most deadly poison is at this moment manufactured in Germany. Neology is more current in Oxford than Puseyism, and is the more deadly evil of the two, if one can compare poisons.

None can be condemned for rejecting a Gospel of which they have never heard; but all will be *condemned who reject the free invitations of a free Gospel.*

The "*which*" in 1 Pet. iii. 19, refers to the Spirit, and by that Spirit Christ preached then to the disobedient by Noah, afterwards by His apostles, and still by His ministers, so that all who reject their testimony are deservedly condemned. Who can doubt but that the all-wise God knows for whom the great

feast of eternal life is provided; to doubt this is to forget His omniscience and infinite wisdom. If Jesus really atoned for all men's sins, then is there discord among the Holy Trinity—awful thought! then is there discord among the offices of Christ. He is not the Prophet of all, the King of all, the Advocate for all. If so, His advocacy is of no prevalency with regard to the most. Beware of German theology and of those who love it, prays

Your affectionate Father,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MRS O——.—ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

Hampstead Heath, Jan. 6, 1849.

MY DEAR AND AFFLICTED SISTER,—How soon, how very soon shall you and I, through wondrous grace, be in that land where death is known no more; where we shall no more need to be so continually reminded that bereavements are but a part of that discipline, arranged by infinite wisdom and love, to draw our hearts away from the unsatisfying creature, to take up our rest, our eternal rest, in God! You have had a long loan of a precious treasure; yet it was but a loan, even from the first; that loan has now been withdrawn, but the love that intrusted it to you is as fresh as at the first. There is but One that never dies, and the love of His heart is as imperishable as Himself. I will not afflict you by an attempt at commonplace consolation; your wound lies far too deep for the healing by human sympathy; rather let us rejoice that, though your dear and fondly-beloved husband has got one stage before us, we shall soon come up with him, and that He who was the stay of His soul, still lingers behind, and waits on us to bring us through the roughness of the way, safely to Himself at last.

Everything, in a sense, as I well know, will be new to you, in circumstances, in family, and in all that concerns you; but His love is old, old as Himself (Jer. xxxi. 3), and the rough stages are but the appointed means to develop it. We have all lost

something, yea, much, in the loss of your husband; the Church, the deacons, and, much more, myself, for he was, as you know, very dear to me, and so he deserved to be; but what is our loss compared to that of you all? But it shall be gain to ourselves, and to you also, however dark and mysterious the present may seem to be. True, we have lost a faithful and an affectionate counsellor, and an upright man of God, faithful above many, but we have not lost the best of all; our true Counsellor yet lives, and yet loves. Forgive me if I add one more intrusive reflection on your deep sorrows, let not your mind dwell upon contingencies. The Lord the Spirit help you to put your book fairly into the hands of your loving Lord, 'tis clasped together now in much of its detail; trust Him, and He will soon open it, and then shall you read one sentence throughout it all, "God is love."—Yours, in tender sympathy,

J. H. EVANS.

My love to your children. My wife desires her love most affectionately to you all.

TO MRS C——.—ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

Jan. 7, 1849.

DEAR MRS C——,—It has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit you with one of the greatest afflictions in this world, and He who has given it you, can alone support you, as I well know. He has always peculiar supports for peculiar afflictions, and He can and will afford them, because it is not only in His promise that He will do so, but it is in His heart. Oh, how commonplace do all the usual topics of consolation seem at such an hour; they almost seem to mock one. May the tendency of this, your deep affliction, be with you, as it has been with thousands who are now beyond the reach of all trouble; may it be made use of, and overruled, for the most blessed end of weanedness from the world, rising above the creature, and resting, through a view of that atonement which has taken away all the curse, in the very bosom of God; lead to

more prayer, more sanctity, more submission, more love. One deepening of the power of sanctifying grace in our hearts, is cheaply purchased, by the heaviest tribulation. So he found who wrote, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word." I am at the present moment in the furnace too, though another sort of one than yours, but I am

Yours, affectionately, in the Brother born for adversity,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.*

Hampstead, February 10, 1849.

MY PRECIOUS CHILD,—I thank God that your dear husband is a little better, and that he bore the fatigue so well; at least that he suffered no more from it; and that yourself and the precious children are well. I have not enough grace to say that it was not a real disappointment, the not seeing you yesterday or to-day, and still more that it is somewhat uncertain when we may; but I bless my Heavenly Father that He enables me to see Him in it.

> Trials must and will befall;
> But, in humble faith, to see,
> Love inscribed upon them all,
> This [and not even seeing my beloved child]
> is happiness to me.

I see the wisdom and tenderness of His hand, in leading you to the mild air of Devonshire before James inhales our climate, as well as the breaking of the long journey.

My beloved child, may our meeting be in Christ and with Christ. I trust the increase of the life of God within us is more precious than our mere meeting at all, in both our hearts.

You will have a full and particular account of the state of my nerves and general health, and therefore I need say nothing; with regard to the latter, it is perfectly good. I usually walk

* It was at the commencement of this year, the year in which he was summoned to his rest, that his daughter was brought back to England. Her return at this time was altogether unexpected, being hastened by the very serious illness of her husband. The following letter was written shortly after their landing.—ED.

between four and five miles a day, and am in other respects well. But, as to the former, I am, for the present, completely silent. Yet I am not without hopes, that He who never has a good withheld, or will withhold, from me, may yet raise me up again to some little service in these, my last stages, if it were only the superintending the Bible classes, and general direction of the Church. But with me it requires more grace to suffer than to be active. To be, to do, and to suffer, is the best definition of a verb, and it is the best one of real religion; but the last, with me, is the *pinch*.

God bless you, and ever think of me as your attached and affectionate Father and Friend, J. H. EVANS.

TO THE HON. AND REV. B. W. NOEL.

——, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Though not more dear to me than before you took the present trying step; for I feel that the bond that binds us together is far stronger than any mere agreement in Church government, or even the ordinances of Christ's house could ever form; my writing to you on the present occasion is simply to say, that, if it at all accords with your future plans to make any use of John Street Chapel, either on the Lord's-day afternoon or any evening of the week, it is most entirely at your service, for as long a period as you think proper. I cannot, however, conclude, having some experience of the pain the present step must have occasioned you, though it is thirty-three years since I was led to take the same myself, without assuring you that, with all the tender love that I bear towards my Christian brethren in the Establishment, I have never seen cause to regret it for five seconds, and I feel assured I never shall. May I add, that I hope no earthly inducement will prevail upon you to refrain, even for a season, from preaching that Gospel in which God has so abundantly blessed you?

I am yours respectfully and affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

TO G—— M——, ESQ.

Hampstead, June, 1849.

DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER,—We were thankful to hear from dear Mrs M—— that you were progressing, and nearly recovered from your late severe indisposition. O that all the blessing intended by infinite wisdom, tenderness, and love, may be fully realised in you in the larger, richer, and more abiding influences of the Holy Spirit, in all His sealing, searching, comforting, and sanctifying power! Oh, how precious is the least even of all this in our hearts, and how thankfully should it be acknowledged by us, even while we thirst, and pant, and fervently long for more and more, and consider the present but as the earnest, the small, though sure and certain earnest of all the fulness so soon to be enjoyed by all His redeemed in the glory to be revealed!

Dear and beloved brother, it is humiliating to see how we need all this discipline, and still more so to feel how little one has profited by all the past tokens of Fatherly discipline, so tenderly and so gently administered. For my own part, all that I can say is, if there were no other sin of which I was guilty than that of neglected discipline, sometimes shown in fainting beneath the rod, and sometimes, alas! in despising it altogether, the very rods of a loving Father would rise up against me, and condemn me. And yet all that sin, and every other sin, blotted out, and fully and for ever forgiven as if it had never been. Oh, wondrous nature of God, and wondrous efficacy in the cross of His Son, and equally wondrous efficacy in the power of the Holy Spirit to make such a stony heart so willing to acknowledge it!

Our love to Mrs M——.—Your ever affectionate,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Wibtoft, June 29, 1849.

My own dear Child,—It gave me a heartache when I took my last look at you and yours; but time runs swiftly on, and through mercy we shall soon meet again, and what is more and far better, we shall ere long be with the Best, and be together, for ever and ever.

Here we are, surrounded by kind friends, who do all that can be desired, or be done, to show how fondly they welcome us under their roof. How kind this is, that He who has the hearts of all in His hands, and rules them according to His own most wise and gracious purposes, while thus He takes us *from* those who love us, takes us *to* those, who, though comparatively strangers, yet still love us. And yet what is all this love but from Himself? May it be *to* Himself, and evidence itself indeed to be from Him.

Do not trouble yourself always to send me an answer to my letters, *i.e.*, letter for letter. I shall account your answer to your mother as for *me*. Believe me, dearest C——, that I tenderly feel for you, and see what is the void you are conscious of, in the loss of one so deservedly dear to you as your James. "But I hope and believe the great Comforter hath been with you, and hath shown you something of His *supporting, healing* power, and that you have been enabled to invite the Lord Jesus to fill up that room in the heart which He hath made empty, and that you are now aspiring more earnestly towards a daily familiarity with *heaven*, and a life strongly savouring of those sweet perfumes which the heavenly country yields in plenty to those who visit it."—*Love's Letters*, Letter lxxxi. p. 145.

Yours, in the truest affection of a fond, attached Father and Friend,

J. H. Evans.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

July, 1849.

My beloved C——,—Whom I want to see almost as much as if we had not met at all: but we shall soon meet to part no more. How sweet and blessed is the thought, how cheering and how composing the thought, how it quiets the soul in the midst of the little annoyances, the humiliating detail of life, which does but all form our school of instruction, and place us on the low form, where we learn out those lessons, which can only be learnt in that humiliating place. Oh, to be contented to read our book anywhere, at all times, and by all means!

I have already derived good from my absence, and fully hope that through His mercy, who sweetens all our bitters, and in all that is sweet sweetens still more by His own sweetness, I shall be materially improved. If I am but permitted to undertake ever so little service, I trust that I should be thankful, but the greatest of all mercies which I could possibly receive, is that of a surrendered heart, and a perfectly submissive will. This I have only as yet attained unto in a very *imperfect* degree, yet still in some small and feeble sort. But ours is in all respects but an imperfect perfection, although the precept is, "Let patience have its perfect work, that ye be perfect and entire, *lacking nothing*." Do not you think—I confess that I do—that if the Wesleyans err on one side by their ultra views of what grace can achieve in the believer, the most of us err as widely on the other, by stopping as far within the line of possibility, as they go beyond it? How much more may yet be attained, than has been attained, or than we think can be attained, we shall perhaps never know, till we know even as we are known. But resting, as we do rest, in the finished work of the Son of God, it almost seems indispensable to our souls' health, to have scriptural and defined views of what yet may be enjoyed of God, and nearness, and consequent conformity, to His will, in the midst of all the shortcomings, and miserable failures.

In my last letter I recommended Dr Love's Letters. No

one, I am quite sure, can like them whose hearts are satisfied with a low stature in the Divine life, but I cannot but think that all that really pant after holiness, *will*.

Yours, &c.,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MR G——.

Edinburgh, July, 1849.

It has not been from dislike of writing, nor from any neglect, that I have omitted answering your kind letters, but from another cause, the Ephesians—the Ephesians serve to occupy me; they more than occupy me. They so exhaust me, that little of me, and little in me, seems left. I know that you will be glad to be informed that I have really made a beginning, though that beginning has made such an inroad on my good manners. But "be ye kind one to another, forgiving one another, even as Christ forgave you," is, my dear brother in the Lord, your creed, and so it must be as long as the Spirit of Christ Himself, whose truth it is, opens to us our own hearts, and the heart of Christ and of God. Soon after I came here, I had an amanuensis. But I found this so awkward, and so exhausting too, for he was unable to make out my notes, and I was obliged to dictate to him, and it so tired me that I was obliged to desist from that plan. That which I now pursue is a far better: my wife is my amanuensis, and as she heard the sermons, *good*, if any such there were; *bad*, and many such there are; and *indifferent*, and of this sort there is no lack; the plan answers pretty well, and the thing advances. She gives me two hours' hard writing daily, and this is quite as much as I can stand, and thankful ought I to be that I can stand this. Though it is but a mite that I throw into my Lord's treasury, yet, like the widow's, it is all my living, and I feel that I have no more. My great trial is from the sense of exhaustion that follows, and sense of confusedness which is the result. I fear that my soul loses ground from this. But He can recover that which is lost, and more

than recover, if it be (through wondrous grace) for His glory. The God and Father whom I desire to serve, and whose I am, give me His best. Oh, may He enable me to give Him mine, yea, my all!

I yesterday heard a most touching, a most beautiful sermon, from one of the Free Church ministers; but it so overcame me, that I could hardly sit it out. "Ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." It was true Gospel, glorious, sanctifying, satisfying, just such as I shall want when heart and flesh shall fail, and want at this moment. Dr Candlish read every word, but the Spirit was the reader, and He read my heart, intellect, and conscience, and made me read it. I felt that if ever I preach again, this must be my plan, but I have many doubts as to the possibility of this. Yet I am better in everything but the power of expressing myself, and in this I feel no progress, or if there be any, it is little indeed.

. . . . . As to dear Mr Noel, I can say nothing. If the Lord so wills it that he is to stand in our gap, so wills His poor servant. On all other points I have no wisdom, but in this point I seem foolish indeed, yet if the Lord make this our path plain, all that remains is for us to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do as it seemeth Him good." Things cannot go on as they now are. But what is Thy will concerning us, we know not, O Lord, but our eyes wait on Thee.

We both unite in affectionate regards to your dear wife and family, and ever believe me,

Yours, in all Christian affection,

JAMES H. EVANS.

My love to the deacons and to the Church.

TO HIS AUNT.

Edinburgh, July 12, 1849.

MY OWN BELOVED AUNT,—I am sorry to find that you are still suffering from your feverish symptoms, but trust that they

will soon leave you. The warm weather with *you* is, I doubt not, the immediate cause. I say with *you*, for as to ourselves, we have not had one oppressive day. If the sun has been hot, we have invariably had a most refreshing breeze, and we are so mercifully dealt with as to situation, that from our windows we have not only a most extensive view of the sea, and the Frith of Forth, and the far-off mountains, but if the sun comes in at them, which it is now about doing, our back-room is in perfect shade, and quite cool. We certainly have never suffered once from heat; nay, I should say, every day has been rather cool. Is not this a kind and gracious provision for such a poor, unworthy one as I am? The air certainly braces me, and I feel that I am better already. I even fancy that I write better than I did, and with less confusion of mind and agitation of nerves. But there are two persons whom I sadly want to see, and that is my own dear daughter, and my own dear aunt. Indeed, I sadly want to see you again, for I can truly say you are very dear to me; and strange would it be were it not so, after the long-tried, unbroken affection which I have ever received from you,—quite that of a second mother. But it will not be long (D.V.) before we meet again, and above all it will not be long before we meet to part no more for ever. What a sweet and tranquillizing thought is this! Dwell upon it. Ever dwell upon it. It is the best of all quieters for our perturbed spirits, and perturbed they sometimes are, and will be, while we are in this vale of tears, and with a body of sin and death to weigh us down, and to try our faith.

Pray for me, that I may be patiently submissive to the will of God, to do His will, or to suffer His will—to do anything, or to do nothing—just as He shall be pleased to appoint. Mine is an active mind, and I find it the hardest of all things to sit still and to do nothing. The people here are very kind to me, as usual. The M——s left Edinburgh yesterday, so that we are now quite alone. But there is One who never leaves, and who says to us both, dearest aunt, "I will never leave thee." This is your mercy, and that of him who subscribes himself,

Your most affectionate Nephew,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MR G——.

Edinburgh, August 7, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—The intelligence you send me of Mr Noel's having purchased the chapel in Gray's-inn Lane relieves my mind from one uncertainty, though it opens to me another, from which there is obviously no relief but from Himself who has, I doubt not for some wise and gracious purpose, thrown us into these straits. When half-past six came last Lord's-day,—and I was constrained to remember the days that are gone,—when at that hour a poor and feeble creature was entering those walls, endeared by so many recollections, to essay to preach the unsearchable riches of his Master's love, sad and mournful thoughts, I would acknowledge, pervaded my soul, particularly as I had not, as I was wont to do, felt enjoyment in the services of the Christian Sabbath, and I was ready to say, Oh, "my God, my soul is cast down within me," though I was enabled to add, "*Why* art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him." It so appears to be the wisdom of a gracious God to frustrate all our plans, that I begin to have almost a dread of any plan, and to think it best to leave the thing entirely and unreservedly in His hands. Yet I will mention some suggestions that present themselves. Have we ever yet, *as a Church*, sought out from Him who has so long chastened us, the *cause* of the long discipline? If we have not, have we not been very faulty? Supposing we have no full perception of the cause, we ought to be fully persuaded that there is such a cause, and if so, it ought to be honestly and humbly sought out, and, when discovered to us, it ought to lead to deep humiliation, and till this be done, no relief can scripturally be expected.

In the next place, ought we not to seek the counsel and the prayers, on this very point, of those of our brethren of other communions to whom we think the Lord the Spirit has communicated the graces of wisdom and prudence; and if they should

be the means of detecting our faults, would not even that be no small blessing?

The last suggestion I have to offer is merely this, that if the Church, when assembled together, shall consent in making the offer of the Pastorship to any man of God whom I could conscientiously approve, I will gladly renew all the offers I made before respecting the chapel, and would, indeed, make any sacrifice to make the way plain.

Forgive the abruptness with which I write, being hurried to save the post. I saw my medical man, Dr H——, yesterday; he still holds out the hope that I shall, by *entire* rest (even from writing on the Ephesians) for the next six months, be equal to some portion of work eventually, even, perhaps, occasionally preaching.

My kind love to all the Deacons.

Believe me yours, in all Christian affection,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Crieff, Perthshire, August 14, 1846.

To-morrow (D.V.) we leave this place, having been here just a week. I hope that I can say that I am *somewhat* better, but cannot speak positively. Nor, indeed, do I expect to say this for some time, if at all. But at times I am enabled to wait for this with some degree of patient filial confidence, at other periods I can hardly say as much. But, dearest C——, it is no easy thing to lie as a child in the bosom of a chastening, though most wise and tender, Father, when a *cherished* idol (for such I feel the Church and congregation of John Street have been to me) is so rapidly falling down even before that ark, though that ark be dearer than ten thousand idols.

We have just received your letter, dated Monday last, for which I thank God and you. It is sweet to hear from you, but sweeter far would it be to see you, though but for one moment; how much better than thousands of hills and lakes and moun-

tains! but oh, how infinitely more, the thought of seeing you in heaven!

The portion of God's Word that is especially precious to me, more so than I am able to express, is Ps. xlii. Every word sets forth the experience of your poor father at this most trying juncture; yet though often obliged to say, "O my God, my soul is cast down within me," yet He helps me to add, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the *health of my countenance*, and my God." There is only one verse that I cannot enter into: "I will say unto God, my Rock, *Why* hast thou forsaken me?" because he tells me this *why*. It is because I have too much cherished this idol that is now falling down before Him. I know that I have, and would be abased before Him for it. It takes very much discipline to bring us to heaven, be assured. *Self*, in all its Proteous shapes, must be crucified. Lord, crucify it in me, on that cross which crucified my Lord. Oh, how do I long to be holy! and how it tames one's high thoughts to be conscious how vile and worthless one is, but still a child,—though a most unchildlike child, yet still a child! and I *feel* that I am.

Are not you inconceivably dearer to me because I know that you love Christ? Do I not love J—— inconceivably more than I ever did? Oh! I know that I do.

Dearest C——, how glad shall I be to write to you my *last* letter! I never see anything beautiful but I think of you and Minna. "Oh! beautiful."

My bad writing will shock you, but I can write *much* better; but pens, ink, paper, light, all is wanting, all except love.

Yours ever,

J. H. EVANS.

TO MR G——.

Stonehaven, Kincardine, Scotland,
August 24, 1849.

Here we are, dear friend and brother in the Lord, after much mercy, and continual preservation to this moment. My object

in coming to this place has been its healthiness, its position on the sea; and the advantages which result from this are, the power of being on the water as much as I wish, and the bracing effect of the air on the frame. To these things, however, I may add, its great cheapness, and, what is of far more importance, its spiritual advantages, for a holy man of God is here, one of the Free Church ministers, whose ministry and companionship we much like and value. In other respects, there is not very much to recommend it. The inhabitants are poor, and, I grieve to add, there is much intoxication among the fishermen, more so than in England. This is sad to see in the midst of so much Gospel preaching.

As to myself, I can only repeat what I have said before, that my health is good, and yet my nerves weak, as weak, I am inclined to say, almost as ever they were. But the Master of the assemblies makes no mistake. Of this I feel assured, *though it is hard to realize it.* My spirits often sink when I think of dear John Street, its Church and congregation, and *they are hardly ever out of my thoughts,* and still Psalm xlii. is my continued experience. But I cannot say, "WHY hast thou forsaken me?" because I think that I know the *why.* Oh, dear brother, if we search our ways, and say, "Search me, O God, and know my ways; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be *any,*" &c., how much do we find of cause wherefore the holy God chastens and corrects us, not for *His own pleasure,* but indeed, *for our profit,* to make us partakers of His holiness! Ah, Lord, my spirit cannot but say, Make *me,* yea make us as a Church, but partakers of that, then go on as Thou wilt to chasten us still, and though it may not be our pleasure, yet shall it be our will, since it is Thine.

Our plans of return are still in the lap of the All-wise God. We may be able to be at home this day month; but as our tenants have the liberty of keeping our house till the middle of October, we may be detained out till that time. But if a gracious God be pleased, I trust that long before that period we shall be on our return. Never did I so long to repass the Tweed as I now do; but the will of the Lord be done.

Should I ever be permitted to return to that dear, sacred, and most valued sphere of service, once again, this strikes me as among the things barely possible: if we met in the morning of the Lord's-day, for breaking of bread, I might be able to give a short address to the communicants; and I might be helped therein by some one who loves Christ better than himself. Let him read or speak, just as he is led; the most of the Scotch Free ministers, and Independents, and Baptists, feel no scruple as to reading their sermons, and why should we? In the evening I should feel not the least hesitation *as to* reading a sermon, though at the first I might feel some degree of hesitation *in* reading one. Oh! if God the Spirit give me grace to be content to do this, and power in doing it,—if He give me but a will to be nothing, and to be *esteemed as little better than nothing*, for His sake who was *as nothing* for my sake; that is, to go into the chapel and speak to the *half*, or the *quarter* part, of the number of those who used to hear me, and to be satisfied with the conviction of many of their minds, that Mr Evans reads because he cannot preach;—oh! I repeat, if God the Spirit give me grace to attain unto this, I shall find, and so will others too, that loss has been great gain, weakness has issued in real strength, and deep poverty in unutterable riches. And, oh! what would not be the glorious addition to this vast wealth, if there were a gracious revival in what yet might remain of the congregation and Church, and it became a Missionary Church,—a simple-hearted, devoted, spiritual people? And who shall say nay, if eternal, infinite grace shall say yea? To that yea my spirit springs forth with hearty amen, if it be for Thy glory, Lord; and if not, with as hearty a nay.

We both join in love to you and yours,

And ever believe me,

Yours in the truth of an unchanging Gospel,

J. H. EVANS.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Stonehaven, August 31, 1849.

MY DEAREST C——,—This is the last day in August, and I cannot but rejoice at its termination, as it speaks of home, sweet home, when I shall, through the mercy which has all along followed us to this hour, see those again whom I so dearly, so tenderly, so fondly love. We go to our new lodgings next Thursday (D.V.), where, instead of a noisy street, crowded with crying children and cackling geese, and pestered with flies, we shall hope to have a quiet, retired apartment, with a full view of the sea, and a meditative walk close at hand, and, I humbly trust, the Lord's own presence to comfort us, and His own Spirit to teach and instruct and sanctify our souls. You can scarcely conceive what a Scotch town is, accustomed even as you have been to India. Imagine all the women without shoes or stockings, and the feet none of the cleanest; their features, for the most part, hard, coarse, ill-favoured; the children half and badly dressed; the men hardy, rough, independent, yet civil when spoken to, but evidently caring very little for your concerns, satisfied with their own herrings, of which they have large quantities. We went into a little town, or village, the other day, entirely occupied by fishermen; the room very neat, the dresser neatly washed, but no chimney, the smoke making its escape through a hole in the roof, which was papered to keep out the weather; the smoke being the only means which they enjoyed, or rather possessed, of drying the herrings, which were suspended, together with mutton-hams, above the fire. There was a child laced and tied into a cradle, so that it could not escape. There was no want of crockery, nor of kitchen comforts. Their bed-room was apart from the kitchen, a regularly shut-up room, in which were two *bed-closets*, in which usual dormitory the Scotch seem to be enclosed. This is literally true, for doors shut them in; and, by the by, this habit disposes them so to arrange their bed-rooms generally, as to put one of the dormients inevitably against the wall, which thing I have a great dislike of.

But the worst thing that is in Scotland is the frequent habit of intoxication among the lower orders; this is the most painful feature that is visible; but, if we come and look a little closer, we behold other things which greatly sadden the spirit. I mean the so common substitution of forms and ordinances and decency of conduct, for vital, real, and spiritual religion.

When I was at Edinburgh, I had received a *token* at Dr C——'s Church, and fully intended receiving the Lord's supper; but I was prevented by the length of the service and my own state of health. And right glad was I, afterwards, that I was prevented, for I was then informed, that *all* who were members of the Free Church were admitted to the table of the Lord—all, without any exception; and when I asked who were members of the Free Church, I found that all who left the National Church were, without scruple, received at once as members of the Free; and when I asked whether they were *believers*, the answer was, "Oh! no; but there was nothing immoral about them." Such is the canker, dearest C——, that will corrode and eat up, in time, the vitals of the Free Church. This is only Puseyism in another form* Nor is this a solitary exhi-

* NOTE.—In reference to the preceding statement, the Editor has received a communication from Dr Candlish, which he feels it no more than due to a distinguished defender of the Free Church to insert:—

Edinburgh, 20th *February* 1858.

REV. DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to a passage in your very interesting Life of your father, relative to the Free Church of Scotland. It occurs at page 406, beginning with the words, "When I was in Edinburgh, I had received a token," &c., and ending with the sentence, "This is only Puseyism in another form."

Of course, I know that I am the "Dr C——" spoken of; but I do not know who the party is from whom your father obtained his subsequent information. What he states is fitted seriously to mislead persons ignorant of our Presbyterian discipline and government. It should have been explained to your father, in the first place, that we received as members of the Free Church, entitled to sealing ordinances therein, only those who had previously been members of the Established Church, in full communion; and secondly, that we do not admit new applicants for sealing ordinances without a profession, on their part, of their faith in Christ, and an examination on our part—that is, on the part of the kirk-session—sufficient to ascertain in our judgment, that the profession is based upon competent knowledge, and is not belied by inconsistent conduct.

I am aware that our views, in regard to this subject, do not altogether harmonize with those usually held by Congregationalists or Independents. I by no means wish to discuss that question, or to canvass your father's opinions upon it. But, however we might have differed—and I do not think the difference would have been very

bition of the devouring plague. You meet perpetually with instances of persons, doctrinally and morally correct, but spiritually dead, yet quite secure in their own eyes; and they are unquestionably the hardest persons to deal with. Let the Church but admit the world into its enclosure, and very soon the Church becomes the world. It is very easy to talk about the difficulties of separating the two. Alas! this is but the lullaby of a sleepy spirit. Separation from the world is the motto of the Gospel, and no separation among true saints. Satan's motto is the uniting of the Church and the world, and the separation of God's children. We may, after all our endeavours, be greatly disappointed, but the very aim is of God, and He will bless it. The state of Scotland much affects me, because the ministry seems of a very superior order in intellectual power and spiritual truth. But nothing makes up for the errors of a first principle.

Good bye! Oh, how I wish that I could catch one glimpse of you!—Your ever affectionate father,

J. H. EVANS.

material—I am satisfied that if the matter had been rightly explained to him, he would not have been inclined to say, that he was "right glad" to have been "prevented from receiving the Lord's Supper," in communion with my congregation.

The confusion seems to lie in the use of the word "members." We apply that term only to those who, after examination, have been admitted to the privileges of baptism for their children, and the Lord's Supper for themselves, by the kirk-session—that is, the ministers and elders. Your father seems to have taken up the impression, that when we left the Establishment, we admitted to the Lord's table all, indiscriminately, who left the Establishment along with us; whereas we admitted none but those who had been previously recognized as communicants, according to the rules of our Church, in the very same orderly way in which we, *mutatis mutandis*, had been recognized as ministers and elders. We did not consider our standing as ministers and elders to be at all affected by the circumstance of our leaving the Establishment. Nor did we regard that circumstance as affecting the standing of the private members of our flocks who went along with us. Since that time, our discipline with respect to the admission of new members has, at all events, been as strict as it was before; and we endeavour faithfully to carry out the Presbyterian principle applicable to that matter.

I have a very lively recollection of a pleasant interview I had with your father in his lodgings here about the time of this affair. I have also to thank you for your edifying and most interesting volume. And I beg you to pardon my intrusion.—Yours very truly,

ROB. S. CANDLISH.

The Rev. James Joyce Evans.

TO MR. G——.

Stonehaven, Sept. 2, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE HOPE AND TRIBULATION OF THE GOSPEL,—We are now casting a look towards home, hoping (D.V.) in about three weeks, to leave this place for England, which I never more wished again to behold than I now do, although with but little hope of any real return to that work which was once my joy and my delight, and in which I should rather say a gracious God so long indulged me, poor and unworthy as I was of the honour put upon me; and increasingly most unworthy of it do I feel myself to have been. I have been expecting to hear from you for some time, and suppose that a letter may be at this time following me about, and may at last reach me. But I am aware that you can have nothing really to communicate, save only what my Heavenly Father this morning communicated to me by His servant David. Ps. cxxx. 1–4. May all this be indeed communicated to me by His own Spirit, and then all will be peace.

Sept. 5.—Since writing the above I have heard from Mr S—— that Mr Noel does not have Mr Mortimer's chapel. Have the kindness to send me word about it. Surely, if this be so, we may say the Lord He is God! the Lord He is God!

Yours in all affection,

J. H. EVANS.

PASTORAL LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO

THE CHURCH IN JOHN STREET.

PASTORAL LETTERS.

Ryde, Isle of Wight, August 6, 1829.

My dear Fellow-disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, fellow-sufferers from sin and Satan in a world of tribulation, and fellow-heirs of the kingdom of peace, holiness, grace, and glory,—Much as I feel satisfied that it was needful that I should have been, and for some little time longer should still be absent from you, yet I can truly say how sincerely I long to behold you once again, greatly desiring to see your face, for the sake of Him whom you love, and for your own sake in Him. Tender is the tie, and close the bond, which the Lord has formed between us: the love of the Father, the mediation of the Son, the grace and faithfulness of the Spirit, are its strength, its support. It is the fruit of eternal counsels, and will redound to the praise of eternal glory. Time is too narrow for its limits; it will endure through all eternity. Yes, my beloved friends, if we are led by the Spirit of God, are born of God, then are we the sons of God, and shall see God; yea, shall endure with God as long as God Himself endureth. Tried though we are, and tempted, and sometimes, too, very sorely tempted,—though strangers here in a strange land,—though storms and tempests here often assail, and sometimes beat us down, and not unfrequently the worst assaults come upon us after intervals of rest, and even of enjoy-

ment, as if Satan would assure us that if the Lord will give us quietness he will give us none; yet still, my beloved, still grace prevails. Pressed and oppressed, worn, and sometimes almost worn out, still grace prevails, and must prevail. True, grace is but glory in its little commencement. I say little, not because of the things which the Spirit, that most blessed Comforter and Sanctifier, unfolds and gives some heart-felt experience of; but little, because our understandings are so darkened, our hearts so benumbed, our wills so little rectified, by reason of sin and our own carelessness, self-confidence, and unbelief, that it seems but as a spark compared with the sun, a drop with the ocean. And yet the spark is fire, even as the sun,—the drop is water, even as the ocean. Blessed thought! may we be grateful for this; and while we are grateful, beloved, may we show our gratitude to our Father, by counting all things but loss for it,—our righteousness and our sins, our comforts and our crosses,—and by desiring, coveting, supplicating for, yea, intensely seeking after, more, and more, and more, of the sweet and holy foretaste of the coming glory. Oh, my dear, dear friends, you little know, I little know, and less, much less, do I know than many amongst you, how much may yet be had of God, and of communion with Him, and of delight in Him, and of submission and conformity to Him, even here, and what great losers we are on account of our little waiting upon, and seeking after God, in the face of His most dear and blessed Son. Whereas for the time, He might well say, ye ought to have been strong; and men in Christ, ye are, many of you, weak and sickly; at least, I can say there is one to whom He might so speak, even he who is now addressing you. My beloved friends, "this is the will of God, even your sanctification." May it be our will also, through Him who worketh in us to will and to do. As justification is the key-stone of the arch, sanctification is the material that rests upon it, and upon both, as proceeding forth from Himself, the Lord lays the exceeding, the eternal weight of glory. The Lord bless you, keep you, and sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Brethren

and sisters, pray for us, we both need your prayers. Pray for us, that we may be devoted to God, that we may love Christ more and grieve the Spirit less, that we may be less ashamed of Jesus, that we may be more bold for God,—more self-denying, more sin-hating, more God-glorifying,—that we may have higher enjoyment of God's sensible presence, and not forget that communications of grace from God produce higher obligations to greater surrenders of heart, lip, and life, in His most blessed service. Let me be especially remembered, with all affection to the deacons, whom I love in the Lord, to the aged brethren and sisters, to the tempted, the afflicted, the poor, and the needy. We have not many rich, may they have grace to pass through the needle's eye! . . . . . Ever believe me, most truly, most affectionately,

Yours, in the bonds of a free Gospel,
J. H. EVANS.

Taplow, July 5, 1830.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS AND KINSMEN in Christ Jesus the Lord, redeemed by precious blood, the blood of the Lamb, whom I love for His sake, and serve, or rather seek to serve, if it be His will, even unto death. For what, alas! is the best service compared with His who was the servant of all? But mine—with shame I confess it—seems less than the least, when I consider what He did and suffered, contentedly and rejoicingly—when I consider what He is now doing at the right hand of God—when I think of His love for His people, so vast and so unutterable, —how poor and wretched do all my services appear! And yet I bear you upon my heart and in my prayers, the Lord knoweth, beseeching God, even our own God, to bless you with every covenant blessing of His own most gracious heart. I do not think of you the less because I am absent from you; it may be that in some respects I think of you the more. My dear brethren and sisters in a dear Redeemer, it is but a little, a moment of time, and we shall be in eternity. The period is rapidly, though silently, coming on us, when every earthly care and

every earthly comfort will be to us as though they had never been; in the meanwhile, disappointment of every kind, in everything created—in our tenderest enjoyments, however valued by us—in our choicest comforts, however prized—in our friends, however kind—in our relations, however full of love they may be—disappointment of every kind, and most of all in ourselves, is our appointed portion. Some, I believe, expect far less from the creature than others, but we all expect far too much, at least in some things; therefore it is that vexation and vanity will ever walk together, as Solomon discovered, the Lord being his teacher. But my beloved friends, while wilderness is all around us, and there is so much of waste and desert within us, one spot must ever be excepted: the Lord has Himself pointed it out—a garden not guarded by cherubims to exclude, but into which the cherubims themselves invite us to enter—a garden which our second Adam has taken possession of for His saints, to be their eternal inheritance. I mean, the very perfections of Jehovah Himself to be the portion and inheritance, present and eternal, of His beloved and covenant people. "Have *I* been a wilderness unto Israel?" is His inquiry. The answer is in the hearts and experience of those in whom He dwells, and dwells for ever. It was in the school of actual trial and experience, my beloved friends, that our first father found out the perishable nature of all created good, and it is in the same school that we, his children, are taught the *im*perishable nature of that good which has God Himself for its author, God Himself for its substance. It is my happiness to believe that some among you have learnt the lesson deeply and effectually, God the Eternal Spirit revealing the glory of God in the face of Jesus to your souls, while all His dear people in John Street are learning it in His own way, and in His own time. May He condescend to reveal this truth of truths to him who is now addressing you, more deeply, more fully, more personally. Pray for me, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ; pray that Christ may dwell in my heart by faith, that, strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, I may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the

love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that I may be filled with all the fulness of God. (Eph. iii. 16–19.) May the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ bless, preserve, and keep you! May He enable you and me to live on, to understand, and enjoy Himself; to have every day an increasing persuasion that there are no discoveries of God that can melt and subdue the heart, but that which the Spirit makes on Calvary; that a sense of pardoning love most effectually quickens to do and suffer the will of God; that faith in Christ, accompanied, as it ever will be, by repentance towards God, is that which purifies the heart, and worketh by love. My prayer to God for you this morning was, that you may be a holy people, meek and lowly, sitting at the feet of Jesus. There is no other place, beloved, but at His cross, and no other posture but at His feet, that will ever suit you and me in this world. The more we are led there, to watch over, confess and forsake little sins, taking them to the fountain of our dear Redeemer's blood, and thus receiving a sense of pardoning mercy and grace to help in every time of need, the more shall sins of a deeper malignity be avoided. I shall hope, during my absence, to write to you once every week, bearing you much, very much, upon my heart.

Ever believe me, my beloved friends, your most affectionate brother and servant for Christ's sake,

J. H. Evans.

Wooburn, July 11, 1830.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,—It is pleasant to think that the bonds which unite the covenant people of God together are for eternity; that while time can and will sever all earthly bonds, the links which fasten, as in one chain let down from heaven, the elect of God together, are as firm, yea, indissoluble, as the foundations of the everlasting hills! What an endearing thought is this, and how should it endear those who are one in Christ, and lead them to be one in heart, bearing and forbearing, and forgiving one another, even as Christ forgave them, being kindly affectioned one towards another, in honour

preferring one another. Oh, how should it draw them to the same throne of grace, and lead them to pray one for the other, yea, to wrestle hard for each other, taking the very infirmities, the very weaknesses, faults, and blemishes of our brother as so many special errands to God, even our own God: thus shall the very spots we discern in him only drive us the more to the boundless treasury of inexhaustible grace and love. My dear brothers and sisters in Christ, from my inmost heart I thank you for that love and affection which you have ever shown me; but, while I am conscious that I have no claim whatever to that measure of regard which the Lord has put into your hearts towards me, yet I desire it more and more. That love which takes me in the arms of faith to our common Father, and beseeches that He will fill with His Spirit, and satiate with His goodness, is more prized by me than, if I had the tongues of men or of angels, I could possibly express. It seems so long since we met, though it be not a fortnight. O that our souls, in that period, may have been led into some deeper discoveries of the matchless glories of Immanuel! Not quite a fortnight, and yet what an exhibition has been made, in that time, of that truth, "By grace are ye saved!" For my own part, I have only to confess that where sin has abounded, there grace has much more abounded. My beloved friends, the value of atoning blood, and justifying righteousness, restraining, constraining, sanctifying grace,—the value of that love, rich, free, sovereign, and discriminating, which was from everlasting, and shall be to everlasting, the inmost recesses of a Father's heart, the perfect agreement between the sinner's wants and the Saviour's fulness, the various riches of the royal treasury, the freeness, the fulness, the satisfying properties of forgiving mercy, the faithfulness, love, and might of the Eternal Spirit, the blackness, the malignity, the ingratitude, of all sin, especially of some sins, the proneness and readiness to self-destruction to which the creature is in itself every moment exposed, the tenderness and weakness of the new creature,—these are things, beloved, for us to learn, indeed, in our sojourn in this vale of tears; but, I believe, the name of our school shall be that of

temptation and trial. During my absence from you, I have not got out of that school, and never expect it here, and in one sense do not desire it; but I must also confess, and that to the honour of my Master, I have found also His grace sufficient, yea, for the strongest corruptions and sorest temptations. Christ is enough. This is our motto. Christ is all wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, — all sympathy, tenderness, and love. His name is as ointment most costly, His person most glorious, His grace inconceivable, His work most precious.

Live with Him, beloved, in His company, in nearness of communion and close fellowship, in holy, humble, endearing familiarity, keeping nothing from Him, absolutely nothing, confessing, pleading, praising.

Live on Him, hanging as the helpless branch upon the parent vine, as the frail and feeble bride upon the mighty, loving husband, as the limb upon the body, as the wall upon the foundation.

Live to Him, whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, little things or great, private or public, in the Church, in the family, in the world. May this be your high, your holy aim, your single motto, We serve the Lord Jesus!

Ever yours, most unfeignedly and affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

Salisbury, July 17, 1830.

Once again, dearly beloved in Him who died for our sins, I address myself to you; and it is pleasant on this day, which is the day I set apart for more especial prayer for the Church at John Street, and for all the Churches of our Lord scattered up and down this world of sin and suffering; it is pleasant to me on this day, especially pleasant, to write to you, for I bear you upon my heart before the Lord, and He knoweth, that out of the abundance of the heart my tongue would speak. O that He may condescend to bless you with all the rich blessings of the everlasting covenant, empty you continually (for we need it

every moment) of self,—that great enemy of God and of His Christ, whether it show its hideous face under the appearance of worldly, sensual self, or whether it carry its lofty head highly and haughtily under the form of intellectual self! O that He, the great Purifier of His own blood-bought family, may cleanse you perpetually from the pollution of this great defiler, wash you in His own most precious blood, and purify your hearts and consciences by His own most blessed Spirit, that the love of God being shed abroad in your hearts, the power of self may be weakened, and your souls filled with all the fulness of God! My brethren and sisters in Christ, you need not be told by me that God alone can subdue self, and that the love of God in Christ, really experienced in the heart, can alone deaden the heart to the seductions and alluring wiles of self, which, like the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden, seems often but a very little thing,—a thing that shows itself, as it were, good for food, pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise, but whose taste is wormwood, and bitterness of gall. It is now more than a fortnight—indeed, on the day when you receive this it will be three weeks—since we have seen each other; I would not forget that we may see each other no more. We reckon upon *probabilities*, and to a certain extent it is impossible to do otherwise; but the safe, the happy, the commanded way, is to calculate upon *promises*,—to rest in them, or rather in Him, in whom they are yea and amen; or rather, in the covenant love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, displayed, ratified, certified in the person, work, and offices and character of our ever-blessed Mediator, Jesus Christ. This is a rest indeed; the believer enters into it; in proportion to his faith he does so. "Lord, increase our faith," that we may go into the city, live and die there; it hath foundations, its Builder and its Maker is Thyself. My beloved friends, "God is love," and "he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." May God Himself be our dwelling-place—God, the infinitely gracious, long-suffering, patient, and merciful God, wise, holy, faithful, just, and good. May He be our habitation, our resting-place, our home, and then it matters but little where we are, whom we see, whether the path be rugged

or smooth, since to walk in His presence is better than life, and all the things we can desire are not to be compared to it. But should we meet again within those walls where God has from time to time deigned to meet with us, with what thankfulness and hopeful expectation and prayerful supplication should we meet, beseeching, imploring our heavenly Father to visit us from Sabbath to Sabbath, and every day, and all the day, with His own most gracious Spirit,—that we may believe more, hope more, love more, hate sin more, deny ourselves more,—that we may live so habitually in the frame of our souls so near the cross, that every object which we see may be sprinkled with the precious blood, and ourselves especially, in our consciences, affections, understanding, will, and tempers, in our principles, in our practice, retired and open,—that we may have larger discoveries of Christ and His inexhaustible fulness and sufficiency,—that we may have no secret distrust, no inward misgiving, no sinful, hard thoughts of Christ,—that we may have grace in every time of need, that we may be enabled to make a constant use of Christ received,—that we may behold at all times the feet of a risen, interceding, ascended, glorified Saviour, upon the necks of our vanquished enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil,—that we may take our least as well as our greatest trials and temptations to Christ, believing that He is enough for all, intercedes for us in all, and will glorify Himself in all; that whatever our situations, our great desire may be to glorify God in that situation, whether it be in doing or suffering His will. May he graciously fill the ministry of him who is now writing to you with His own Spirit, correcting all its manifold defects, and establishing it notwithstanding all its weaknesses, that He may be honoured, and your souls blessed. On last Lord's day I preached twice, and some of you will be surprised to be told, in a church in the Establishment; but as the Lord knows no party, for in Christ Jesus all His members are one, neither do I. In the morning I felt straitened in spirit, and made it a matter of special intreaty of the Lord, that if the step I was taking was pleasing to Him, He would make it evident to my spirit in preaching. He graciously did so by giving me enlargement of soul. This leaves

me without a doubt. May God bless, preserve, and keep you We are all well; I thank Him, quite well.

Yours most affectionately in a dear Saviour,

J. H. EVANS.

Ryde, July 28, 1830.

It gives me pleasure, my beloved brethren and sisters in Him who is the Beloved of the Father, and our Beloved, to be told of your love towards me, and that you receive my letters as a little proof of my love towards you. I often, often pray for you. Oh, that the love of Christ, the love of Him who is the bond of all spiritual union, whose blood is the strong cement of all spiritual affection, whose eye watches over, whose ear is open unto, whose heart yearneth over, His people, all His people, and each one, as if there were no other—oh! that His love in all its length, breadth, depth, and height, His vast, unmeasurable love, were shed abroad in our hearts! then should we love His people more, hate sin more, and pant after God, even the living God. Yea, the very dryness, and barrenness, and thirstiness of the land in which we sojourn, would but drive us the more to Him to take up all our rest in God, and in Him only. My dear friends, I find it no small thing to be taught this truth in ever so faint a degree, namely, to live on a Christ received. It is indeed supernatural, and the peculiar work of the Holy Ghost, to feel myself vile and unworthy of all favour, weak and helpless, ignorant and foolish, to be conscious of having been foiled and worsted by my spiritual enemies, and yet upon the bare Word of God to view myself accepted in the Beloved, upon the simple declaration of God's truth to go to Him, in whom it has pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell, for strength, wisdom, and holiness—to go without misgivings as to His readiness to welcome the poor, the weary, the heavy-laden; and while I stand self-condemned, to believe there is no condemnation,—and while I feel, by painful experience, my own insufficiency to anything that is good, to see all-sufficiency in Him,—this my dear friends, is no light matter; but when the blessed and eternal

Spirit so leads and influences the heart to trust and glorify the Son of God, then all is easy. I would fain hope that of late He has been deigning to teach my soul a little of this blessed lesson; but it has been but a little, and that little makes me long for more. To think well of Christ, to approve of Him, yea, to find Him precious, is one thing; but to go to Him in faith, in the midst of as much hopelessness as Abraham felt (Rom. iv. 19, 20), this is another, and yet not to act thus, is to deny Him to be Christ. He is given to us for this very purpose and express end, as He is our justification when we discern nothing in ourselves but unworthiness; and we never honour Him more, than by this living on Him, as an able, willing, suitable, waiting, gracious Saviour; and we never, I believe, please Him more, than when, from the encouragements of His cross, we travel up under the drawings of His own blessed Spirit, meekly and humbly, but hopefully and expectingly, to His throne, to be transformed in the midst of every conceivable opposition into His own most holy and most lovely image; and I am persuaded, also, that to act thus, is the only secret for a peaceful spirit and a consistent life. We want a Christ received, for all seasons, circumstances, times, and places. If I cannot take a broken heart to Him, I will take Him my hard heart, and ask Him to break it; if I cannot take much faith, I will take my little faith to get more;—nothing, I am sure, is ever got by staying away. May the Lord the Spirit strengthen the new man, cherish His own work in our souls, give us more faith and wisdom, both to know how to make use of what we have, and to avoid whatsoever weakens it, and to bestow power over our spiritual enemies. One means of grace I have of late found (thanks to Him who made it so!) more than usually precious; I mean the habit of somewhat more carefully revising the transactions of the past day, than I have ever done before. It has been a channel of mercy to my soul, because it has endeared the fountain opened, the throne of grace; and while it shews me what I am, it also shews me what Christ is; while it exhibits the sinfulness of sin, it also exhibits the grace which pardons, and as it pardons can subdue. My beloved friends,

chosen in Christ Jesus, and called, redeemed by precious blood, O forget not your high calling, rest not satisfied with little things; covet, covet earnestly, all that God has graciously promised. To be near God is your privilege, to converse with God your great mercy, to walk with God is heaven begun, to dwell with God is heaven consummated. All are well, and send their love, with your attached and affectionate pastor and servant,

J. H. EVANS.

Ryde, August 2, 1830.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS, partakers of the same Spirit, redeemed by the same blood, chosen of the same Heavenly Father, travellers together through the same wilderness, and journeying on towards the same blessed, happy, holy resting-place, the same quiet habitation, the same blissful home, where tears will flow no more on account of sin, where there will be no crying, nor cause for crying, where "the wicked shall cease from troubling, the weary be at rest." "Happy are the people that are in such a case, yea blessed are the people that have the Lord for their God." O that this may be the portion of all those to whom this letter is, in much affection, addressed. But, my dear, my beloved brethren in a dear Redeemer, it is one thing to have the name written in the book of the living upon earth, and another to have it written in the Lamb's book of life. It is one thing to have the greeting of Christian friends, the blessing of Christian ordinances, the privileges of a Christian family, and another to have the real possession of Christ Himself. It is one thing to approve of Christ's words, and another to cling to His cross, to sit at His feet, to follow His blessed steps. May the holy and eternal Spirit keep us from resting in anything short of Christ, the Beloved of God. Oh, may He seal us up for God, and bear a clear, undeniable testimony to and with our spirits that we are born of God, that God is our God even unto death, in death, and through all eternity; that our crimson, blood-red sins are blotted out, that Jesus is our righteousness, that we stand in Him before God. If when the fire of persecution was

burning, when the lion roared, when there was so strong a wall of separation between the Church and the world, so broad a line of distinction between those who loved the Lord, and those who loved Him not, the apostle exhorted Christian men and Christian women to examine themselves whether they were in the faith, yea, to prove their own selves, must not the exhortation be needful now? Yes, my most dear friends, bear with me, whilst I admonish you, and I do it with deep self-abasement before God; to take nothing for granted, in this most solemn, most awful, this all-important inquiry, to be satisfied with nothing short of indubitable testimony, to have the point firmly, solidly, unhesitatingly fixed by the concurrent witness of God's Holy Spirit and God's holy Word in your consciences, that God Himself is nothing less than your portion, your sun, your shield, your father, your friend, your everlasting all. Oh, my beloved brothers and sisters in Christ, to walk with God as God, as a Being of infinite purity and goodness, but also of infinite grace, loveliness, benignity, and love, a Being of inconceivable pity, forbearance, compassion, long-suffering,—to walk with this awful, but this most tender Father, and to say, All this is mine, mine in Christ, mine for time and eternity,—*this is my God;*—this, this is to live. A day so spent is better than a thousand otherwise. To walk thus with God, to commune, to confess, to praise, to listen to His voice, to do His will, to aim at it, to have respect to it;—this, this is to live. May this most wondrous life be enjoyed by us abundantly. Pray for me, my most dear friends, as I hope to be enabled to pray for you likewise. I know little of this life as I would wish to know it. Satan is strong, the world is strong, corruptions are strong;—three strong currents, and all setting one way; but the new and holy nature, though in itself weaker than any of them, yet in Christ, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, is stronger than all of them. We have vast encouragements: an indwelling Spirit, an interceding Christ, a covenant Father, with all His perfections engaged on our side. We have an inexhaustible treasury, an open door into it,—all the riches of grace and glory free. We have precious examples of the power of grace over guilt,

corruptions, and the sorest temptations. Those who have gone before us, say to us, "See what grace has done!" We have such a tender, compassionate Saviour, and He does but tell us what is in the heart of our God, that He can stoop to the lowest, the feeblest, the poorest, the meanest, the vilest, the most unworthy. He looks out for the least buddings of grace in the heart, the least bloom of the Spirit, the least fruit, the least return after backslidings, the least brokenness.

It is not in His heart, in His nature to despise us, though we are so despicable,—to scorn us, though we are so poor. He left all for His dear covenant people, the elect of God,—submitted to all for them, wrought out all for them, works all in them, watches over all on their behalf, has all things for them, gives all things to them; why then should we not expect all blessings at His blessed hands? May Jesus himself give us hearts, not only to desire greater things than we have ever known, but to be on the look out for them! "Ask, and ye shall receive;" this is the mighty promise;—"seek, and ye shall find;" this is the vast encouragement.

My beloved, dearly beloved, for His sake who loveth you, Farewell.

Your loving Pastor and Brother,

J. H. EVANS.

Lymington, August 7, 1830.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—This my last letter, before, by our Father's good pleasure, we meet once more in the flesh, if so He will, I cannot send without beseeching your most fervent, importunate prayers that He would bring me to you with an especial blessing. O that He would graciously condescend to fill our souls with the love of Christ, that self may bow before the cross, and Jehovah-Jesus become infinitely precious to our hearts. My beloved friends in Christ Jesus, how can we thank God for all His peculiar, distinguishing, electing, redeeming, calling, sanctifying grace? Is it not wonderful, yea, most wonderful, that we, such poor, vile, sinful creatures as we are all, whose exceed-

ing sinfulness and deep unworthiness neither men nor angels, nor archangels know, nor ever can entirely know, neither do we ourselves know, but God only,—that we, I say, should have been singled out, and individually looked upon, and regarded, and loved with an everlasting love,—that we should have our worthless names on the table of Jehovah's heart, so to speak, and written in the Lamb's book of life,—that purposes of grace and mercy should have been formed on our behalf, when as yet we were not,—that then, with all the view of all our sins that we should ever commit in time,—all these present to the Divine mind in all their number, and aggravated and complicated malignity,—that, notwithstanding all this, yea, to meet, and provide for, and remedy, and entirely to save us from all this sin, though sin be nothing less than a stroke levelled against the being of God Himself;—oh, is it not wonderful, most wonderful, passing wonderful? Why, why is it, beloved, that our hearts are so little affected, so little moved, so little won over to an unreserved love of God, for His stupendous love of us,—yea, to us, even to us? Oh, what an amazing depravity does it show to exist in our nature, in that fleshly principle wherein there is nothing good, but everything evil, that we can think of these things, in a sense receive them, and believe them, and yet have our whole souls so little given up to God, to be wholly, unreservedly, and entirely His! Is it not enough to break our hearts, to think of that mighty, that marvellous stoop of Deity when it became incarnate, that we might be raised to sit on the throne of Immanuel Himself? "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on His throne." What! must God stoop down that we may rise? Must Jesus, the beloved of the Father, bleed, and suffer, and die, and that an accursed death? Must the Son of God become a carpenter, live upon charity, give up His place in heaven, take the lowest place upon earth, be esteemed a glutton, a drunkard, a sinner, a madman, a deceiver, surrender up all His thoughts, time, character, His life, His death, His humanity, the glories of His deity, and all for rebels, for enemies, for ungodly, for sinners, even for *us*?

And is this all the return that we make,—the half of our hearts, the shreds of our time, the refuse of our lives? Oh, forbid it, Lord! forbid it! Come, and take possession of thine own, bought with thy blood, rescued by thy love, sought out by thy care.

My dear friends, whom I love in the Lord, time compels me to conclude. May God, even our God, bless you. May Christ, the Son of God, become increasingly precious in His person, His work, and fulness, and in His tender, tender heart, as well as most holy example. May the Holy Ghost be more valued, more looked to, more sought after, less grieved, less resisted, prays yours most tenderly, most affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Wooburn, March 25, 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS, in that Lord who was once a sufferer for, but who is ever a sympathizer with, His poor and afflicted people; may grace, mercy, and peace be with you: may the name of Jesus be as ointment poured forth, as a civet-box of sweet perfumes opened to your souls, and fragrant by the precious administration of the Holy Ghost. And oh! may that blessed Sanctifier and Comforter, in all His rich and copious anointings, seal your hearts for God, giving you such clear and indubitable testimony of your saving interest in Christ, and of his most close and tender and intimate interest in you, that you may walk henceforth in near fellowship with God and His Christ, and in all the holy, waiting, watchful obedience of His dear adopted children.

Truly, my beloved friends, it hath pleased infinite goodness, tenderness, wisdom, and love, to lay no little burden upon me, in this stage of my eventful journey. Before this, I have not been quite a stranger to affliction; though my path has been comparatively a smooth one. But when I think of past trials, I may indeed say, "All the rest are as nothing to this." To have

lived for nearly twenty years in the most tender and affectionate union with a kindred spirit, who mourned when I mourned, wept when I wept, and smiled when I smiled,—who would bear with my infirmities, encourage my fainting spirit, and counsel me in emergency,—whose bright and consistent example was so often the means of stirring up my soul to follow after; and, in the course of little more than eight days, to hear my Father say, "I have need of her; she is mine, and not thine; I lent her to thee for more than nineteen years, and now I take her to myself for ever!" Truly, my dear friends, such a bereavement is no ordinary one: not to feel it deeply,—most acutely to feel it, would not merely argue want of right feeling, but would be, as I conceive, to despise the afflicting hand of God. If I know aught of my own heart at this present time, I feel its chief desire to be, that I may be sanctified unto God by this trial,—that Christ may be endeared to my soul,—that He may become far, far more precious to me than ever He has yet been, in His Godhead, His humanity, His work, His fulness, His endearing characters,—that I may have a deeper hatred of sin, and be conformed to the very will and image of God. But I also confess, that if the bereavement were not deeply felt, I should expect but little blessing with it. Oh, my dear sympathizing friends, how could, "I am continually with thee, thou hast holden me by thy right hand,"—how could that text have been made more sweet to me than my necessary food, if I had not keenly felt the absence of one who was in a sense continually with me! Precious is it to my soul to reflect, that when the dear earthly counsellor is gone, I can still say, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory!" Thus, in the sinking of the perishable creature, in the nothingness of even His own dear people, does Jesus endear Himself to us in the hour of necessity. You will, I know, be glad to hear that my short visit to this place has been a great blessing to me from the Lord. The quiet and retirement that have been vouchsafed to me, the opportunity which has been afforded me, through the Divine goodness, of leaving the multitude, and turning in upon God and myself, of quietly reflecting on what has been, what is, and

what will be,—of thinking of the blessedness of her happy state who is gone to her blissful home, and meditating upon the nearness of my own eternity;—these have been a covenant mercy from my loving Father to me:—yes! there are moments when the soul sensibly feels that there are points of a deeper importance than the outward work of the ministry. To retire for a while, and meditate, and pray, and turn over the page of conscience, are exercises of mind which string the soul for active service. Our Lord often withdrew, and that from His disciples.

As this may be the last letter I may ever write, let me bear this witness:—God is good, a very present help in time of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him: *I* have found Him so. The greater the need, the more does He help. His gentleness has sustained, and still sustains me. In this my extremity, I have only found relief in going *direct* to Christ. The whispers of the Spirit testifying of the love of my reconciled Father in Christ, have been my cordials when ready to sink.

Ever your affectionate Servant and Pastor,

J. H. EVANS.

Cowes, September 2, 1831.

MY BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS in the patience and hope of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—May the grace of Christ and the love of our Father and the blessed communion of the Holy Spirit be with you! The day is fast approaching when, through the Divine mercy, I shall hope to see you once more. I have been long absent from you; never, I believe, so long, since we first knew one another, and were brought to love one another in Him whose name and whose nature is Love. May our meeting once again be under His blessing whose favour is better than life! O that it may be some prelibation, some foretaste of that meeting in the Church above, where separation, and distance, and sorrow, and sin, shall be known and experienced no more for ever. Truly, my beloved friends, this world is our school, and all the incidents in it, its trials and its joys, its temptations and its mercies, its depressions and its comforts,

do but contain the elements of those important lessons which our Heavenly Father is putting into our hands, that, through His grace and blessing, we may learn by every incident, however minute, and, at first sight, unimportant it may appear, and be wise. Our separation from each other will thus serve to endear Him who is ever present, while we think of that blissful home where we shall be, if really His, to all eternity present with each other,—but, above all, with the Lord Himself. May God Himself, even our own God, be our Instructor, our Teacher, our Guide, even unto death.

My dear fellow-travellers in a desert world, often do I think of you; often do I pray that every covenant blessing may be richly enjoyed in your souls; that peace with God through Jesus Christ, peace of conscience through the application of the precious blood of sprinkling, and peace and quietness of spirit in the peaceful path of obedience, may be known and experienced more and more in your hearts and in my heart. Pray then, for me, that in this, my hour of sore trial, I may be purified and meetened for the Master's use; that I may return to you knowing more of the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, with my affections more raised from things below and more set upon things above. Oh! that that great master-principle, the love of Christ constraining, may more deeply pervade the ministry and the minister.

I now conclude, entreating your forgiveness of my manifold deficiencies as a servant of the blessed Gospel of Christ, imploring your patience with me, your sympathy,—above all, your fervent petitions to a throne of grace on my behalf. You will be glad to hear that I am much better. May health and strength be dedicated freely, unreservedly, to Him who gave!

I hope our brother H—— and our sister S—— are recovered. My unfeigned love to all, from

Your affectionate brother and pastor,

J. H. EVANS.

July 13, 1832.

To the Church of Christ, the disciples of Him who is meek and lowly in heart, strangers and pilgrims upon earth, but not strangers to God, beloved of Him, with an everlasting love in Christ, His beloved, and the happy partakers of His Holy Spirit, to my brothers and sisters in the covenant of grace, and mercy, and truth, in John Street; dear to my heart, but most dear to Him who alone can bear with our infirmities, blot out our sins, and make us happy in the fruition and enjoyment of Himself, whether it be in earth or in heaven.

Oh, how poor and empty and unsatisfying are all things here below, compared with the love of Jesus, known and experienced in the soul! Surely, beloved in a crucified Master, one little drop from His cup, not only maketh bitter things sweet, but maketh all other things comparatively tasteless. To know Him as the Saviour of the poor, the lost, the ruined, the undone;—to have communion with Him as such, in the way of faith in Him, trust and confidence on our part; and on His, in the way of sympathy, tenderness, and promise to supply, yea, of actual supply, of all our need,—surely this is the highest, holiest, happiest state of being, this side heaven, yea, the very beginning of heaven upon earth. And yet what slow, dull, and forgetful learners are we in this most important of all lessons, this most exalted wisdom, this close and intimate acquaintance with not only the work of Christ, the promises of Christ, the loving acts of Christ, but the very heart of Christ. I seem, as to myself, on the bare threshold of this school; I desire to enter in, and, at times, I learn a little, though it be but a little, and then how swift to forget, how slow to attain, do I find myself to be! He alone knows it all, who can and who does forgive it all, and blots out the transgression of the remnant of His heritage, and that for ever.

Last Lord's-day I preached in Liverpool, at the Penitentiary, on "God is love." What a subject! Many were in tears; I think I never saw so many affected. May it prove itself a godly sorrow, that worketh repentance not to be repented of, and that

"*unto salvation.*" Oh! if the blessed and eternal Spirit once opens up that truth to the poor, self-condemned, law-condemned soul, is it any wonder that tears of holy contrition should flow? And yet, as I preached, my dear friends, my mind deeply felt how great need of holy caution and scriptural wisdom there was, even on this as other subjects of Divine truth. How easy for the fancy and imagination of man to run riot in indulging a fond and sentimental idea on the love of God! There seems, in the minds of some, a sort of romantic feeling on this subject, quite removed from what God writes of His own love, as if there were nothing special, nothing sovereign, nothing absolute, nothing electing in that love. O how easy it is to bring in the principles of nature and the particular bent of our own dispositions into our views of truth, and call it, and suppose it to be, a fine spiritual feeling! How needful is it to keep our mouths for ever in the dust before the eternal God, and to remember that we know no more of God than He is pleased to reveal of Himself, and that it no more trenches upon the love of God to allow that *in grace* there is a special, peculiar, and distinguishing exercise of it, as He Himself declares, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," than it trenches upon God's omnipotence to allow that *in creation* it is possible to conceive, that God might, had He chosen, have displayed even more stupendous exhibitions of His power than He has done. The all-wise God has displayed both the one and the other, in the way most adapted to His own glory and to our capacities, to His own greatness and to our nothingness. I mention this, because I am aware that in the novelties of the present day, the fond idea of universal pardon would seem to throw a false glow and glitter upon the Divine character, as seductive to sentimental minds as it is unscriptural, bewitching in its outward look, but injurious in its real and necessary tendency. Of the love of God in Christ Jesus, His most dear and most precious Son, of the love of that God who chose us, and redeemed us, and called us, who hath restored us times out of number; who hath kept us, and fed us, and will keep, and feed, and restore, and that from His own mere grace and bounty, from nothing seen nor foreseen in us, from no cause

whatever in us save our misery,—in Himself, His own most unmerited love, and for His unutterable glory,—may it be your most happy privilege, with myself, also, to live in the daily, hourly, momentary enjoyment. It is the peculiar property, it is the inheritance of the family of God. O that we were misers here, and covetous after this high and blessed state of being! If we have it not, surely it were our highest wisdom to search and see why it is, and whence it is; perhaps it may be soon detected, and found to be either carelessness of life, or unbelief of heart. But if we have it in some small, but real degree, how watchful, how prayerful should we be! "Keep yourselves in the love of God," says the apostle. What! in the spirit of self-religion, self-dependence, self-power? By no means: this were *to destroy the precept;* but in the spirit of diligently, faithfully, uprightly waiting upon God, in the means of grace and in the path of obedience, and, above all, looking to Jesus all the way.

Brethren and sisters in the Lord, pray for me. I long to see you once more, for you are very dear to me, in Him. On next Lord's-day fortnight I shall hope again to speak of that Jesus whom we love.

Ever your affectionate brother, and loving, though unworthy pastor for Christ's sake, J. H. EVANS.

Ilfracombe, Sept. 20, 1833.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS in a beloved Lord, who are very near and dear to my heart for His sake, and next to Him for your own sakes, for whom I cease not to pray earnestly, entreating of the Lord that he would fill you with Himself, that your hearts may be blessed with all the rich enjoyments of His love, and all the manifold abundance of His grace.

My heart is towards you, and often and often do I think of you. Many especial tokens of His love and favour have I received from Him since my visit to our dear and beloved brother C——, many distinguishing mercies have I enjoyed, I hope never, never to be forgotten. The savour of His name

has been as ointment poured forth. The blood of His cross has been made exceedingly precious to our souls. We have found His presence with us, and we have been glad. The sound of His footsteps has filled our hearts with joy.

Oh, my dear and beloved brethren, fellow-pilgrims with me in tribulation, and partakers with me of the same blessed hope, strangers in the world and to the world, but not strangers to the Lord, journeying on together to the same land of rest and holiness and happiness, how pleasant often is it to retrace all the long line of mercy and goodness and love which a gracious, tender, covenant God has displayed towards us; what forbearance, what pity, what long-suffering, what gentleness has He shown in all His treatment of us! With what a tender hand has He drawn us and kept us! Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Pray for me, my dearly beloved. And this I write not as if I doubted whether you did pray for me or no. I *know* that you pray for me. Did I not, I should be unhappy indeed. But this I write to stir up your souls to wrestle hard with our Father, our own covenant God and Portion, that He would fill my heart with the love of Jesus and of Himself, that the Spirit of adoption and holy liberty, and of power, and of a sound mind may rest upon me in all His inward unction and Divine influence upon my understanding, heart, and conscience, that I may come back to you in the fulness and savour and sanctity of the Gospel, and may more than ever, far, far more than ever, exhibit it in the pulpit, in the Church, and before the world, and bear a fair testimony of His name in my life and in my death.

I have much to implore of your forgiveness, and, above all, of my Father's forgiveness of all the manifold defects and failures and sins and sinfulness as your pastor and minister in holy things. Oh, I feel that I am little what I ought to be, much what I ought not to be. But He bears with me, and do you; and may we all, under the drawings of his love and the sweet sense of His full forgiveness in our hearts, be enabled, with one heart, and with one soul, to lay ourselves at His feet, humble

ourselves before Him, rest upon His faithful word of promise, and surrender ourselves up unto Him. This is His will, even our sanctification. Jesus, our Jesus, is made sanctification unto us. His Spirit is the cause, His blood the means of our sanctification; and how much do we need it! Oh, my beloved, dear to my heart, but how much more dear to Him who chose you in His Son, before the foundation of the world; who has called you by His Spirit, redeemed you by precious, precious blood, who has fed you and kept you, many of you, more than these forty years in the wilderness, who has watched over you by night and by day, in the summer's drought and in the winter's cold; whose mind has ever been towards you and ever will be, oh, let me beseech you, implore you, exhort you, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that you give yourselves up unreservedly to the Lord. Oh, hang not back, trifle not, tarry not. The terrors of the law avail not for this, the fear of death, nor the dread of hell. No, blessed be His dear and beloved name, being delivered from these we would say, Thy love constraineth us. Dear brethren, farewell. I commend you to God and to the power of His might, to work all his good pleasure in you and the work of faith with power, that He would enable you by His Blessed Spirit, to crucify the flesh with all its vile affections and lusts, mortify the old man which is indeed corrupt, and put on the new man day by day, that Jesus may be increasingly precious to you—precious in His person, work, fulness, and love, nor less so in the brightness of His example, and the purity of His precepts. Time is fast flitting away; our happy home is before us; Jesus our forerunner has for us entered in. The Lord is at hand. It becomes those who have wives to be as if they had them not, and those who have children as if they had them not, and those who are in the world to be as if they were leaving it, for the fashion thereof passeth away. My kind and tender love to the deacons of our dear Church. May the Lord make us thankful for whatever of love and faithfulness and service they show unto us, which is no little blessing to us. Our dear brother C—— desires me to send you his love, his tender love, and to say that you are on his heart daily. May the God and

Father of our dear and risen Lord, bless, preserve, and keep you, make you rich in His grace, and cause you to abound in all the fruits of His Spirit, prays,

Your loving but unworthy Pastor and Servant for Jesus' sake,
J. H. EVANS.

I hope that nothing will prevent my preaching at dear John Street on the 29th of September.

Ilfracombe, Aug. 20, 1835.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS in Him who is our only hope and our great salvation, our Friend in trouble, our Brother in adversity, our true and highest happiness,—I trust when this reaches you, it may find your souls prospering and in health; that you may be sitting at His feet, listening to His words, baptized into His Spirit, and following after His example, finding His work most glorious, and His fruit most sweet to your taste. I know that it will give you pleasure and cause for thankfulness to our Heavenly Father to know that my visit here has been a blessing to me in regard to health and nerves, and I hope also in regard to higher and more important concerns. I find these occasional and short absences seasons of refreshing, because they present to me opportunities for thought, and the quiet turning in upon one's state and walk before God, more favourable than can well be enjoyed in the bustle of more active employments. They are to me especially needful, and I desire to be deeply thankful for them. Besides this, one has the opportunity of seeing the grace of God as displayed in others, observing their faith, and hope, and love, their precious thoughts of, and high estimation of Christ, their zeal for God, their value for souls, their self-denial, humility, their poverty of spirit, and purity of heart. This it has been my privilege largely to see; may it be my great mercy largely to partake of! Pray for me, dear and beloved friends; be earnest with our common Father in Christ Jesus, that these rich and inestimable blessings may be largely enjoyed by me; nor will I, through

God's grace, forget you, that all the mercies of the everlasting covenant, in all their vastness, freeness, fulness, and unutterable power to satisfy the soul, may be possessed by you. Oh, what is there in this poor dying world that can be fairly compared with one acting of faith, one hopeful glance at the bright world before us, one drawing forth of the affections for God and His Christ, the quiet repose of the soul in the finished work of Jesus, and any sincere desires for His glory? I am sure, my beloved friends, that one conquest over sin, through the grace of the Spirit and the blood of the Lamb, or even real contrition on account of it, in a poor broken heart, has more of solid happiness than the tinsel of a gilded world can ever yield.

The first Lord's-day that I was here I was silent, nor did I preach in the week. On last Lord's-day I was permitted to preach twice, and this evening had a door opened to me, besides the house open every morning to about fifty or sixty, whose ears and hearts appear to welcome the truth as I am enabled to dispense it. Oh, for a grateful heart for all these tender mercies of my most gracious Lord, and may His effectual blessing accompany His Word to the hearts of sinners and of saints. Next week I purpose leaving this place for the neighbourhood of our dear brother C——, whom I have seen twice. His heart is full of love to you all for your kind testimony of Christian affection. He feels deeply thankful, and consents to your request of his taking my place for two Lord's-days. Many prayers have we offered up together for that Church, so dear to both our hearts.

Tuesday, Aug. 25.—I feel as if I had almost committed a breach of love in not concluding my letter before this evening; and yet the Lord knows my heart to be tenderly towards you, and how greatly I long after you in Him. The truth is, the longer I am here, the more work is continually opening to me; and although some might say, you came for rest and not for work, I confess to you I dare not turn away, where I feel persuaded my blessed Master bids me go forward. Once I went to Ramsgate and did nothing, and returned home unstrengthened and unrefreshed; now, though I am engaged every day,

my health is better, my spirits better, my soul happier; so much to the praise of the Divine goodness, the tender mercies of my most loving Father, the gentle loving service of Him who condescends to make use of such poor base materials by which to accomplish His own purposes, who gives the desire, the power, perfumes that which is in itself so unworthy with His own fragrancy, accepts it with all its spots as if it were spotless, takes the will for the deed, and makes our poor attempts to do His will a means of happiness to ourselves and others. Ah, who is there like our Beloved? Is He not the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely? How infinitely precious is He to a poor conscious sinner! how unutterably needful to His poor, tempted, tried, but happy people! I say happy people, for so it is their privilege to be, yea, to be a rejoicing people, rejoicing in the Lord evermore, as their portion for ever. And so they would be, were they living by faith, and walking in the loving obedience of the Gospel. Alas! my dear and beloved friends, how low is our walk here, how much live we below our high and exalted privileges, our election, our redemption, our high and holy calling! How low are even the expectations, the very desires of our souls! Surely an Incarnate God saying to us, Behold me, behold me, a Saviour so complete, so full, so free, so tender, so patient, so holy, may well encourage, animate, draw us to Himself. May every blessing rest upon you, may sin be increasingly sinful in your eyes, and Jesus increasingly precious, prays,

Your affectionate Pastor and Brother,

J. H. EVANS.

Taplow, September 1835.

MY VERY DEAR AND BELOVED IN THE LORD,—It is pleasant to me to think that the time is so near when, through the Divine blessing, we shall once more meet, when I shall once again be with those whom, as God's solemn charge intrusted to me, I esteem and love so well, while I wonder at the grace and goodness of Him who has thus condescended to make any use of

such an one as I am, in such a work as is that to which He has called me among you. There are times, my dear friends, when my thoughts on this subject are almost too much for me. But at the present moment I look forward to my return to you with somewhat of a joyous anticipation. Trials, temptations, perhaps sorrows and distresses await me, but this I feel assured of, God calls us to nothing for which He is not enough, and for which the grace of Christ is not abundantly sufficient. I have the oath and the promise of a faithful God for my confidence, and the bosom of a tender Father for my place of repose. As my years pass on, I feel increasingly my natural infirmities, which place the strongest barriers in my way; but "My grace is sufficient for thee," yields, by the power of that Spirit who brings it from time to time to my remembrance, sweet solace under the humiliating experience; and "my strength is made perfect in weakness" is a peaceful refuge in the midst of the storm. There is, be assured, my beloved friends, not only an unutterable blessedness in the work of the ministry, but there is also an unutterable awfulness. To be faithful to the souls of men, faithful to God, whose souls they are, to preach the truth, lovingly, honestly, fearlessly,—the truth not according to the systems of men, but according to the mode as well as matter in which the God of truth has set it forth; to make no compromise with error, by whomsoever it may be maintained; above all, to exhibit the very temper and spirit, the integrity, and meekness, and sanctity of that truth in conduct, and behaviour, and principle, and practice. To be indeed a pastor of a Church of Christ, a real, however dim and little, reflection of Christ Himself in that Church, in being the servant of Him who took a napkin and a basin and washed His very servants' feet; thus to be the willing, loving servant of all, and afraid of none; to turn the right cheek when smitten on the left, yea, to be willing to sacrifice all for Christ at His bidding, even life itself—who, who is sufficient for these things? No one, Lord, but Thyself, and Thy grace is sufficient for me.

This day brings me a letter from dear brother E——, informing me of the dangerous illness of our beloved brother C——.

What a lesson as to the uncertainty of all things here below is here afforded us! It was but a little that I felt a need of the caution, lest I should glory in his strength, so strong did he seem as to bodily strength. And now, it may be, as a flower of grass, which a breath of wind scattereth, so may he fade. This will be received (D.V.) on your Church-meeting; need I suggest that it be especially set apart for him and the dear people committed to his charge? Absent from each other in body, yet present with each other in spirit, between seven and eight to-morrow evening we may meet at a throne of grace together, and beseech the Father of all our mercies, and our support in all our troubles, on his behalf, with a simple, childlike confidence that, if for the Divine glory, he may be restored to health and prolonged usefulness in the service of Him whom he loves. To the praise and honour of God's most free grace would I say it, and with a deep remembrance that but for the atonement of the Son of God, he could have nothing before him but the blackness of darkness for ever, yet must I acknowledge that among those whom it has been my mercy to have known upon earth, I have seen few indeed like him; a child so loving, a servant so ready, poor in spirit above the most, and withal bold as a lion, and gentle as a nurse. What he was, I know the grace of God made him, and I trust in my Heavenly Father's love, it will be our mercy to see him yet abounding more and more to the praise of that grace for ever.

My dear, my beloved friends, ours is a tender tie. Whatever we, His ministering servants, are, with all our weaknesses and infirmities, we are the Lord's gift to His people. And this, not to mention other considerations, makes it a *very tender* tie. But oh, how soon, how very soon, as it regards our union together as pastor and people, may it be severed for ever. It must be soon; it may be very, *very* soon. What a stirring motive should this give us to make the most of every opportunity, while we have it, for deriving from each other, and communicating to each other, as the Lord Himself shall bless us, spiritual good! Bear with the word of exhortation; in the spirit of tender love I send it, God knoweth. In our Church-meetings be punctual, regular

in attendance, as unto the Lord. Forgive me, when I say that by absence, without conscientious, upright excuse, you despise not man, but the Lord. May I not add, that on Tuesdays your presence is that which the Master of the assembly requires, unless absolute impediment prevent, as before God? By your absence your pastor not only loses the cheering influence of your personal presence, but he misses the benefit of your prayers, as he preaches. This is a double loss. It is but little compensation that strangers come and fill your places. You are dearer than all strangers. Sincerely do I trust, nor am I without a cheerful confidence in God's tender mercy that it will be so, that as a Church we may be more than ever united in mind and in affection. For my own part, as God shall enable me, I desire more than ever to give myself up to the Church, and to the Lord, myself your willing servant for Christ's sake. The bodily strength,—and herein for God's blessing on the remedies administered I would be very thankful,—and whatever He may have bestowed upon me in the way of gift and of grace, though it be but one talent, I would yield them back to Him who gave them, and especially for the service of that dear Church and people.

And now, dear brethren and sisters, farewell. To the love of a precious Christ I commend you. May His love constrain us, His blood cleanse us, His righteousness give us peace, His Spirit sanctify, His sympathy comfort us, His example animate us, and the thought of soon being with Him be as a live coal on our hearts. It is sweet to live on Him by faith; but oh, how much more to be with Him for ever! Ever pray for me, and consider me in the tenderest bonds,

Your affectionate Pastor,

J. H. EVANS.

Taplow, Sept. 23, 1836.

When I was at Lymington I began a letter to you, my dear and beloved friends, and brethren, and sisters in a crucified Immanuel, which I was not then permitted to finish. My heart

was toward you then, as ever, but with the many engagements arising from having much to do, and a great number to see, and that in a short space of time, I was really prevented from writing, as I had fully intended. Truly can I say I bear you continually upon my thoughts and in my affection before God; and that the very desire of my soul is, that you may be blessed with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus——that, as a Church and people, you may live under the shadow of His cross continually—that whenever guilt comes in, and a sense of unworthiness on your parts leads to suspicions of love on His part—His blood may be sprinkled on your hearts and consciences,—that you may draw from His Incarnation, work, offices, and character, and inexhaustible fulness, as from an ever-springing well, all supplies of most precious grace, and thus be filled with the love of God, as your Father, your Friend, your Present and Eternal All. May this be the great, the ruling, the supreme desire of our souls, that Christ Jesus the Lord of all may be our Lord in all, in all periods of our lives, and in all their varied and ever-varying circumstances. True, we shall decrease if He shall increase; true, we shall sink in our own sight if He shall rise; true, we shall be poverty in our own eyes if His most precious riches shall be truly seen; but to know Him is life, peace, joy, yea, heaven, so He Himself tells us, John xvii. 3. To know Him is life, and life eternal.

Next Lord's-day week I shall once more hope to be with you, and commemorate with you His dying love around His table. There may we meet with deeper abasement, more filial contrition, more spiritual desires, more settled fixedness and solemn determination of purpose, in a simpler dependence upon Him, to give ourselves up unreservedly to God, and to walk even as He walked, in all lowliness, and meekness, and love; in all forbearance, and in all humbleness of mind, as the forgiven of God, justified, and, through His boundless grace, soon, we humbly trust, to be glorified with Him for ever. May the Holy Spirit, the Eternal Comforter, give us there, near, and sweet, and satisfying communion with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ in all the boundless riches of Divine grace.

My dear and beloved friends, there is one point to which I would now desire to direct your minds, because it bears closely upon the will of Him whom we serve and whom we love. It is a point which, I am inclined to think, is much overlooked by great numbers of His real disciples, and my love prompts me to add, I much fear by ourselves; and I trust the consideration of it may, through His grace, be so laid upon your hearts and consciences, that I may the more commend myself to your love by leading you thereunto in the fear of God. I allude to the neglect of assembling ourselves together as a Church of Christ; and I fear, moreover, that when we do meet together as a part of the family of God, chosen in eternity, and called in time, redeemed by precious blood, and constituted His witnesses upon earth,—I fear that when we do meet together as the subjects of His spiritual kingdom, to deliberate under His authority, and in waiting on Him for the special guidance of His Spirit, to consult together for the spread of His kingdom and the welfare of those who profess allegiance to Him, I much fear, I repeat, that the solemn, deep, and holy obligation is but little experienced as it ought to be. Church meetings, as they are termed, are looked upon by many as of little moment, and of very minor importance. To attend the ministry, and commemorate the death of Him who died, are esteemed sacred duties; but whether or not to be one in the assembling together as a Church at any other time, is regarded by many as a matter nearly or quite optional. It is to these evils, dear and beloved brethren and sisters in Jesus, I would, in the tenderest affection, call your minds. Nor would I attempt to do this by merely reminding you that as disciples of the Son of God, ALL the precepts of His love are to be conscientiously regarded by us because they are His; but I would also appeal to you from every motive which springs from His cross, and even from the consideration how ultimately all obedience to His most wise and gracious will is bound up with our own well-being and happiness. I am aware some are ready to say, that things of a trying and painful nature often occur at such assemblies, or if not, that they are sometimes dull and uninteresting. To this I would only reply, that to assemble

ourselves together is according to the will of Him who died for our sins, it is among His commandments; and for one moment I cannot doubt that *in* keeping them there is great reward. Little, my beloved friends, are we aware how great a measure of blessing may be conveyed to our souls by a channel to all appearance mean and insignificant; and as little can we know how much negligent dealing with any one precept, prepares the way for laxity in dealing with all. Besides, I might add, is not Jesus in the assemblies of His saints? Where His people are congregated THERE IS HE, the great Master of the Assembly. Can Jesus be pleased when, as the Church increases, the number at the Church Meetings decreases? Bear with me, then, when I say, I entreat you and exhort you, on the ground of your allegiance to Him, that you fail not, when it may be lawfully done, to break through every hindrance, to present yourselves where your Deacons are, where the Pastor is, but above all, where the Great Head of all is, and loves to be. Let our sisters remember that they form an essential part of our Church Meetings; that although we want not to hear their voices in the Church, we want their presence, their prayers, their mind, which the brethren near them would gladly make known as occasion might serve.

O what a blessing will result to us when, as a family of the living God, we fully recognise that heavenly principle laid down by the apostle, when we "grow up into Christ in all things, from whom the whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." All the true members of a Church of Christ are needful to the perfection of that Church; and whatever they have of life and strength, of gift and of grace, like the light in the golden candlestick, is for the enlightening of the whole house. May this truth be deeply felt by us all! You are mine, dear and beloved; I am yours, and we are all Christ's; and how blessed is the thought, Christ is ours, and God in Christ is ours, and ours for ever!

For my own part, I hope to return to you *with renewed hopes*,

with *renewed desires*, and in a reliance upon Him whose strength is perfected in utter weakness, with *renewed purposes* to yield myself up, such as I am, more entirely and unreservedly to yourselves and to Him whom my soul loveth. He can give strength of body. He can give strength of mind. He can give strength of faith, and hope, and love. He can supply all my need and make me a large and increasing blessing to you; yea, such a blessing as we have but little conception of. Pray, O pray that it may be so, that the love of Christ may fill my heart.

My dear wife sends her Christian love in the deepest sincerity. My warm love to our aged brethren and sisters, to our poor and sick and tried and tempted, to our young, yea, to all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. My tender and affectionate regards to the Deacons, whom I much love, and to whom I owe much for their counsel, their sympathy, their tender regard for me.

Ever, ever believe me, in all the bonds of a loving, holy, and happy Gospel,

Your faithful Pastor and Brother in Jesus,

J. H. EVANS.

Barnstaple, August 25, 1837.

It is our mercy, dear and beloved in the Lord, to remember, that Jesus, our High Priest, is our risen, ascended, and accepted Lord; that God hath raised Him from the dead, and put this His seal of infinite and eternal approbation upon the work which He finished; that He, the great Head of the everlasting covenant, ever liveth to make intercession for us, according to the will of God, and that not as a suppliant before a benefactor, but as an advocate, with law and equity on His side, before a Judge of infinite holiness, justice, faithfulness, and love. It is our high and exalted privilege continually to bear in mind, that He is at the right hand of God, and that all His Church and people are seen, by the All-seeing eye, as in Him, one with Him, not only in unity of nature, but as united together in bonds far closer, bonds indissoluble, unchangeable, and eternal. And oh!

what strength and beauty and glory, does it add to this truth, when we discern, and in God's own Word we find it, that it is in this way, and in this way alone, that God is glorified, while we are saved! What a substance does it give to our hope, what strength does it afford to our faith, what a holy spring, whence should flow our praise, gratitude, and love, for the inestimable mercies contained in this truth! Herein is safety in a world of danger, peace in a land of trouble, and from this region, and in it, are nourished the highest principles of filial, devoted, holy conduct and love. Oh! did we more live in it, walk in it, and realise the blessings that are therein contained, how would it lead us, infallibly lead us, to walk as the children of the Most High, lifting us above the low, sordid, and selfish principles of the world, causing us to behold sin in its true colours, or rather, its true blackness,—for it has but this one colour,—beholding it thus in the light of a Father's love, as disclosed in His dear and beloved Son! The sons and daughters of the living God need, I am well aware, to be constantly exhorted, minutely urged, and faithfully dealt with, in regard to the preceptive obedience that God commands them to yield to His most holy will; but certain I am, that while they require constant direction, and to be daily reminded of their high and awful obligations,—the real enjoyment of God's love in Christ, is, and ever must be, the one great motive, the constraining motive, to lead us up to walk worthy of the Lord into all pleasing. May the Holy and Eternal Spirit direct our hearts into the love of God, and then there shall be a more patient waiting for Christ. We have need of patience, for we have much to endure; we have need of patience, for the flesh is impatient, and where can we find any inducement to go on our way submissive to His will, yielding ourselves to His hand, and contented to be moulded into His image, as when we thus repose in the bosom of our Father, in unhesitating confidence in His unchanging love? Oh! it maketh bitter things sweet, and rough places plain, things crooked doth it make straight, and darkness gives way to light, when we thus walk with God in the acceptance of His children, and realise in our own souls those wondrous words: "I am thy God."

Dear brethren in the Lord, beloved and longed for, I would stir up in much love your pure minds by way of remembrance. Fellow-pilgrims through a vale of tears,—fellow-sufferers from sin and Satan and the world, but fellow-heirs of the kingdom,—it is but a few steps further, and then the river's brink; and that river has been forded by our great Head, and He who has gone before us will steer us through it. Our sins He has borne, our sorrows He now bears, and our souls He will bear to the water's edge, and through the mighty flood, and raise us above the depths, and take us safely into the very bosom of God, there to dwell with tearless sojourn in the perfect enjoyment of infinite holiness, ourselves perfectly, though finitely, holy, to spend an unbroken eternity with God and the Lamb, in that region where the curse is known no more. Oh! beloved, keep your eye upon the river's brink; it is but a moment, and we shall be there,—live moment by moment in Jesus; and then, come what may, Jesus is at hand, and all is well. I bear you much upon my heart. Less than the least I feel myself; but such as I am, I am yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Yours I am to live and to die. My very heart's desire is that you may live in Christ, walk in Christ, in every precept and promise, in every doctrine and ordinance, blameless; yea, that you may die in Christ, and be happy in Christ for ever.

Our dear brother C—— is well; he sends you his much love. I placed your earnest request, that he would come to you during my absence, before him, but he sees not his way at present to leave home. It is a great disappointment to me, I confess. I felt it more than I can express, but 'tis the Lord's will, and not our will, that is the right will; but he holds out the prospect of acceding to your request at some not very distant time.

My dear wife sends her kind love. We are much refreshed by our visit, and see in the Barnstaple Church that which has much strengthened and encouraged our souls.

Accept my tender love, and ever believe me,

Your most affectionate

J. H. EVANS.

Taplow, June 23, 1840.

To the Church of Christ in John Street, with its Deacons, beloved in the Lord, and for the Lord's sake. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied towards you in Christ Jesus, the beloved of the Father.

Your love towards me will cause you to be glad that I am better in health than when I left you, and that the means which have been used have been so far owned and blessed of God our Heavenly Father.

I am not, indeed, fully recovered, for the tumour in my throat has not yet been removed, but all is well. I am not careful in this matter,—and I trust you are careful only in this,—to cast your care upon Him who has given such costly proof that He careth for us. What a blessed life is ours when we thus live!—when we are thus privileged to read the heart of our God towards us in the Son of His love! What a quiet resting-place do we find when the Spirit of truth, consolation, and peace, leadeth us out of our circumstances, trials, temptations, raiseth us above our surmises, suspicions, misgivings, and by the application of the precious blood to our conscience, causeth us gently and quietly to repose in the bosom of our covenant God and Father! Surely, one such day, nay, one such hour, is worth a thousand, and how sadly and grievously doth it dishonour the love that has led and fed us, yea, the love that chose us and redeemed us and called us, and which has given so many, so costly, and such unmerited proofs of its existence in all the long line of unbroken mercy to this present moment, when it is otherwise! Our Heavenly and tender Father tries us that we may try Him, and in every new trial He does but gently ask us, Canst thou trust me now? Blessed Lord, thy patience is as unwearied as thy love, or thou never couldest have borne with our multiplied instances of distrust of thee!

I have this morning heard, in a letter to my dear wife, from our sister Francis. She is still with her parents at Newbury, and waiting peacefully, happily, and joyfully, the hour of her

dismission. In the peace of the Gospel her soul is raised above all the fear of death. In the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, she seems to have sweet foretaste of that heaven that is so near. She soon expects to be with her dear sister, but oh! above all, and beyond all, to be with Him whom her soul loveth, sisters in the flesh, sisters in the Spirit, sisters in Jesus, sisters in glory.

We, as a Church, have peculiar cause for thankfulness in the many, very many of the death-bed scenes of our brethren and sisters who have left us to be with Jesus. They are great strengtheners of our faith, and encouragers of our hope, when through them the Holy Spirit speaks to our own hearts, and we thus see a life of faith, and lowly, loving walking with God, crowned with the lively anticipations of glory. These two dear sisters, our beloved friends, lived much *on Christ*, and walked much *with Christ*. There was much savour of Christ on their lips, but more in their hearts, and the remembrance of them is sweet. She writes also word that a brother of theirs to whom the word at John Street was, through the Eternal Spirit, the word of conversion, is also drooping; thus it may be that these three shall soon be in glory together for ever and for ever; blessed prospect, glorious anticipation; this is faith's high sustenance. It is the substance of things hoped for, the joyous, blissful, holy hope of an eternity of glory! in Jesus and with Jesus, in God and with God! *I live for heaven!* should be our daily watchword. A citizen of the New Jerusalem travelling homewards, is our true standing, and our real position; everything below that, is below ourselves, and our high calling, which is our being called to *glory* as well as *virtue*. (2 Peter i. 3.) And what virtue, what strength. courage, fortitude (for such is the virtue to which the Apostle alludes), is there connected with this joyful hope of the glory to be revealed, and how does it weaken us and unfit us for the fight, when this hope becomes weak or obscure! Bright and scriptural anticipations of heaven's joys are the best preparations for earth's trials and sorrows. How are dear sisters Bland and C—— in their deep affliction, and dear sister Stubbs in her sorrow, and dear blind sister Bur-

der? My love to them in the love that does not forget them: and to dear sister C—— K——; remember me affectionately to her in Christ Jesus, the living Lord; and to dear brother Jarman, whom I love for His sake who loveth him. My affectionate regards to dear sister C—— who leaves home, I believe, to-day; the Lord lift upon her continually the light of His countenance, and give her peace always, and by all means. Think of me, dear and beloved in the Lord, often at the Throne of Grace. I much need your prayers at all times, and never more than at the present moment, that I may be kept in all things patient, submissive, hoping for and waiting unto the day of the Lord.

Dear brethren, the Deacons of the Church, accept my much love in the Lord, and dear brethren, Thomson and D——, in the hope that I may soon see you, and preach among you in my feeble measure of faith, and hope, and love, and inward light, in the things of Jesus.

Yours,
J. H. EVANS.

Hampstead, July 22, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, beloved in the Lord and for the Lord's sake,—I thank you for all the love which you bear towards me, for the many prayers which you have offered on my account, and which are among the tenderest proofs of that love, and above all I thank God for these things. For what is all the affection which one receives, or can receive, from the creature, but a little of Himself, and from Himself, a little stream from Himself the ocean? And while one is thankful for the stream, yet what is it when compared with the ocean? And yet the stream is sweet. So do I find it, and ungrateful should I be, did I not acknowledge it. It is no small trial to me, beloved friends, thus to be silent.* This you may easily imagine. It touches one very closely, to be debarred from preaching the

* My father was suffering at this time from an affection of the throat, which precluded him from preaching for four months of the year 1840.—ED.

Gospel one loves; and when the Lord's-day comes, to be unable to set forth the unsearchable riches of that name, which is as ointment poured forth to one's own soul. One longs to lift Him up, in the midst of all one's feebleness, and poverty, and nothingness, yea, the deep consciousness of all this seems to stir up the desire the more. But He graciously quiets my spirit, and I would not have it to be otherwise than as He wills; He does enable me to say His will is mine, in some blessed degree. This I am quite sure of, He needs not me, while I need Him, and ever shall, for all things in time and eternity. I know that it will rejoice you to be told that my throat is decidedly better, the tumour is considerably decreased, and I have less pain. This is cause for thankfulness. As far as human probabilities are to be regarded, I should say that there is every prospect of recovery. But I wait on the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word, not on probabilities, do I hope. I find it best to repose in Him, in His faithfulness, mercy, and love. He is a faithful High Priest, and as tender as He is faithful. He is touched, not only with our infirmities, but with the feeling of them, and it cannot be otherwise with Him. Dear and beloved in Him, may we be graciously led of the Holy Spirit, to study, and deeply to feel, what there is in the sympathy of the Son of God. The bosom of Jesus is a quiet place, in such an unquiet world; and to lean on it is the true Gospel posture. May we realise it, living and dying! It seems a sort of paradox, but I seem to make more advances forward, when the blessed Spirit helps me to its true enjoyment, in five minutes, if I may so express myself, than by hours of resolution without it, even though that resolution be formed in the strength of Divine grace. As I realise my oneness with "the Beloved," then I can do all things through Him, at least, in some little degree and measure.

With much, and tender love, believe me, dear and beloved friends, yours in the service, the patience, and the blessings and prospects of the gospel of Jesus Christ our loving Lord,

J. H. EVANS.

Portobello, Edinburgh, August 10, 1840.

DEAR AND BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Although I have but little time, yet I must not neglect the opportunity of sending a few lines, that you may receive them on Wednesday. Here we arrived on Saturday, goodness and mercy following us all the way. No danger has been allowed to touch us, no harm to come near us. God, even our own God, has given to us His blessing. He has been about our bed, about our path. In our down-sitting, in our up-rising, He has been with us. From time to time communion with Him has cheered and comforted our hearts; and though far away from those we love, yet He is near, and is with us. My dear brethren and sisters in a crucified Jesus, it seems to the eye of sense mysterious that we should be thus far asunder. My silent Lord's-days are a trial of faith and patience and submission. I do not deny that I am tried with some challenges from within, "Wherefore is it thus?" Satan is too cunning not to seek every opportunity of taking advantage; and the flesh, as corrupt as himself, affords him occasion, alas! too frequently. But still, the handwriting upon the cross is before me, and, through grace, I am enabled to read it, though not at all times with equal clearness, yet clearly and distinctly. Oh, for all the blessings which the Spirit of grace can convey to me through this dispensation! This is what I want, close views of Christ, more increasing apprehension of my oneness with Him, and interest in all that He is, has done, is doing, has and will do,—more loving views of a Father's love, more constant sense of communion and fellowship with a Triune God, deeper hatred of sin, more profound abhorrence of it, and longing for entire conformity to the will and image of God.

Dear, dear friends, there is too much of mere surface work in the most, I am sure there is in myself. Men little know me. It is easy to write well and to talk well. Rutherford writes: "I want more than paper grace and tongue grace." I can well understand what he means. Men see the outside of us. They overrate us. For our one they set down ten; for our ten they set down a hundred. But there is One that knoweth us alto-

gether. Indeed, indeed we are poor vile creatures. Crimson and scarlet sins require indeed the blood of God. The flaws and spots and defilements in our sanctification make one indeed glory in the righteousness of God. Yet my soul longeth to be free from this body of sin and death, and rejoices that the grace which is in Christ Jesus can even now subdue it. Make this, dear and beloved in an ever-loving Jesus, your constant, your unwearied prayer, deeper, deeper, deeper sanctification—sanctification at the root, in all things, at all times. "We have an Advocate." This is our motto. It is our life, it is our salvation. Yes, we have an Advocate, and our Advocate has us. May this cheer, subdue, and sanctify our souls. If we sin, if any man sin, whatever there may be in the sin, yet we have an Advocate. I think that I have seen more sin in myself these last six weeks than I ever saw, yet this text is such a balm to my soul at this moment as I am unable to express.

The tumour in my throat is considerably smaller than it was, and I am better than when I last wrote, although I still feel a good deal of pain at times, though not such sharp pain as formerly. I hope to write every week. My next will, if the Lord will, reach you by Friday week. I beg my sincere love to you all,—to the deacons, to the sick,—the aged brethren and sisters, —to the two Bible classes. Accept my thanks for all your love, and ever believe me,

Your affectionate Pastor and Brother in the hope of a peace-speaking Gospel, J. H. EVANS.

Portobello, August 19, 1840.

EVER DEAR AND BELOVED FRIENDS,—I have to return you my sincere and grateful thanks for your letter, or rather of that of my beloved brother G—— in your name. It was very sweet to me, as it was a testimony of His love who cheered my heart. The stream reminded me of the fountain, or rather, it seemed fresh from the fountain, and through His grace from whom it flowed, it was a refreshment on my way. My absence from you, which I find no ordinary trial, is, I am thankful

to say, not without the consolations of His presence, His smile, His communion, which is better than life, and without which life seems destitute of all that is worth living for. The time of my silence has been a time of deep inward challenges of heart, and I have had many a smiting of conscience as I have looked back upon my pulpit and ministerial failings, upon my little deep feeling for men's souls, upon my cold-heartedness towards perishing sinners and the called family of God. And while I believe God has fully pardoned them, for ever pardoned them, yet has the consciousness of what I have been and of what I am laid me very low before God. In Jesus I find strong consolation; yet His very comforts abase my soul. Ah, my beloved in a crucified Saviour, you will not, I know, conclude from this that I am unhappy. The world might. They might ask, "How is inward smiting consistent with inward peace? How can deep feeling—the deepest a man has ever known—of utter unworthiness, comport with rest and quietness, and even more than this?" But, blessed be God, you have been in a school in which God has Himself taught you the mystery. In the school of experience the Holy Spirit has instructed you that the blood that pacifies is that which quickens the conscience—that God's forgiveness leads to self-abhorrence—that we are never in so happy a state of soul as when in the very lowest position we admire the depth of that sovereign grace which has chosen, redeemed, regenerated, sanctified, restored, borne with, chastised, and again restored, yea, again and again, and will at last glorify. What a wonder is the believer!—a wonder to the world, for they cannot understand him,—a wonder to Satan, for he cannot destroy him, —a wonder to himself. The more he studies his own heart the more he perceives that he is wise, yet foolish—strong, yet utter weakness—rich, yet unutterably poor. At one moment he casts a mountain into the sea, at another, a very grain of sand is as an immoveable rock. In some things he is liberal, in others narrow and selfish; sometimes bold as a lion, yet oftener timid as a hare—a very coward. If, on the whole, he is unlike his former self, yet how often is he unlike his present self, and seems as if there were two selfs, as indeed there are! And yet, beloved

friends, God ever sees us in His Son. This reconciles the two opposites, unravels the mystery, and explains every difficulty. Such have been my views of myself within the last two months, that but for this truth I should have sunk in the very depths of despair. But with this my mind is in peace, and as I would thank God, I would take courage and go forward.

I have to acknowledge, with many sincere thanks, the letters I have received from many of my dear brethren and sisters in the Lord. My kind love to them for this token of their love. As they were desirous to know how I am and all about me, this will be, I hope, considered by them an answer, without replying to each, which, as writing always gives me some pain in my throat, would not be desirable. Their letters were so full of love that I am half unwilling to send this sort of reply to them. I took it very kind, their writing to me.

I am still indulging the hope of soon being able to return to my delightful work, but feel, at the same time, that I must begin in a very gradual way, since conversation is not yet without pain when it has long been continued. When I leave this place, perhaps it would be well to begin with one sermon a week for the first month. The Lord give wisdom and submission. The tumour still continues to decrease.

I have seen our brother Christopher Anderson, who is exceedingly kind; he drinks tea with us (D.V.) to-night. May our communion be sanctifying and sweet! I have not yet heard him, but hope to do so to-morrow and on Lord's-day. We are four miles from his chapel, which is an inconvenience.

The statements which I have heard in the Scotch Church have been somewhat cold and unaffecting. The Gospel is usually preached in this country, but I fear there is not much of unction nor power. Oh, what are the precious realities of even Gospel truth without the special anointing of the Holy Ghost! We want Jesus preached, and Jesus applied. Without this nothing is done. My beloved friends, covet the true power of real religion in your hearts more than the miser does his gold. Follow holiness as the greyhound the hare,—such is the figure; or as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. There is nothing more

to be dreaded than to receive the truth into a dull and unfeeling heart; an unsanctified possession of Gospel truth is a fearful condition. Rutherford writes:—"*Keep touches with God;*" which, if I understand aright, means,—When He speaks, answer; when He smites, lie low; when He comforts, give thanks. Oh, to feel after Him in trouble, to submit to Him in affliction, rejoice in Him in all good!

With kind love to our brethren the Deacons, to dear O. W——, if he be yet with you.—Ever and ever your affectionate,

J. H. EVANS.

P.S.—I will, if I can, send a few lines by next Church meeting. Next to being with you, is the pleasure of writing to you; though I cannot answer all the letters, I like to receive them all. With much love, farewell.

Portobello, Saturday, Aug. 22, 1840.

My letter must be short, my dear friends, because I leave this quiet place on Monday for a day or two, and it is now late in the evening. I could not, however, like to neglect writing for the next Church meeting, to assure you of my love and my constant remembrance of you in my prayers, and my longing desires that, as a Church, you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that you may be filled with all the fulness of God.

But who am I, that I should thus ask these things for yourselves, who have such need of all this myself? Indeed, indeed, I want your prayers on my behalf, quite as much as any one can ever do. Oh! what discoveries are sometimes made to a man of the iniquity that dwells within him! What a poor, feeble creature, does he sometimes discover himself to be!—how weak, how foolish, how inconsistent, how fickle! and this, too, after so much mercy, so much forbearance and love.

My beloved friends, this I am deeply convinced of, that nothing short of rich sovereign grace and distinguishing grace could ever save a single soul.

Monday, five o'clock, morning.

I was unable to finish my letter on Saturday, therefore a few lines this morning. Yesterday was a good day to my soul in many things. I was with our dear brother Christopher Anderson all day, heard him morning and evening, and joined with them at the supper of our dear Lord in the afternoon. It was a solemn ordinance,—a weekly administration; the whole Church present. Shall I confess, that while my soul rejoiced at the sight, and, most of all, at the substance of the feast, yet that I could not but feel deeply affected at the contrast to ourselves; remembering, that in three Lord's-days out of four, with a Church nearly five times as large, we have not half the number of communicants? Truth constrains me, and real fervent affection towards yourselves, and, most of all, towards my Lord, to say, dear and beloved in the crucified but now risen One, that my heart often sinks at this appearance of disunion among us. Do not those who see the solemn and most exalted duty legibly written by the hand of the Great Master, who see it traced out in all the early history of the primitive Church, who see it in the very nature of things, and in the reasonableness of the requirement, feel the Spirit within them grieved, and, in a sense, quenched, when they see an empty chapel, brother after brother turning away from the spread feast,—the open table of their Lord? Does it not, at least, look like schism? And does not the very look weaken? If, when the opportunity offers of joining with disciples in this delightful ordinance, we neglect it, does it not open the door for other neglects? Need we wonder, then, at our thin Church meetings? When once we make our own convenience our rule in one thing, it will act in all other things. Such thoughts will rush into the mind, and as love of truth was their origin, so love to yourselves gives them utterance. Forgive me if I add, the only satisfactory reason which a true disciple has for not communicating, appears to my own mind to be, that he does not because he cannot. If he can, he ought; and if his heart be right, he will. The Church of Scotland communicates twice a year, and she is in a very cold state. The Church under the care of our brother Anderson com-

municates every week, it seems lively, spiritual, flourishing. Ah! well and dearly beloved, when shall we see the day when holy communion with the Lord and with each other, at His table, forms the principal feature of the Church's worship on the Lord's own day?

Another thing struck me in the scene of yesterday. There seemed less looking at the preacher than at their Bibles. Every one that I saw had a Bible, and every one looked at the passages referred to. There was such a stillness—such a quiet solemnity —such a subduedness of manner, as much struck me. It was a simply, modestly dressed congregation. No disciple had to gaze at and sigh over the fine showy attire and gaudy-looking bonnets of the professed followers of the despised Nazarene. There was no sickening display of finery—and, though a comparatively small congregation, it wore a Christ-like dress. I write not these things, beloved, but with the very tenderest love, not to cast a stone at any, but that we may follow others, as they follow Christ. We shall soon be at home, and the true disciple too often forgets it. God loves us in his Son, and we too frequently stop short, very short, of truly realizing it in our hearts. If we had to judge our own case, save for the infinite merit of the great Atoner, we must, for very shame, assign to ourselves eternal torment, as our just desert; but, through marvellous grace, we hope to be in heaven very soon. Oh, then, let us gather up the fragments of time and talent, all that we have of grace and gift, and yield them to our living, loving Lord. What more could I have done for thee? is His own loving remonstrance, when we neglect Him in His ordinances, in His precepts, in His people, in Himself. What have I holden back from thee? is the tender look that makes us go out and weep.

My own dear and beloved brethren and sisters, in this Beloved One, farewell; God alone knows how very dear you are to me; with many tears I write it. I long for your deep spirituality in the bowels of Jesus Christ. My own health is nothing to me compared with this; I hope I can, in sincerity, say, my own *life*. I long to see the love of God shed abroad in your

hearts, by the Holy Ghost. Above all, I long for it in my own soul. You are my joy in the Lord. My dear wife and fellow-helper in the Lord sends you much love.

My dear brethren, the Deacons, accept my affectionate love. —Ever yours, most truly,

J. H. EVANS.

Portobello, Sept. 2, 1840.

MY OWN DEAR AND BELOVED FRIENDS,—It is a real pleasure to me to write to you, because I have you in my heart; never have I had my mind and my affections so drawn out towards you as since I have been absent from you, and especially since I have been here. Jesus is precious, and you are precious to me in Him. It is He who makes all sweetness, for He is its source and its substance. Without Him nothing is sweet. With Him even bitter things (and to be shut out from those we love, and from preaching in His name is not to be excluded from them) are sweet. With Him, that which is sweet is sweeter still. I have had three letters this morning, from some of you, whose names I need not mention. The affection which they breathe was a balm to my heart. My best thanks for them. I received them as from yourselves writing to me, and thus I answer them:—My dear friends, we shall soon be in heaven. Our short stage together will soon come to an end. The twinkling of an eye is quickly over. We have passed a very few miles together, and if Infinite Wisdom sees fit, we may still have a few more. But they can be but few. For more than twenty-two years, as my dear Brother Whitmore reminds me, he and myself have travelled on together—with none else, I believe, quite so long; but with some very nearly that time; yet it seems but as yesterday. And yet how much more we think of our journey, its trials, its roughness—its vicissitudes—its disappointments—its various circumstances of pleasure or pain, than we think of it as a way to an end—than we think of that end which is its appointed and glorious consummation. My beloved in the Lord, the most

want a clear, distinct, enjoyed perception of their own personal certainty of heaven as their home. I am fully persuaded of it. It is one thing to talk of it, to write about it, to have no absolute doubt that we shall ultimately arrive at the place; but truly to realise it is another. We do not wish to deceive others; least of all, do we wish to deceive ourselves. The true child of God is, above all things, afraid of self-deception; and yet, I fear, true saints of God do often, unintentionally, deceive themselves on this very point. The apostle would never so press this upon the elect strangers as he does 2 Peter i. 5–11, if there had been no great need of it. It strikes me, we sometimes acquire a habit of saying, Abba, Father, without real enjoyment of the exalted privilege in our true experience of the blessing. This should be cautiously and prayerfully watched over, or it will lead to real evil in the conscience. For, as the assured hope of heaven is the most exalted of all privileges, and yields the most pure of all motives to live for God and His glory, so to have only the perception of this truth in the mind, substituted for the actual enjoyment of the blessing in the renewed affections, is a most dangerous exchange. I am led to this, generally, from what I have seen elsewhere; but more especially from what I see *here*. This is, indeed, a professing country. The Lord's-day is observed, as in England we have no idea of, I mean *nationally*. The streets are quiet, the shops are shut, coaches do not run on the roads except the mail, the places of worship are regularly attended, the Gospel is preached wherever we have been, and yet a degree of coldness, deadness, and apathy exists, as is quite painful. Whatever devotion there may be (with the exception of our dear brother Christopher Anderson's congregation, and that is a striking exception), there is but little *appearance* of it in their public assemblies. Religion seems a sort of accepted, customary thing. Ah, my dear brethren in a beloved Lord, may He graciously keep us from every false refuge, anything short of living beneath His cross, living in Him, living on Him, and for Him. Leaning on Him, we turn our backs on the wilderness; anything short of this, however orthodox, leaves us equally in the midst of it. One thing gave me the most heartfelt pleasure in the

letter which you kindly sent me by my dear brother Whitmore, and that is, that you received my last letter with all the affection with which I sent it. I felt as I wrote it, Who am I that I should thus write it? But it quieted me, as I remembered, such as I am, notwithstanding all that I am and am not, the great Head of the Church, He who can make no mistakes, hath given me to this people, as their pastor, and I know that they love me, and will bear with me. Indeed, indeed, my beloved, as His cross induced me, so His Spirit prevented, and I could indeed say, my very heart's desire is your sanctification, my inmost soul longs that, as a people, you may follow the Lord fully. Holiness is happiness; and holiness is the honest, simple, unreserved aim to please God in all things. We have much, as a Church, to be thankful for, very much; and we have also cause for deep abasement. As a people most dear to me, I would entreat you, as I would charge it upon my own soul, esteem no intimation of the mind and will of God as a common thing. A good servant is more guided by the eye, than a fool is by stripes. Ah, if the heart were more affected by the stripes which He endured for our souls, we should far less suffer His correcting rod. I shall hope to write again before we leave this place, which we propose doing on Tuesday next. It has not yet pleased my Heavenly Father to remove the pain in my throat when I speak, so that it is quite improbable that I shall preach on Lord's-day for my brother Anderson; yet I am better. This is a great trial. But it is the Lord. The summer is all but gone. I had hoped that the pain would have gone too. But the Lord's delays are as much mercies as His hastenings.

Ever, ever yours,

J. H. E.

Portobello, Sept. 7, 1840.

DEAR AND BELOVED IN AN EVER-LOVING AND EVER-TO-BE-LOVED LORD AND SAVIOUR,—May we more constantly bear in mind this world is but a place of short sojourn, a dear inn, where all is but for the passing moment; that all things in it are,

like itself, fluctuating and perishable. That this is so because it is a land of sin; yea, that it is so, because it is of the Lord's own appointment, and for this very end, that we may day by day have our home before our eyes, the land of everlasting possession. Ah, what folly it is, then, for the foolish men of the world to make clay idols for themselves, and fall down before them, and form to themselves a wretched rest, which the first real storm must utterly destroy. And what shall we say of those who should know better, because they have been taught better, and who encumber themselves with thick clay, and then wonder that they run no faster? My dear brethren in an unearthly Lord, who had nothing in it, not even a house to cover His blessed head, who had nothing of it but reproaches and scorn, who sojourned in it but a short time, like one soon weary of it, I heard this morning of such an instance of a worldly spirit in one who professes the Gospel, as almost made my very ears to tingle.

Dear, dear brethren, may we be kept from this deadly poison in dear and beloved John Street! Ah, I am persuaded that it has a thousand deceiving forms in which it allures and weakens the family of God. As the great expulsive principle is the love of Christ constraining us, so is it a truth ever true, that there is no principle that so weakens our love of Christ as the contaminating longings after this world. Gross sin is for the most part too gross for Satan to deceive the holy family by. But the love of show, of dress, of wealth, of consequence, of influence, are a more specious lure. As long as our hearts are simple, and our eye is single, our whole body is full of light; but when once the eye is double, and something takes that place which Jesus once occupied, however specious the name may be which it assumes, the light is dimmed, and a fall is the certain consequence. Think not yourselves safe because you are not assaulted by its grossest temptations. It may as effectually betray itself in little things as in great. It may display its secret venom in embracing a large offer of temporal advantage at the expense of spiritual privileges, in enlarging the field of aggrandizement by an exposure to more certain and inevitable

temptations, and by indulgence of dangerous intimates, as in the most gross worldly pleasures. Why is it that we sometimes remark less activity in the Lord's service, less self-denial, less communion with saints, less really given for the cause of the Redeemer (I say *less*, for it is less in proportion to the increase of income), less time surrendered to God, less time actually spent in prayerful reading of the Word, in self-consideration, in the exertions for the awakening of sinners, the spread of the Gospel in the world, the comforting and encouraging of God's saints? And all this with an increase of worldly prosperity. My beloved friends, I believe the longing appetite after the things, some things of the world, is the worm at the root here. Bear with me—bear with me. It is in much and tender, and self-reproving love that I unburthen my heart to you, whom I love in the Lord. The conversation this morning has left a strong impression upon my mind. Worldly prosperity was the deadly bane around a plant of the Lord's own planting. The poison did not destroy,—it could not. There was internal life. There was a covenant that secured. But it was a blighting mildew. It almost withered him,—he lived unhappy, and so he died.

I am unwillingly compelled to conclude. My morning has been much broken in upon. I leave this place (D.V.) to-morrow. I bear you tenderly upon my heart. Jesus loves you, He died for you, He lives for you, He pleads for you. Very, very soon, through rich and sovereign grace, we hope to see those hands which once were pierced for our sins. He holds them out and says, "Cast yourselves into them, yield yourselves to God, be more wholly, unreservedly mine. I am yours, wholly, unreservedly, eternally yours. Give not half to that world that hated me and hates me still. Love not its things, for all that I have is yours, ever, ever yours." On Friday week I hope again to write. I wrote to our dear brethren the Deacons last week.

Ever, ever yours in Jesus,

J. H. EVANS.

Taplow, Sept. 24, 1840.

I know that it will give you pleasure, and another cause for thanking our Heavenly Father, when you are informed that I am, through His goodness, much relieved, and had last night, or rather this morning, from half-past three, some sweet and refreshing sleep. This, after so many nights of sleepless suffering, I received, I trust, as an especial mercy, and an answer to prayer. What I have been attacked by has been severe rheumatism in my face and throat, which came on when I became warm in my bed, and never left me till about seven in the morning, and then went entirely, till the next night. But, dear and beloved in the great sympathizing High Priest, through grace I found Him near in my suffering hours, a tender Saviour of a great sinner, a gentle nurse and compassionate, more full of grace than I of sin. We little know Him till we try Him. All the circumstances of life do but serve to unfold Him, when He, by the gentle drawing of His Spirit, brings us up to Himself in the nearness of appropriating faith, and endears Himself to us as the all-sufficient Friend. Even hours of sharp pain and sleepless nights are overruled by Him to this end and for this object; and if not precisely at the time, yet afterwards, it serveth, among the all things, to reveal Him more distinctly to our spiritual senses.

My throat being my weak part, was a good deal tried by the attack; but it seems now much the same as it was before, and I see nothing at present to hinder me from being with you next Lord's-day week in the evening; without forming any plan of my own, which I hope to be kept from, and with an entire submission to the will of my tender Father, I would hope to be able to preach in the evening, and to address you once more at the table of the Lord.

One effect, I would humbly believe, has been the result of our long absence from each other. Love has been strengthened and increased. Indeed, I have no doubt that this has been the case, and it calls for gratitude. We have been led, as absent from each other in the flesh, to pray more for each other. Thus has

the Spirit of grace and of supplication been more actively at work in our hearts. He has endeared Christ as the way, and the Father as the end; and where this is the case, love to one another must be the effect and certain consequence.

Nor this is the only good, I would hope, which has been the result. We find, dearly beloved—let us not turn from the lesson, nor be unwilling to learn it out—that we can do without each other. You will not misunderstand me in this. The two lessons are quite compatible the one with the other, and may be learnt at the same time. And bear with me if I add, they not only do not oppose each other, but are in full harmony. Nay, I believe from my very heart, they strengthen and confirm one another. For while, beloved, I am more and more convinced that whatever weakens the effect and influence of the Christian ministry, and lessens the affection—the strong, and tender, and thorough affection—which ought to subsist between minister and people, and ever will subsist when the heart is right with God, and His child is walking humbly with Him—cannot be of God, and will show itself by its effects to be opposed to His will; while I feel all this, deeply, conscientiously, and return to you with all this as a deepening principle in my heart and judgment, yet is this conviction not unaccompanied with the other, that the great lesson we are to learn in this world is this,—that the only Being absolutely and indispensably necessary unto us is God Himself, God in Christ, our Father, our Portion, our All.

May the love of Christ endear us to each other! In Him we cannot love each other too well. In much and tender love, ever believe me, your attached and affectionate, though unworthy Pastor and Brother,

J. H. EVANS.

Birmingham, September 8, 1843.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS in the Beloved of all who know Him,—If I have written to you so much less often than my heart would have had me write, it is because I have conscientiously given myself all that rest from my usual avocations which lay in my

power, during my four weeks' sojourn in Scotland. There was more that engaged me while we were in Edinburgh than I had quite anticipated, and the seeing of the saints there from time to time much occupied us. Such love and kindness from strangers I have never before received. But while they were strangers for the most part in the flesh, they were my kindred in Christ, and no strangers in the spirit, but fellow-heirs together, fellow-helpers, fellow-expectants, fellow-travellers. We were one, and we felt it, and some friendships we formed which we are quite sure will be for ever.

How kind, how good, how condescending is our Heavenly Father in the things which He does, and in the time and mode of His doing them! He remembers that we are dust, but deals with us as if we were gold and silver and most precious stones; and precious, most precious, are all His unto Him, as the chosen of His love, the redeemed of His Son, and borne upon His heart; the very workmanship and temple of the Holy Spirit, mean as meanness in ourselves, but His costly jewels, and ever so esteemed by Him in the Son of His love.

I find that, since my last letter, He has been gathering to Himself one of His, and that dear sister Curry is now in the land of purity and light, of happiness and of holiness; that she suffers no more from sin, but is in everything and for ever a gainer, exchanging conflict for rest, disappointment in the creature, and above all, in self, for the full, perfect, and everlasting enjoyment of God and His Christ. She was known to comparatively few in the Church, but they who knew her loved her, because they saw His image in her who knew her infinitely better than she knew herself. She was, moreover, a blessing where she was known, for never was she visited but there was something seen of Him whose beauty seemed to light up her humble habitation, and make one, through His blessing, feel that, with all its lowliness, it was where He was, and where He loved to manifest Himself. We are poorer, and the Church above is richer, by this. May there be very many more Elizabeth Currys amongst us! The loss which we have sustained suggests a remark or two. She was but little known, and so are

many others in our number. Why is this? How many have been translated from our little section of the Church below to the glorious gathering-place of the Church above, whose removal into brighter realms and purer skies, when we have heard it, has excited the sensation of regret,—painful but unavailing, bitter but remediless, because it can lead to nothing,—that there has been so little personal intercourse, so little exchange of little offices of love, so little interchange of any sort. Conscience has told us that the commendation, "she hath done what she could," cannot be ours in such a case. If there has been no time for frequent visits, or a lengthened call, yet a call now and then, a call with earnest prayer for a Divine blessing, and with the hopeful expectation of receiving it, might have been paid. We know it, and we feel it as we allow it. When they die, then we regret that it should have been so. Yet but too oft it leads to but little alteration. Bear then, beloved, the word of exhortation from one, who in that very word would chiefly exhort himself. To visit the saints of God is a costly duty, especially the poor saints. The Great Head of the body calls it not kind in us that we should neglect them, or rather Himself in them. If our beloved sister had wanted a cup of cold water, I believe she would not have wanted it long. But she might have said,—not that she did say it, for she thankfully acknowledged the kindness of many amongst us,—but still she might have said, "I was often in pain, and a sisterly call would have soothed me; in lowness of spirits, and a look of love would have brightened me; in bodily sinking, and a little, yea, a trifling, present for my sickly frame would have soothed me and comforted me; I was sometimes in spiritual darkness, and a few words of prayer might have, through Him who works how He will, and by whom He will, lifted me up, and made me go on my way rejoicing."

If, my beloved, we all considered two things, duly and with deep feeling of the Lord's mind, and with earnest prayer that we might be suitably affected by it in our walk and conversation, it would be a great blessing to us. First, that whatever we have is really not our own, but the Lord's; that our time, our talents, our money, our influence, our experience, yea, our very trials,

are not so much our own property as His, whose we are. Secondly, that what we have is to be used simply for His glory. Oh! did we truly enter into what is contained in these two principles, what a life of self-denying, Christ-exalting conduct, would be, must be, the result! How it would lead us to feel for poor, thoughtless, Christless, Godless, hopeless sinners; how it would lead us also to long after, sympathise with, and do good unto the called, chosen, sanctified family of God! How many a time should we reason thus: This poor saint, this solitary one, this one who may, perhaps, think himself, or herself, neglected, overlooked, forgotten, must be seen, must be called on, must be cheered, soothed, comforted. The word demands it, my conscience enforces it, and Jesus Himself will own it.

My beloved friends, it is because I love Christ that I thus write. It is because I love the Church. It is because I love you. But there is another reason: it is because that I feel myself to have been, as in all things most wanting, so not least in this. I write, therefore, feelingly, and I ought to write humbly and with deep contrition of soul.

But there is another point. For the Lord alone knows how greatly I long after you all, and how much I desire your chiefest, truest, highest good in all things. Beloved, *be much in prayer*. We are placed in a very serious, in a very trying juncture of our history. Upon the decision to which we are led hangs no little an issue. The Lord Himself be our Director in that, in which we want all direction. As to the individual who is to be my fellow-worker in the work and labour of the ministry, I can only give a general word of exhortation, in this, as in all other things, needing such a word myself.

Be very slow in coming to a conclusion, slow yet not dilatory, for the King's business needeth haste.

Our present situation is most undesirable. The constant change in the supplies is not favourable to the good of the Church. The neglect of spiritual oversight is a serious and an increasing evil.

Yet, in the midst of all this, better far that things should

remain as they are, than that a choice should be made which meets not the Lord's approval.

If you were to refer the choice to myself, it would be no help to me; for I must refer it back again to yourselves, or, rather, to the Lord Himself, through you. You might choose one with whom I could not work; I might choose one who could not work, that is, profitably work, for you.

The Lord Himself must therefore, and He will, be our Director. He must be noted in what He does, and in what He does not. For years have we been in a position in which real efficient help has been wanting. Whom has the Lord brought in our way and placed before us during this period? Have we had many? have we had any? *This is to be well noted.* I grieve to say how distinctly I have seen during my absence, how frequently Churches have been led, in similar circumstances, in their decision, by a consideration of the congregation, rather than of their own spiritual good and true sanctification, the real spirituality of the Church itself. This appears to me a great mistake. In the choice of a pastor, the first object is, in subserviency to the Divine glory, the promotion of their own real and true sanctity.

A Church walking in the purity of the Gospel is the most blessed testimony for Christ, next to His own.

But my head and my paper both say, conclude. With all love and with all real affection I do so, subscribing myself your devoted and affectionate Pastor and Brother and Servant, for Christ's sake,

J. H. EVANS.

Wibtoft, August 19, 1845.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD, and for the Lord's sake,—Since I left you, I have, be assured, not forgotten you. I may truly say, you are never long out of my thoughts; greatly desiring that, as a part of the chosen and redeemed family of God, you may be filled with His Spirit and satisfied with His love; that you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of a blessed Saviour, even the Lord Jesus Christ, who is our hope;

yea, that you may grow up into Christ in all things, in the experience of His infinite worth, in submission to His will, and obedience to His commands.

Beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, much goodness and mercy have followed us since we have been here; all that kindness on the part of Christian friends, and quiet, and retirement, and a pleasant country, could give, we have had.

But this has been the least of our blessings; we have had some opportunities in a quiet way, a way in which there was little demand upon my strength, of speaking the truth to many sinners, and to not a few saints; and not without testimony that the Lord Himself has been with us.

And even this is far from being all the claims upon our praise and gratitude. I trust we have enjoyed something of His presence, which is better than life, in our own souls, and known somewhat of Phil. iv. 7. Oh, how needful is it from time to time, when the Lord Himself opens the door and gives us power to enter, to withdraw from the outward circle and go within! I am quite assured, beloved friends, that it is no uncommon case for a man to be usefully and honourably employed for God, in the Church and in the world, to be looked up to, to be flattered and highly thought of, and, in the midst of it all, to be dry, barren, unctionless, powerless, and all for want of retiring into this inner circle.

Casual observers may not perceive it, superficial eyes may not detect it, but he is, in some degree at least, conscious of it (and a mercy it is when he is so), close walkers with God suspect that it is so with him, but the heart-searching God knows it altogether.

I do not mean by this retiring from the world, such a withdrawment as that which I am now enjoying—for that to some of you is quite impossible—and that which is out of the power of a saint of God to possess, can never be essential to his true spirituality. What I mean is, the having some time—however small the period may be—for positive withdrawment from all things around—the being actually alone with God—and knowing it, and feeling it.

I am aware there are great difficulties in the way of some on this point. But much more may be done than *is* done, and, I believe, where the Lord sees the soul really panting after this real withdrawment from things outward in order to be alone with Himself, He opens unexpected doors; or, if He do not that, gives such power of withdrawment into Himself in the very midst of engagements, as shall be surprising to ourselves and afford us cause of ceaseless gratitude.

Secret prayer is an immense blessing; we shall never know entirely and fully how great the blessing is which is connected with it, till we, through grace, reach the land where prayer is no more needed. But great as it is, it is not all that is conveyed to us by this secret withdrawment. In prayer I pour out my heart to God as I feel and all that I feel; but in order that I feel aright, feel what I should feel, I require to be REALLY with God, to be with Him as my God—my God in Christ, my God and Father—to dwell upon His love—His unutterable, free, most gracious, most sovereign, most undeserved love, to have real transactions with God in His love. And how can this be if there be no withdrawment from all things and all persons, to be alone with God Himself?

It was said of Lord Anson that he went round the world, but knew nothing of the world. May it never be said of you and of me, that in the course of regular duties we go round about the Lord, but do not really, yea, intimately, know the Lord Himself. And in order to this we must be much, yea, often, with Him.

In looking over my letter I seem to have dwelt much upon one point. But it is one to which my mind has been much led. I think that I have seen some of the evils of its not being duly considered, in the state of others. I am quite sure that I have suffered many of them, for the same cause, in my own.

Beloved in the Lord, we shall soon be in the land of rest; we shall soon be with Him whom we love; whether we go to Him or He come to us, to be WITH HIM is THE blessing of eternity.

Oh, to live for this; I hope that I can say, this is, after all,

the language of my heart, the desire of my soul, "This one thing I do." It is my heart's desire for you also. The Lord the Spirit make the ministry, the lip, the life more full of it!

Nothing else is really worth living for. A minister was known to say when he came to die, "Brother, in looking back I am ready to say, We seem but half awake." And is it not really so?

May He quicken us, who, as the second Adam, is the quickening Spirit of His Church; quicken us by His Spirit and in the Spirit!

I bear you much upon my heart before a throne of grace. Brethren, pray for me ceaselessly, importunately, hopefully, as the Spirit of grace and supplication shall help you. Some of you prayed for me when I was young and full of vigour; pray the more for me now that I am no more young, but grey-headed in the work and service of the Gospel.

Pray that all its glorious doctrines, promises, and precepts may, by the power of the Spirit, be *felt*, *known*, *experienced*, *lived on*, and *lived out*. Pray that, as the weakness and infirmities of age come on, there may be deeper spirituality, more mental vigour, more vital strength, less of the world and self, more of Jesus, more of God, more living beneath the cross, more taking up the cross.

Since I have been here, my beloved brother W—— came over, and we had a precious season of breaking of bread together. I believe the Lord brake our hearts as we fed upon His broken body. It was my mercy and His glory, that one joined with us, the gracious fruit of His invincible grace during my visit last year. Glory be to a Triune God!

My very dear brother M—— is with us to my great comfort. He sends you, with my dear wife, his tender love. Ever believe me, dear and precious and beloved in the Lord,

Yours most tenderly and affectionately,

J. H. Evans.

Brightwell, September 23, 1845.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD, and for His sake, whom I bear upon my heart with many prayers, earnestly desiring that you may be filled with all the rich and soul-satisfying blessings of the everlasting covenant, the covenant of grace, mercy, and love, and holiness, and happiness—the very fulness of Christ, yea, the very "fulness of God."

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father.

If I remember aright the contents of my former letter, dear brethren and sisters in the Lord, I then declared the deep convictions of my mind, how much the children of God themselves need to be stirred up to a more thorough spirituality of soul before God, and mentioned the remark of a dying minister, "Brother, in looking back, I seem to have been but half awake." Whoever he was that uttered this, it is the painful conviction of my own conscience that there is but too much truth in the exclamation. I feel persuaded that there are lengths and depths, and breadths and heights in the Divine life, which too many of us but little enter into even in our conceptions, which we but little expect to attain unto, and sometimes I am ready to fear, which we but little really desire.

This, at least, I must say, that in retracing my own journey, I feel this to have been but too true in my own case, and more than suspect that I have discerned some of the same symptoms in others.

The religion of too many of the saints of God appears of too *selfish a character* to be very healthy. This, beloved friends, is the full conviction of my own mind, and has been so for a long time.

I feel assured that your love will bear with me, while I write to you in all the undisguisedness, in all the openness of one who would keep back nothing from you which he believes to be profitable to you. It is my mercy, my great mercy, that I can be unreserved with you, and write as a brother to his brethren, and

as a pastor to the flock, which receives the word with all tenderness and affection and forbearance.

It is my still greater mercy to be assured, that there are very many among you who long after more real conformity to the will and image of God, whose very desire is towards all the things which will be the subject of this letter, and this assurance gives me all confidence in writing to you at this moment.

Truth, however, constrains me also to the confession, that there are, I fear, some with whom it is far otherwise.

But as we all need the word of exhortation, so I humbly trust the good Spirit will graciously make it a blessing to all.

The selfishness of which I complain, as it regards myself—that is, my own religion and that of others—is seen, I apprehend, in various ways.

It is to be traced in that sort of religion which is exclusively, or at least, far too much, confined to a consideration of ourselves—our own feelings and experiences, our own sorrows and joys, our own temptations and deliverances,—in short, our OWNSELVES, with far too little, if any, real consideration for others, the salvation of the sinners around me, the sanctification of my fellow-saints, and, above all, too little consideration of HIM, who is the great end of all, *God in Christ, God in His glory.*

This selfishness, I allow, may not be destitute of spiritual diligence and spiritual watchfulness. But, so far as it prevails, it has but little of a filial spirit in it. It is ungospel-like. It is little like Christ. It is little like God. And it grieves me to reflect how much I seem to have been under the influence of it in all my past days.

You will not, I am sure, mistake me, nor confound the distinction between *selfishness* and *self-love.* The last of these seems not only bound up in the very element of the creature, so that the creature cannot exist without it, but it is a principle equally acknowledged in the law (Matthew xix. 19), and in the gospel (Galatians vi. 1, 2). The first of them is everywhere spoken against. To watch over the state of my own soul, to give diligence, yea, all diligence, to make my own calling and election sure, to look well and narrowly to my goings, to ponder the

path of my feet, to keep my "heart with all diligence,"—are things not only right and proper, but it would be an invasion of common sense were they not placed in the front rank of appointed duty; therefore, all this is peremptorily and strictly enjoined me, but none of all this is urged upon *low and selfish grounds.*

I am sure, dear and beloved friends, that you quite agree with me in thinking that the great end of God, in the whole covenant of grace, was *His own glory.*

Election speaks it, Redemption speaks it, the Effectual call of the Holy Spirit, in all its blessed effects on the souls of men, equally speaks it.

All is OF God, all is IN God, all is BY God, and therefore, all must be FOR God.

And that which was God's great end must be ours also.

In this, too, we must be imitators of God as His "dear children." And never, beloved, can we be in a healthy or happy state of soul when this is not the case.

Fully assured am I, that in all those various and ever-varying states of mind in which the people of God are from time to time found, they would, through grace and by the power of the Holy Spirit, much sooner experience the cure of a multitude of the evils of which they complain, were they more led out in their hearts towards God himself—not merely seeking, beneath the cross, the cure of this or that frame, but seeking, beneath that cross, a more close and intimate acquaintance with a more true delight and rest in GOD, as exhibited in and by his Son—in GOD, therefore, as infinitely and supremely great, and gracious, and glorious, and lovely; not resting in means, however diligent in them, and this is indispensable as I suggested in my former letter, but resting *in Himself alone*, and, in order to that, never giving over the search after His presence in those means, even as the Church in the Canticles, Song iii. 1–4, till He be found in them.

And most especially would this, I humbly believe, be the case, if with this in view, diligently and prayerfully sought, we also sought to lay ourselves out more for HIS GLORY—making that

which is the first petition in the Lord's Form of Prayer, "Hallowed be Thy name," the very first desire and aim of our souls and lives.

If any, whose time is spent in little else than complainings, that for the most part end in nothing, were graciously so led, very different, I fully believe, would be the aspect of their religion. (Job xxii. 21.)

Bear with me, dear and beloved in Jesus, if I urge this point with all tenderness, but with all faithfulness upon you. Suffer the word of exhortation. Oh, urge it back upon myself, by your prayers, by your lives. How much I need it, He alone knows, who knows all things.

BEWARE OF SELFISHNESS IN RELIGION; in all things beware of it, but especially HERE.

Beware of all its secret, subtle workings, and "seek to do ALL to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.)

Is conscience burdened with a sense of guilt, the guilt of sins long past and gone, or of sins recent and fresh? Beware of its poison in this state of mind. For I may seek restoration, yea, restoration *by the blood of Christ, through the Spirit of Christ*, earnestly, diligently seek it, and yet seek it *upon ground far too selfish*. I may seek it almost entirely for my own peace, comfort, and enjoyment, and with very poor, low, inadequate views of that matchless goodness, benignity, compassion, tenderness, grace, and love, against which I have sinned. I may seek it rather for the quieting of a disturbed and angry conscience, than with the upright, filial, penitent desire of once more enjoying the favour of God, and walking with him as a child. I may seek it under a practical forgetfulness, that nothing less than such a restoration would deserve the name of restoration at all, and that the cross of Jesus is but the way to a Father's bosom.

You cannot, dear and beloved friends, too highly value the private means of grace—secret prayer, reading the Word, quiet meditation; and yet there may be a *selfish* resting in these very things, and a *stopping short of God Himself* in the use of them. For, as conscience would be wounded if these things were

utterly neglected, so may it be, in a sense, quieted in the doing of them, forgetting that they are but the means to an end—not the end itself.

You can scarcely too much esteem all the public means—the worship of God on the Lord's-day, the ministry of the Gospel, whether on that day or in the week—the meeting of the saints of God for prayer on the Lord's-day morning—the meeting of the Church, whenever it assembles—its missionary, its benevolent, its district meetings—and yet there is no small danger of a *selfish use of them*. There is a danger of resting in these things, and not in *God Himself*, their great end. Yea, there is a danger of too exclusively considering them as *channels of enjoyment*, and forgetting that they are also *tests of obedience*—that my attendance on them is not merely for my own spiritual good, precious as that must ever and ought ever to be, in my eyes, but chiefly and especially FOR THE DIVINE GLORY—that this is my highest, my chiefest aim, my loftiest purpose—that in waiting on Him in all these things, I humbly do it that I may declare my allegiance to Him, my subjection to His pleasure, my submission to His will, before the world, before sleepy professors, and slumbering saints.

I am not ignorant, beloved, of the difficulties which a residence in London often throws in a man's way—of the claims of family duty, nor of the obstacles which mere exhaustion creates in frames of perishing clay. All that I suggest is—let not *selfishness* give the answer to the question which they may propose, as to What is the will of God in these matters?

Before you decide, let it be duly remembered that your example is a talent—that as your presence is a stimulus to others, so your absence is a depression.

Before you decide, let it be asked, "Is there no blessing to be expected in a week-day service? Are there no blessings connected with united prayer? Is the business of Christ's kingdom upon earth of no importance, whether that business consist of welcoming His subjects, or of administering His laws? Are there no sympathies to be stirred up in reference to the city in which I live, the world in which I dwell? Am I never to

mingle with my poorer brethren, in habits of social regard and affectionate intercourse?"

And yet, my beloved friends, supposing that all this were duly acted out, it forms but a very small and partial development of the grand principle, which I plead for, and which, I pray, may be the great prevailing principle of your lives and of mine—which is nothing short of a supreme love to God in Christ, shewing itself in a real delight in Him, and in ALL honest, filial, unreserved aims to obey and please Him in ALL THINGS. (Col. i. 9, 10.)

This is holiness—this is happiness.

And in order to this, our very dwelling-place must be *Calvary.* —It is only there—it is only in the Son of His love, we can truly see God, rest in Him, love Him, delight our souls in Him.

There and only there may you and I live—there may we tell Him all our wants—thence may He communicate all His grace, in ALL His means, in ALL our paths, every day—and through every day. Such is God, beloved—God in Christ—our God, that in all real contact with Him there is blessing. In prayer and in praise;—in repentance, bitter as it sometimes is—in self-denial, however much it may try us—in every real attempt to serve Him—to spread His Name among sinners; to stir up His saints to a greater spirituality—there is blessing in every sacrifice that we make—in every cross that we endure. Then, in ALL these things may we seek that blessing—*there, and only there, may you and I die.*—Yea, there, and only there—whence alone springs up the glorious hope of seeing and delighting in God for ever.

Yours most affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

To the Church in John Street, with their afflicted Pastor's love.

Hampstead, January 27, 1847.

It seems a very long time, dear and beloved friends and brethren in the precious hope of the Gospel, since I was with you, and heard your voices, and listened to your prayers, and we found such communion together in the presence of Him who

is not ashamed to call Himself our Father and our God, in Jesus Christ our beloved, the Son of the Father. The beginning of our new year has been somewhat saddened by this unexpected cloud. Yet why should I write this? For how conscious am I that our very choicest mercies lie hid oftentimes under mysterious providences; that we learn but few lessons in smooth paths, easy ways, and soft sunshine; that more is sometimes conveyed to the soul when it feels quite alone with God, is excluded from all intercourse save only with Himself, in the retirement of a bed-room, and in the loneliness, it may be, of a sleepless night, than in all the most valued enjoyment of social means!

It has been to me, beloved friends, in some respects, a new stage in my journey, and I confess on that account not the less trying. I have but little known what real indisposition means. And although this has been one of short duration, and a very gentle character; yet when for a fortnight wearisome nights, I might almost say sleepless ones, were appointed me, when Job vii. 3, 4, was my portion, and the consequent trial to the flesh and the spirit was experienced, *I found it no light thing.* Neither, beloved, did He who appointed it all, esteem it so. For He came and comforted my spirit, searched me and healed me, wounded and bound me up, laid me as a beggar upon the dung-hill, and then placed me among the princes of the people.

I could not have done, beloved, without this last fortnight. It has detected as a means, many causes for deep humiliation and utter self-abasement, but it has also lifted up the veil, and shown me the heart of Christ, and of God in Him. I cannot tell you how light and easy a thing it appeared to me to pass muster before men, yea, before saints themselves, but how solemn a thing to feel one's self under the eye of God.

Surely in the review of the long past of our lives, one wants, at least I do, something more than salvation by grace; I need *sovereign, discriminating, electing grace, mercy, and love,* and nothing short of this would be, could be, salvation to my soul. In looking to my present state and condition, I do not merely receive the doctrine of imputed righteousness as the basis of all my confidence at the great day, but as the foundation of all my

peace each day, this day, this moment, and every future one. And to realize it through the power of the Holy Spirit is the great business of life, and which can alone be done in prayerful, watchful, obedient frames of soul.

In looking forward to the unknown future of life, my only happiness is to live as *one with Christ.* Union with Him, my life-giving Head, is the true secret of all true sanctification. Is this insisted on as it ought to be? I doubt it.

But the weakness I still am the subject of, weakness of body, not of love towards yourselves, bids me close. I am afraid that whoever reads this to you will find it no easy thing to read. I am really much better, and hope soon to resume my labour of love among you.

May He who is able, keep, sanctify, and bless you,

Prays your affectionate Brother and Pastor,

J. H. EVANS.

Hampstead, Feb. 10, 1847.

BELOVED BRETHREN,—My heart is with you, fondly and affectionately; although absent in the body yet am I with you in spirit. But although we see not each other in the flesh, yet are we hastening on to the home where we shall behold Him whom our souls love. He is with me, I am not alone, and we shall soon behold Him together and be with each other for ever. My health is nearly re-established, and were the weather mild, I could venture out, though not in the evening. But His time is my time. The blessed Spirit of Jesus be with you to-night, in all His holy anointings, and inward power, to give wisdom, faithfulness, meekness, and love, to give a consciousness of His presence whose favour is life. Pray for me, most tenderly beloved, that I may have an especial blessing in this especial season, deeper, deeper, deeper sanctification. I exceedingly fear losing the season afforded me of quietly turning in upon God and conscience and a long eternity. Whenever special blessings are intended, special temptations spring up. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that all afflictions necessarily sanctify.

Unimproved trials are, for a season, the greatest stumbling-blocks to ourselves and to others. Therefore pray for me, dearly beloved, that the flesh may be subdued, the old man more resolutely put off, the new man more habitually put on. That a closer, tenderer, holier, more fixed, more scriptural, more spiritual intimacy may take place, between a great Saviour and a great sinner, between all emptiness and all fulness, between him who is nothing, can do nothing, and wants everything, and Him who has all that the most sympathizing humanity, all that the inexhaustibleness of Deity, can supply. Pray for me that I may be more a praying man. Thus will you best evince your love, (nor do I doubt it) to him who is, dearly beloved,

Yours tenderly and affectionately,

J. H. EVANS.

Cowes, April 13, 1847.

Shut out as I am, by the wise, though mysterious, hand of God, from personal intercourse with you, most dearly beloved in the Lord, I yet am able, blessed be His name, to communicate with you in spirit, and by letter. He who for a time has taken away my power of speaking in your midst, might have taken away also power of thought, and ability to communicate it, had the power of thinking been continued. And had He dealt with me according to my deservings, and my little use of the mercies I have so long enjoyed, all this, and much more than this, must have been the result. Oh, to see our mercies all flowing to us from the very heart of God, and all beneath the cross of His dear Son, endeared to us by the hell which He endured, and which we deserved, and still deserve! How great a mercy were it were we thus to read the book of Providence. Thanks be to His name, we are from time to time enabled to do this, but I would desire never to read it otherwise. This I am sure of, that whenever we do read it otherwise, every page in that book is darkness, every letter in it confusion.

I humbly conceive that we are at the present moment turning over a new leaf in that precious book: may we be enabled to

read it clearly and distinctly, with much prayer, and with much meekness of wisdom. In our present juncture, God appears to me to be demanding of us much singleness of eye, much simplicity of motive, much determination of purpose, and He alone can give what He requires of us; that *above* all things, *beyond* all things, and in a sense, *to the exclusion of all other things*, we are to desire and aim that He may be glorified in us and by us, through Christ Jesus our Lord. With this eye, and motive, and purpose, may you be especially and peculiarly blessed in your seeking after, and ultimate choice of, some one to be my effectual help in the ministry of the word, and eventually my fellow-labourer in the Pastorship and oversight of the people!

My Heavenly Father has been speaking far too clearly to be mistaken, too distinctly to be misunderstood, that such help as this, and nothing less, is most absolutely required. It is not a mere preacher that would suffice, however precious and valuable his gifts might be; we want the honest, hearty, affectionate, self-devoting service of some holy man of God, who would give his time, his thoughts, his heart, to the people, for his Master's sake; and for His sake, to the souls that are perishing for lack of knowledge. A deep yearning for precious souls, a deep sense of the all-importance of salvation, and great concern for the Divine glory, are, beloved, the grand requisites, the Aaron's rod, that swallows up all other rods. Everything compared with these is light and low and trivial. If the Church sets its heart, I need not say mainly and chiefly, but very much upon great talents, high attraction, the ability to raise and increase the congregation, I honestly but lovingly confess that I shall have no hope of a blessing from on high. "After all these things do the Gentiles seek," and many a removal of candlesticks has been the result. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God," was needful for Churches as for individuals, and is sometimes for a time as much lost sight of by those as by these.

But, beloved, I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus write. But yet I do not forget that times of affliction are always times of temptation, and that in our present situation, so momentous in every point of view, there is an enemy, who, by

any means and by every means, would endeavour to lead to one false step that may prove irretraceable and irrecoverable.

But you will say, is there to be no consideration of those points against the overvaluing of which you warn us? To this I would reply, as becomes me, modestly and humbly, and, above all, with my eye fixed upon a near eternity. Having for thirty-nine years, as I humbly conceive, and indeed fully believe, been called to the work of the ministry, I cannot but feel that I am, in some small degree, acquainted with what the great Head of the Church has given to me, and what He has not. Of course I have often seen a degree of talent and gift and ability which I have never known the possession of. But this I can in truth declare,—this has never, in one single instance that I am aware of, excited my jealousy or any envious feeling; but I will confess, that when, with that portion of sanctified ability which has enabled the possessor to set forth the very heart of God, as developed in His dear Son, to speak the precious Gospel with unction and with power, when under the teaching of the Spirit, the word from his heart comes to my heart,—when it humbles me because it searches me, lifts me up because it leads me to Jesus, and through Jesus to God,—when I see a true man of God, simple and unadorned, except as adorned by the grace of the Spirit, and though with but little of what the world, and even multitudes of professing people, call attractiveness,—I have felt sad in the comparison of myself with that individual, and have, indeed, coveted his grace and his gifts.

If such a one should be really sought after in the *first place*, He whose glory it is to give, and who is able to do exceeding abundantly above ALL that we ask or think, may soon give us such an individual, and all the other things He may add unto us.

But my time for writing is exhausted, and so is almost my strength.

I know not how to conclude, for my love to you aboundeth, and I could fill what remains of this sheet with all expression of it. But rather would I pray, that as the Lord restores,—and I feel much better, though my weak part, my throat, is still

weak,—I might devote health, strength, and life to you, for His sake in whom I subscribe myself,

Yours, most affectionately, until death,

J. H. EVANS.

Scarborough, Aug. 17, 1847.

There is something very pleasant in writing to those who are not only expecting to hear from you, but are prepared to receive in all affection the free and unreserved communications of your heart; and such I feel to be the case now, as I am writing to you, dearly beloved and longed for. Oh that I may be permitted to say of you all, my joy and crown in the day of the Lord's appearing, that great and awful, yet to the true saints of God, that most glorious day, when they shall be glorified in Him and with Him for ever.

Grace be multiplied unto you, beloved, and mercy and peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father; and may you with myself, and may I with you, be satisfied with nothing less than this. Not only desire, aim at, and pray for, but wrestle, with all earnestness and perseverance, for this inestimable blessing, this great blessing from God, this fulness of the blessed God, and that in all its fulness.

For my own part, I most deeply deplore how faint and feeble have been my desires, and aims, and prayers on this point in the past of my life, and hope, though I may well do so with deep humiliation and self-distrust, that this time of long and painful (to me it has been so, and I believe to yourselves also) separation from you, has not been altogether without some deepening of the impression of the vast necessity of the blessing.

In these days of soft and easy profession, the danger is great, unutterably great, of being satisfied with low things—a low order of blessing, and I believe God gives us no thanks for it, on the contrary, that no little sin has been bound up in it.

Oh, beloved, it can be no light fault in us if any of us have satisfied ourselves, or have attempted to satisfy ourselves (for it has been nothing but an attempt) with *little of God;* if we have

quieted conscience, or have endeavoured to quiet conscience, with feeble reachings forth after Him who is the only real good, our only substantial portion, our only true happiness. And yet what numbers do this! And may it not (I ask the question in much love) be too often said of ourselves? How few, comparatively speaking, live in a blessed sense of their own adoption, realising duty as a privilege, the privilege of children, and the deep responsibility to serve God and glorify Him in the world, as one of the very highest blessings which His children can enjoy upon earth. How few even seem to feel deeply affected by the absence of the blessing! What is the cause of this feebleness in the actings of faith?—this sad want of vigour in the life of God? What are the sources of the evil, the springs from which it flows? I feel myself quite unable fully to answer this question, so vast is it, so wide, so limitless. But I believe *worldly conformity* has much to do with it; and connected with that, and as an effect from it, overmuch *worldly engagement*. As by the first we are imitators of the world, which lieth under the curse, and which imitation God can never bless consistently with His own perfections, so by the last, little retirement, little time for real transactions with God, are its sure and necessary consequences.

The world, if I mistake not, has crept into our pulpits, our closets, yea, into the Church, the holy home of Christ Himself. *Doctrines* are filed down to the corrupt tastes and fancies of corrupt men, and *practice* soon experiences the same treatment. This I believe to be one cause of this tremendous evil. But though this be but one, it is the parent of more spiritual mischief than I am at all able to describe. For, as you well know, if a stream be tainted at its fountain head, and empoisoned at its source, it is no wonder that its waters are all polluted. Is it at all wonderful that where this is the case, where the love of the world prevails in any real degree, there should be little rooting in the truth, in its great and glorious doctrines of free and sovereign grace, doctrines to that world most offensive? Is it wonderful that there should be little rooting in Him, who is the sum and substance of those

doctrines, the Lord Jesus Christ, who was hated of that world when He was in it, and who would be hated still were He again to appear in it? In proportion as the world prevails among the saints, the love of Christ ever waxes cold. Is it wonderful that where this is the case, Christian practice should be low, that there should be tampering with things forbidden, a system of half-allowed neglects of acknowledged duties, a lengthened catalogue of little sins, superficial self-examination, little daily washing in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, with brokenness of heart, and, therefore, little healing by the precious blood, little rising from it, with renewed strength, and deepening solemnity of purpose, to walk unreservedly with God?

And, beloved, if these things be, yea, if any of them prevail, is there anything wonderful that there should be little of the Spirit of adoption? Men do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. If the Holy Spirit be grieved, what is the certain effect, but sadness of spirit, and darkness of soul?

But I believe there are many other things which lead to the same point, and conduce to the production of the same sad consequences. Two only of these I will mention, they are much laid upon my heart.

Many never seem, even from the very first, to receive a clear apprehension of their complete standing in Christ. It is the glory of the Gospel, that we are justified in the righteousness of the Son of God, when we simply believe in His blessed name, that without a work on our part, we are completely justified, accounted and pronounced to be righteous by God Himself, when casting aside our own righteousness as filthy rags, we receive and rest upon the Lord Jesus as our righteousness, pleading His finished work as the alone meritorious cause of our pardon and acceptance before God.

But there are numbers among those who yet are deeply concerned about their souls, yea, I am assured there are some amongst yourselves, who though dear to my heart, as the true saints of God, are yet in much confusion of spirit here. They *load* the free righteousness of Christ, add to it something of

their own, encumber it. They hear again and again, that it is without a work on the sinner's part, and they profess to believe it, and substantially they do believe it, or they were no believers at all, but through imperfection of spiritual perception, and weakness of faith, they receive not the truth in its power and heavenly consolation. The Holy Spirit illumines their judgments sufficiently to leave them without any allowed resting in their own righteousness, but He does not put forth His mighty power in enabling them to rejoice, much more to glory in the Lord and His righteousness. He has taken their feet out of the miry clay, but those feet are not as yet firmly fixed upon the rock, consequently their goings are little ordered; though in the main their walk is consistent, they little think as children, speak as children, love as children. Misgivings as to their complete justification necessarily prevent this.

There is, too, I cannot but think, some erroneous view, as to *the witness of the Spirit*, which has the same tendency in the minds of some of God's dear children. I will suppose a case. The sinner, penitent, broken-hearted, renouncing his own righteousness, and all hope of acceptance from it, has received through grace, the righteousness of another, even that of the Lord Jesus Christ. In it by faith he glories, and looks up to God as his Heavenly Father. He has received the first-fruits of the Spirit of adoption, and with these he sometimes sits down and is satisfied, rests in his present attainments, and because he does so, he frequently loses, for a time, the enjoyment of the blessing altogether.

God frequently gives to His child, at the very beginning of his spiritual journey, some bright sense of his sonship. This may be by *such a direct view of the Saviour* in the glory of His person, the greatness of His work of atonement, the perfection of His righteousness, the freeness of His welcomes, the suitableness of His promises received by simple faith, as may bring its own evidence to the soul, of its having received these things in the power of the Holy Ghost. 'This is the witness of the Spirit, at least it is one way by which He bears witness with our spirits, and is proved to be so by the fruits which it produces,

the peace of conscience, the subduedness of the spirit, the holiness of the affections, which are its blessed results. But while this may or may not be sudden, the settled assurance of the soul's being in this blessed state is not so, I should venture to say cannot be so. This is, I apprehend, only the effect of holy acquaintance with God. At least, such an assurance is always deepened thereby. And this acquaintance is usually gradual, assurance is a plant of slow growth in the soul. I know an earthly being, my interest in him, his interest in me by real acquaintance with him. In his promises to me, and in his fulfilment of them, I recognize both. It is the same in regard to my interest in God Himself. As it was, in the first place, in the soul's victory over sin, the law, and unbelief, it first entered by faith into the rest of God's children; so is it in the way of victory over these opponents, and by the same medium of conquest, faith, the soul attains unto the settled and abiding assurance of its own safety. And yet how much is this forgotten—how little is it acted out! How much more intensely concerned are numbers of professors, and even real saints of God, to ascertain, by direct witness, their election of God, either by some secret suggestion to their own minds, the application of a text, or by remembrance of seasons of past enjoyment, than by seeking, through the Spirit, recurrence to the same Saviour whom they first received, a deeper acquaintance with that God whom He reveals, a more entire consecration to His service, and devotedness to His glory. And yet this had been the readiest, the safest, the most scriptural way to have attained the most solid assurance of their spiritual security. In no paths does the blessed Spirit of adoption so quickly witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God, as in paths of holy delight in Him, and honest aims to obey, as we learn in Heb. vi. 11; 2 Peter i. 5–11. It is in these ways God meets his child, Isaiah lxiv. 5. It is in these He manifests Himself to him, John xiv. 21–23, and makes His abode with him. Whereas numbers confine their expectations of attaining this blessing on the first reception of it, or of recovering it when lost, to a direct and sudden communication from God; and as He, in infinite

wisdom and love, may often see it good to withhold the communication of the blessing in that way, and has nowhere that I can find, promised to convey it in that way, they are without the enjoyment of the blessing, for they seek it not in God's appointed paths. Thus numbers live at a painful uncertainty as to their true state, and that for years.

Thus, my dear and beloved in Christ, I have written to you in much weakness, but in much and ardent love. When I say weakness, I mean not weakness of body—for in that I find far more strength than when I came to this place—but weakness in comparison with the strength of the subject, which requires far more spiritual vigour than I am possessed of. You are very dear to me—as dear to Him who is the best and the dearest to us both—and I show this proof of it; for though there are those among you who know all that I have written far more clearly and powerfully than the Lord has made it known to me, yet as in some measure knowing and tasting this truth, and conscious how deep is its importance, I have written in all openness and unreserve.

To Him who is able to keep, and increasingly to sanctify, and satisfy, I commend you, with many prayers, remaining your ever attached, but unworthy Pastor, in the Beloved of God and of our souls,

JAMES H. EVANS.

Hampstead Heath, Dec. 12, 1848.

MY DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD, and for the Lord's sake,—It is under circumstances of great and peculiar trial that I now write to you; but it is at the same time in much patience and submission, in which the Lord enables me to possess my soul. I know not indeed what His will is concerning me, nor what future interposition there may be in the way of deliverance from this present pressure; but this I am quite sure of, that in the opinion of those who alone are, from actual acquaintance with my real state and condition, capable of judging, as well as from my personal judgment of my own state, there is no *present* deliverance

from that which especially tries me; but not one thought of unkindness on the part of my Heavenly Father, in thus removing me from the work that I love, is allowed, I am happy to say, to dwell in—I might even say, to pass over—my mind. Whatever the issue may be, I know and am persuaded that His name and His nature is love.

That it is not a deep trial I will not affect to imply: it is one of the very deepest order; nor, as I believe, is it the will of Him who afflicts me that it should be otherwise felt. But, dearly beloved, who am I, that I should have preached for more than forty years, and for more than thirty years in this place, Him whose name is as ointment poured forth? A poor, sinful worm as I am, bred up in a dissolute University, and in one which was then one of its most dissolute Colleges,—I say, what am I? Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all these days, that He should have conferred so great a blessing upon so great a sinner, and not permitted him openly to disgrace his high calling, that He has not left me without witness that He has stood by me, and owned me, feeble and weak as I was.

Instead, then, of secretly repining at the dispensation, however trying to flesh and spirit, it becomes me only to sing one note, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." He who alone has kept me knows how utterly worthless I have been, and what great forgiveness I have received; and in the deepest humiliation I believe, through the worthiness of an Incarnate God, I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

In my present silence I have, of course, not acted according to my own opinion merely, I have been following the advice of my medical friend, upon whose judgment I much depend, and whose skill has been blessed to the restoration of my bodily health, who gave it as his unqualified opinion that the brain being much overwrought, it was highly dangerous that I should put it into action. Notwithstanding this his advice, I thought it right to make the attempt to speak at the Lord's-table, as you know, for five Lord's-days, and see whether or no He who has all

power, faithfulness, and love, would condescend to give this token to His servant, and help him in that feeble way to engage in the work that he loved. It pleased Him not to answer, as I conceive, the petition; so much confusion was felt at the time, as many of you must have perceived, and so much distress afterwards, that it was evident in acting contrary to the advice of my medical friend, I was acting imprudently. This, though perfectly satisfactory to me, did not appear enough, from knowing that many of you did not approve of the plan of treatment by him pursued. I therefore sought the advice, and am now following the plan, of Dr R——, an eminent physician of the other system, who was perfectly a stranger to me, and one of the highest name in London for that order of malady. He is of the very same opinion, and gives it as his decided judgment that the exercise of my brain, in the way of preaching, would be attended with the greatest risk, although he speaks cheerfully with regard to my ultimate recovery. On this point I am dumb, if it be for my Heavenly Father's glory, I can pray for it in the name of Him whom He loves, and leave it peacefully, and I can add happily, in His hands.

All the means that can be used, at whatever cost, as far as prudence can permit, I will use; but I trust with a submissive mind, for I pray far more for the surrender of the will than I can do for the healing of the body. Should I recover, it may be some considerable time before I return to any measure of work with you; but when, where, or how He may be pleased to deliver, I leave with Him. This, however, I would add,—while I bless His name who enables me to add it,—that all those truths I have with so much and deep imperfection been preaching to you for so many years, I know and believe to be solemn realities, in a sense and degree I never knew before. May the blessed Spirit sanctify you and me by them, as we never have been sanctified! I believe they are the true words of God,—*holy truths, soul-searching truths, sin-detecting truths, Christ-exalting truths, and God-glorifying truths.*

For the present, in order to place myself in circumstances the

most favourable for recovery, which my present position is not, I go from home for a little while; but whenever, or wherever, and however God shall enable me to serve you, I hope to be enabled, through wondrous grace, to approve myself as your affectionate Pastor, and devoted servant in Christ,

JAMES H. EVANS.

MINISTERIAL LETTERS.

TO THE CHURCH AT MILFORD.

Feb. 5, 1816.

My dear Friends,—Although absent from you in body, yet not in spirit, I cease not to pray for you; indeed, I love you in the Lord most dearly, God knoweth, for you are my crown of rejoicing and my joy. Never shall I forget, I trust, that covenant mercy of my God, my sojourning with you at Milford, nor His having so wonderfully blessed my very poor ministry to the good of your souls. Indeed, my dear friends,—I may truly add, my dearly beloved and longed for,—we have all abundant reason to cry out, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within us praise His holy name. Praise the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all His benefits." What an encouragement it is to us in our journey through this waste howling wilderness, where everything is changeable and uncertain, to know that "Jesus is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!" To know that God is the same, Jesus the same, the Spirit the same, the covenant the same, the blood the same, heaven the same, yea, that we ourselves, considered in Christ, are, as to God's love toward us, always the same in His sight. I beseech you to remember that most sweet text, "I am the Lord; I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." This is a troublesome world, and we have many enemies to beset us on all sides; but "Fear not, I am with thee," can, when applied by the

Spirit, give comfort in the darkest days. Meet what enemy we will, it is an enemy Jesus has met and conquered. The law, the world, Satan, sin, death, hell, are all overcome. I earnestly entreat you all to "rejoice in the Lord," to rejoice always; "because all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Cling firmly to your foundation, "for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." He that stands here, stands for ever. Remember to keep your conscience clean,—I mean, clean by the blood of sprinkling. Study to go before God with a pure heart, that is, a heart purified in "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." A little sin upon the soul keeps God at a distance. Remember, therefore, Christ's invitation: "Let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely: thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." This opens the door for prayer;—a smiling God breaks the hard heart. I hear that some have turned aside, having loved the present world. Treat them not as enemies, but admonish them as brethren, considering yourselves, lest ye also be tempted. I beseech you that ye love one another; that ye be all of one mind; let each esteem others better than themselves. Read your Bibles much, pray most of all, pray for me, as I also do for you. We are going home, we have passed some mile-stones since we saw each other. I have you in my heart, God knoweth. Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

Your affectionate Brother in the Lord Jesus,

J. H. EVANS.

Mrs Evans desires her kindest love.

TO THE CHURCH AT MILFORD.—ON THE DEATH OF THEIR PASTOR.

December 9, 1836.

To the Church of the living God in Christ Jesus, His most

dear and precious Son, our Lord and Saviour, in Milford, a place so dear to me from so many remembrances, and so many mercies,—grace, mercy, and peace be unto you, at all times and under all trials, and especially may they be manifested to you at this present time and under your present most afflicting trials, by the power of the Holy Ghost. Dear and beloved in the Lord, when I think of you, bereaved as you are of your best earthly friend—of that man of God who had laboured among you and for you so many years, even one-and-twenty next month—of him who lived for you, and if his Lord had bidden him, would, I doubt not, through His grace, have died for you —when I call to mind his deep affection for you, and what you have lost in him,—a pastor so faithful, a friend so true, a brother, a father,—I could well sit down and lay aside my pen, and weep. But when I also think of her the widow, the fatherless—when I think of their bereavement, no longer animated, as once, by his daily, hourly, momentary example, when they were with him, leading them to high and holy and heavenly realities, winning them from time to eternity, from this poor, low, sordid, dying world, to the Word, to Jesus, to God,—when I think how great is the difference between that sort of walk with his Heavenly Father which he, through Divine grace, was enabled to maintain,—so close, so even, so watchful, so prayerful, so thankful, so devoted, so peaceful, so happy,—and that walk which many who are called saints, and who are, we doubt not, saints in a sense, are contented with—then, my beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, do I seem to ask, "What shall I write—what shall I say to this so greatly bereaved a family?" Truly, I am unable to utter all that is in my heart on this event, so sudden, so unexpected, so utterly unlooked for. True, I know that he is with Jesus, in the bosom of God, perfectly holy, perfectly happy. I know that he is where I could be well contented to be with him, even where Jesus is, were such my Heavenly Father's will. I know that his dear and loving and affectionate wife would not have him back, that his sorrowing children and flock would not tear him from better company than theirs, from higher joys, and holier visions of God, than

even he, high and holy as were his longings after Him, could ever have anticipated when on earth. I am aware of all this, but notwithstanding it all, I feel myself but little able, yea, utterly unable, to write to you as I feel that I ought to do on so especially solemn an occasion. The apostle says, "Lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow" (Phil. ii. 7), as he wrote of Epaphroditus, and so may I when writing of my brother Turquand.

But, beloved, the time is short, and Jesus liveth. In all your affliction He is afflicted. When the Lord removed me from among you, He gave you a better than me, and now that He, even He, has received him to glory, and removed him from you, believe and doubt not but that the same hand which wounds is quite able to bind up. He, and only He, is enough for this deep and agonizing wound, be assured. The hand which inflicts it is the same which raised the sword to sheathe it in the bosom of His Son. To you it is a sword for ever sheathed. Turn His hand He will, upon, but not against, His poor, little, and scattered ones. He will place His arms under you, and cover you with the hollow of His hand. He loves you better than your dear and honoured pastor ever did, ever could, ever can love you. He loves you infinitely better than you love yourselves. In patience possess ye your souls, wait on, and wait for the Lord. Jehovah-Jireh is His name. It is so because He is love. Rom. viii. 32, is your watchword in this dark and gloomy night. It will be soon day. Give my tender and Christian love, indeed, our, to dear Mrs Turquand, our sister in the Lord. Tell her that we deeply feel, and earnestly pray, for her and hers. May the dear children have especial blessings in this especial need. Tell E—— I bear him upon my heart, that his heart may be given up to the Lord. May their father's God, and their mother's God, be their God! Farewell, dear and beloved in the Lord. It is pleasant to know, that while friends die, the world changes, the Church as to its outward appearance, waxes and wanes, Jesus is the same as ever, the same loving, tender, gracious, sufficient Saviour as ever He was. He knows no shadow of a turn. May this solemn, deep, affecting

dispensation be truly, permanently sanctified to all your souls, prays,

Your ever affectionate Brother in Jesus,
J. H. EVANS.

TO MY BELOVED YOUNG FRIENDS, THE TEACHERS, AND THE MEMBERS OF THE TWO BIBLE CLASSES.

Portobello, Edinburgh, Sept. 5, 1840.

I received the kind and very affectionate letter of the female teachers, and of the male Bible class, and take it from you all, and as written by you all, and with much love I thank you from my very heart. Your expressions of love and affection were very sweet to me as I read them, and are very sweet as I think of them. I taste His love in them, who is the source, and the channel, and the stream of all the true, and real, and spiritual love that is, or can ever be, in the hearts of His people. It rejoiced my very heart to be told of your meeting together in prayer on my behalf. This is true regard, and is amongst the most costly proofs of it. But, beloved friends, how does this very thought raise us up from the poor and feeble exhibitions of love which we are able to show for each other, to Him whose very name and nature is Love; in whom, as in an exhaustless ocean, all His, all who taste His love, and who love Him, will spend an interminable eternity!

You thank me for our meetings in the Bible class, and tell me that God has been graciously and condescendingly pleased to own and bless them. I have reason to believe this. I thank Him, and lay my mouth low, as in the dust. For, who am I, and what is my father's house, that thus the high and lofty One should stoop so low as to work by me? And yet, what He gives me makes me covetous and bold to ask that He would give me more, that He would bless me yet far more abundantly to all your souls. In submission to the Divine will, I desire and long for the salvation of you all, that we may meet in glory, that we may rejoice in, and walk with Jesus on earth, and be with and

eternally satisfied with Jesus in heaven. My young friends, bear with me, in all affection, in all openness, and with deep feeling for your souls, I write. Some of you are yet unconverted unto God; some of you, though parents have prayed, and warned, and taught, and that with many tears; some of you, though he that now addresses you in much love, has again and again, and again, placed before you that Gospel which welcomes, that Jesus who is able, as willing, to save to the very uttermost all that come unto God by Him; some of you, though the unbidden sigh will sometimes heave, and conscience will sometimes make uneasy, and a sense of unimproved mercies sometimes fill the cup with bitter; yet still, still, *you are undecided for God.* Is this supposition an unkind return for your letter? The Lord knoweth my heart. I know, blessed be the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for the unspeakable mercy, there are many of you to whom the name of the Saviour is as ointment poured forth. You find Him precious. He is your all. You prove that you are His, by obeying His commands, and by real desires to glorify Him on earth. It is not to such of you I now write the solemn admonition, that it is not enough to meet in Bible classes, in exchanges of mutual affection, as in these letters—yours to me, and this to you; that it is not enough that we meet in the public ministrations of the Gospel, unless we meet in Christ, unless we meet in God, unless we meet in glory. Oh! call not indecision for God by any fair, any smoothly-flowing names! Indecision is only one form of the carnal enmity against God. Have I given pain, that I thus plainly write? Forgive me this wrong. It is my love to yourselves, it is my love to Jesus, that prompts me to it. Only He who knows all things, knows what I sometimes have felt when I have seen so many with their Bibles in their hands, and the thought has rushed into my heart, "Will any of these perish, O Lord?" One word more,—"By and by," slays its ten thousands; while, "I will not," slays only its thousands. Oh, seek that you may find, seek until you find, seek and you shall find!

And to you, my dear young friends in Jesus, I would now, in

all love, address myself. Yes, to you I would express my sincerest congratulations, thanking God on your behalf. Blessed be the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for electing, redeeming, preserving, consoling, sanctifying grace! Oh! the infinite debt that you owe a Triune God, for delivering you out of an evil, wicked, adulterous, foolish, and most false world! Think, oh, think often, of the mighty cost of your redemption, the mighty power put forth in your regeneration and continued preservation. Think often, of the mortal conflict to which you are called in your daily struggle with a triple-leagued enemy, of your own weakness and inexperience, of your abundant sufficiency treasured up in Jesus, but a sufficiency to be prayerfully, perseveringly, and holily received, and only thus. Think of the numbers who once made a fair profession of Christ; they talked well, wrote well, and, for a time, lived, in a sense, well; and then, like vessels on the ocean, they dashed on the rocks of pride, self-conceit, worldliness, or gross sin, and now they are carried up and down, like floating wrecks, in the sight of all. Oh! how true is it,—perseverance is the fruit of election and the evidence of it; perseverance in the ways of God. My dear young friends, beware of the world, it is a specious, unwearied enemy, it has a thousand shapes, beware of its first approaches. Ten thousand professors of religion are its slaves, and many a real child of God has been for a time ensnared by it and taken captive. That which has destroyed those who are strangers to the true grace of God may wound and disfigure the real believer. Inexperience betrays, and our carnal nature is always on the enemy's side; therefore, keep no quarters with such an insidious foe. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." Beware of the smooth-tongued professor. Cultivate much intimacy with Jesus. His love enjoyed in the soul is the best preservative against clay and fleshly idols. Mark narrowly what grieves His Spirit. Be close and deep students of the cross. Let Calvary be your dwelling-place; there study doctrine, promise, precept. Be watchful over known sins, in order unreservedly to avoid them. Mind all known duties, the least, in order to obey the will of Him who loves you, and whom you

love, in them. If sin overtake and prevail, remember "we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous." To go from Him because we have sinned, is another name for going on in sin.

Lord, what I have thus been writing to those whom I love for Thy sake, do Thou write out upon my heart, for Thine own sake, and clothe us with deep humility, and fill our hearts with the spirit of prayer!

Some of you teach in our school; the Lord bless your work and labour of love, and your souls in it! If you would teach well, you must deny self much, study your classes much, exhibit the Gospel much, and pray most of all.

As a feeble token of my love, I mean to dedicate my little volume of sermons on Infidelity to yourselves. You will accept it, as I mean it, in love. It will be something to remind you of the affectionate feelings of one, when he has passed from the desert of this world, who, when he was in it, was

Your faithful pastor and friend,

J. H. EVANS.

TO THE MILFORD CHURCH.

Hampstead, May 9, 1842.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, who is our hope.

I have much desire to see you, dearly beloved in the Lord, and—were it possible for me to leave John Street at the present time, which it is not—still desire it, for I bear you much upon my heart. I hope that you did not think I had forgotten my promise of writing to you, because of that which seemed to be delay, but what was, in truth, the result of my deliberate conviction, that until things were finally settled between yourselves and your dear pastor, it was in all respects better for me not to write. But now that the voice of God has been so clearly heard amongst you, and His mind so distinctly revealed, I hesitate no longer, and must take this early opportunity of

expressing my cordial and joyful concurrence in the step you have taken, and bless our Heavenly Father that with one heart and one soul you have been thus tenderly and affectionately drawn together, through that very means which the great arch-enemy intended for separation; that the tie which he hoped to have broken for ever, is closer than before; that your love one towards the other is warmer, more spiritual, more like the love of Christ. Thus, dear brethren and longed for, Satan has, we trust, been taken in his own gin, the power of the Spirit has been manifested, Jesus has endeared His sympathizing love to your hearts, and God has been glorified. Thus, too, it may be humbly hoped, your dear pastor's heart may be greatly encouraged in his labours amongst you, his ministry become increasingly useful, and your souls increasingly blessed. Oh, help him, help him by your ceaseless, urgent, praiseful prayers, by your tender sympathies, by your diligent attendance, by your holy conduct. He is a part of yourselves, your mouth to speak to you, your eyes to watch over you, your ears to hearken unto your various need. When he suffers, you all suffer; when he rejoices, you all rejoice; as you receive the Holy Spirit as the gift of Jesus, and Jesus as the gift of the Father, so receive him as the gift of a Triune Jehovah.

For twenty years and more, did his faithful, laborious predecessor sojourn among you, spend his strength, and, in a sense, lay down his life for you. So long, and longer, if such be the righteous, gracious, wise and holy will of the only Wise, may he lay himself out, body, soul, and spirit, in that work which he loves amongst you, with all the blessing that he covets, and which you need.

It gave me pleasure to hear from him, in the short conversation which I had with him last week, that you are about to increase the number of your deacons. This is usually a time of trial in a Church; may you find it a time of blessing. Blessings and trials are, however, for the most part, not far asunder. This may be the case with yourselves. May the Great Head manifestly preside amongst you, and give you those as shall be your joy, and for His glory. We have ourselves lately

endured a very heavy trial in the loss of one of our deacons, a dear and beloved brother, Mr Whitmore. A true servant of Christ was he, and a true servant of His Church, few like him. But he is gone to his rest, he is with Jesus. Heaven is richer, and earth is poorer, when God sends for His saints to their happy home. Would there may be among you any such as he. With God all things are possible. He can enrich you, dear brethren, with all grace, and with all gift. I believe one way to have more, is to be thankful for what we have. It may be strange to say, but I cannot but think that more is got by praising, than by praying. But both should be, and much more than there are of both, but especially of the first; most certainly praise leads to prayer, a praising spirit is ever a praying spirit. But sometimes I can pray but not praise.

More, my dear and beloved in the Lord, is to be enjoyed of the power of religion, I fully am persuaded, than we are disposed to think; and when I reflect on the many years that have passed on since I first knew you, at least some few of you, now nearly thirty-two, and am sensible how little progress I have made, compared with my fond expectations, and with that which I have seen in some, the consideration will present itself, *Why is it thus?* Have you never made the same question, and put it to your own hearts? I doubt not but that you have, and often too. But ought it not to lead us to deep searchings of spirit, wherefore it is that we do not more grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ? Is sin indulged? Are there no smooth and soft excuses for it? Is there no sort of tampering with this rebel to God, this crucifier of Jesus, this griever of the Spirit, this curse of the whole earth, this plague of the soul, this enemy of all happiness? Let who will or who can say that he is innocent, I cannot, I dare not. I look back upon that which will not allow me to wonder, that I have made no farther advances, but which causes me to be astonished that I have not been cut down altogether. Oh that God may sanctify us wholly, oh that the choicest blessings of God may rest upon you. May you increasingly love God, walk in Christ, and be filled with all the fruits of the Spirit. Peace

in the conscience through the peace-speaking blood, and love in the affections, is sound and holy experience. Beware of breaking in upon it by wilful sin. I can write this with a feeling sense of its necessity. I send my love to your deacons, to your sick, to your aged, especially to Freeman, the Harts—all of you accept it from me. Every year of my life I hope always to preach on your behalf at John Street, the Lord helping me. As long as I have my earthly being, Milford will be very dear to me. Let your deacon C—— and his wife receive my sincere regret that I did not call on them when I was last at Milford. S——, and the K——'s, and S——'s, and W——'s, are not forgotten by me. Let your Pastor accept my love, and his family. With the Christian affection of my wife to you all,

Believe me, dearly beloved in Jesus,

Yours for His sake,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A DEACON OF JOHN STREET CHURCH.

Salisbury, March 1847.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you and yours, and much holy assurance of the love of God in Jesus, warming, comforting, and sanctifying your heart and life, to the Divine glory.

Dear brother, we hope, through wondrous grace,—wondrous, indeed,—soon to be with the Lord for ever. Oh, may we seek then to be much with Him now, to hold much and tender and soul-searching converse with Him, day by day, and all the day, before its occupations, in them, after them,—if there be any before or after in that day, which ought to be filled with being occupied for Him and with Him.

I have just received your letter, and lose no time in replying. Give my warm and tender love to the Church, as it meets on Wednesday evening, and tell the people how greatly I long for their deep sanctification, Christ dwelling in their hearts, and their being filled with all the fulness of God. Tell them how

much I long to be a more able minister of the New Testament, even for their sakes, much more for my own; this is not selfish, because I can add, most of all for the Lord's, yea, far most of all for His. They are very dear to me, He knoweth. May I be enabled, in body, mind, and in all the displays of Christian principle, to shew my love more, and to be a far greater blessing to them than ever I have yet been, and they to me. We are for each other, and Christ for us, and we for Him.

Time is short. There is much to be, much to do, much to suffer, in a short space. But Christ is our strength, and our weakness is as much for His strength, as His strength is for our weakness.

The first to be proposed is Miss S——, of S—— Church. I do not remember much in our conversation. It has almost escaped me, but I felt no difficulty in it at the time, neither do I think that you will. Thousands go to heaven with nothing striking in their history, all the precious stones on the breast-plate did not glitter.

The next is, dear brother, your son. The good Lord make you very thankful, and keep him very humble, watchful, and prayerful. Would that there were multitudes of young men such as he, warm-hearted, simple, and honest, afraid of sin, resting in Christ as poor sinners. Yet he is but learning his first lessons, and you and I, dear brother, are often placed on the first form with him. But I believe the Lord is teaching him, and He is a good Teacher. You are his double father. May His Spirit, who can alone teach both, teach him many lessons of meek and holy instruction, through yourself and your dear wife!

Next comes our beloved brother G——'s son. He is one of Christ's *silent*, not *dumb*, soldiers, for there is something about him that speaks, at least it spake to me, though he himself speaks but very little. Some young recruits talk much, yet they speak but little to my ears. I think that I heard, in the midst of his silence, the language of one who was afraid to be thought more of than he really was, who thought more than he spake; and slow of speech as such an one frequently is, there is an eloquence that much speech is frequently without. They

who know him at home discern his grace, and I hope that his messengers were enabled to discern it too. If he were my son I should rejoice over him, and as the son of a beloved brother, I cannot but rejoice with him whose son he is.

Next comes dear old brother D——, a timid, nervous, but greatly blessed brother in Christ. The account of his conversion is striking, and somewhat peculiar. The details may be instructive and encouraging. If some of our reports are too long and minute, trespassing upon precious time, and overcharged with uninstructive detail, yet I confess that such is far better than a dry, sapless, but neat formality, very proper, but deadly cold. To unfold principles is, I conceive, our object, not merely to detail facts and family histories, facts only to elucidate principles. Sometimes our brethren would do well to ask themselves, Why do I narrate this?—what is it for? This would exclude much repetition, and much exhaustion. A wise reporter is a great blessing, and the Lord has not left us without many such. May He graciously increase the number greatly!

Then comes Miss M. A. R——, of whom I think most highly, but can report but little. I was truly satisfied.

And now, dear brother, farewell. After a prosperous journey I came hither. The God of mercy I find full of mercy.

On the whole, I was not the worse for the Lord's-day service, except that I had comparatively little sleep afterwards. Whether at present I do right to attempt more than preach my morning sermon, and Tuesday evening one, is a question which I am laying before Him who can alone decide all questions for His own glory and for our real happiness. Do you yourself unite with me in prayer on this point. And with all affectionate regards to Mrs G—— and your sister,

Believe me to be, dear brother,

Yours in Christian love,

J. H. EVANS.

TO A DEACON OF THE CHURCH AT MILFORD.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I was prevented last week from writing an answer to your letter because I was waiting the whole week a reply to one I had sent to Mr Draper, respecting the present state of things at Milford. From him, however, I have had no reply of any sort, and, therefore, conclude that he has left Southampton, or is from home. Be assured of this, that in all that respects the dear people at Milford I must ever feel a deep concern, nor shall all that I can do in the way of assisting you in your present difficulties be wanting. The idea that your Pastor meant to leave you in an unprovided state never entered my mind, although I heard before your letter that he had made up his mind to withdraw from his charge as the Pastor of the church. When you answer this letter, will you inform me whether there has been any one especially laid upon the hearts of the people in respect to your future minister. He must be in all respects the man of *your* choice; and if he be one of whom we can approve, I have little doubt but that an annual sermon might be preached on his behalf, as in the case of your late Pastor.

Be much in prayer, dear brethren. Satan watches that he may come in among you, "whom resist steadfast in the faith." Be very fearful of following your own wills in anything. Let the Lord direct you in all things. Be assured that you have in me a faithful friend, but I increasingly feel that I am nothing, and less than nothing; yet to my utmost I will counsel and help.

Call in the help of dear Mr Adams, if this in his present state of health be possible.

But, above all, call mightily on the Lord.

I hope that I shall have an answer in the course of the week.

My kind love to the Church from

Your affectionate friend in Jesus,

J. H. EVANS.

TO THE CHURCH AT MILFORD.*

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS in the peace of Jesus Christ, —Although I have been but little consulted by you with respect to Mr S——, yet my long-tried and, I hope, my long-shown affection for you will not allow me to be silent in the present critical juncture of your Church's history. I neither wish to interfere, nor shall I, except as one that tenderly feels for all that concerns you.

Although that head is grey which was once before many of your eyes as the head of youth, and health, and strength; although that head may soon be laid in the grave, yet as long as I am a sojourner in a vale of tears, I can never fail deeply to feel for Milford.

My own indisposition of body has hindered me from writing to you as I should have wished to have done, but my thoughts have been still towards you, and my prayers have ascended to God on your behalf. What I write, therefore, is in tender love, though, I must add, with no little anguish of heart.

Satan, my beloved friends, is a cunning foe, and he is, I much fear, labouring to sow the seeds of discord among those whom the Lord has united in the loving bonds of the Gospel. The hearts of those who have ever *been*, and more, who have ever *shown* themselves the truest friends of the cause of Milford, are deeply wounded. The enemies of God and His truth are rejoicing and say, "Aha, aha, so would we have it." He whom you once esteemed, who is now writing to you, is distressed and sad. And if all this be so, ought not you to grieve? I believe the Spirit is grieved, and if aught could occasion grief to him who is now in heaven, your once beloved Pastor—that faithful man of God and minister of Jesus Christ, my dear brother Turquand, whose ministrations you seem now so to look down upon—it would be to see things just as they are.

Never having heard Mr S—— preach, I can only form my

* The following letters were addressed to the church at Milford, in reference to their selection of a minister,—a question which, for a time, painfully divided its members. —ED.

opinion by those who have. They who influence my judgment are not novices in the Church of Christ, but men of holy experience and highly regarded.

But although I never heard Mr S——, yet I was myself long in that school. Unless I am much deceived I know it well. And since I have left it—and I have left it for ever—I have observed it narrowly. Its tendencies are not to produce a meek, humble-hearted, tender-spirited follower of the Lord Jesus, but to make a man high, lofty, and in the midst of deep acknowledgments of folly, to think himself wiser than the most. Almost invariably have I seen it produce great dissensions among brethren, much severity of judgment towards others, with a good deal of self-satisfaction. Those who love that school call many of the children of God the children of Satan because they are imperfectly taught *some* of the great truths of the Gospel. All which I fully believe to be very offensive to God, grieving to the Spirit of God, and injurious to the souls of men. Those in that school will not call upon sinners to repent, although *Isaiah* did: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man (the man of iniquity, in the margin) his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah lv. 6.)

Although *Jeremiah* did. (Jer. iii. 13, 14.)
Although *David* did. (Psalm ii. 10–12.)
Although *John the Baptist* did. (Matt. iii. 2.)
Although our *blessed Lord* did. (Matt. iv. 17.)
Although *Peter* did. (Acts iii. 19.)
Although *God commands all men everywhere to do so.* (Acts xvii. 30.)

They will not invite sinners, as sinners, to the Gospel feast, though they are commanded to do so; for in the Gospel feast they were invited or called to it that never came, yet *they were invited* (Mat. xxii. 14); invited not merely to come, but to sit down.

All this is attempting to be wiser than Scripture, than the Word of God; a determination to follow out man's system at the expense of God's truth.

Such a mode of preaching, therefore, I cannot call preaching the Gospel to every creature, though it be preaching it to what are called the Elect. I would not, I could not, invite such to preach in my pulpit. How, then, my dear friends, can I think of such an one occupying yours without deep pain? As your friend, your sincere friend—it may be, your best earthly friend —I do earnestly entreat you to pause before you take a step which, when once taken, is irrevocable.

I hope that I can say with the Apostle, that I love you so well that I am almost contented to be counted your enemy because I tell you the truth, and the more I love you the less I be loved.

In your circumstances would it not be well to call to your counsel men whom you once esteemed and looked up to, such as father Adams, Mr B——, Mr B——, or any other you might approve of, men approved of the Church of God? Would it not show a holy distrust of yourselves, a humble, holy wish to sit at the feet of Jesus, thus to act? How can I for a moment doubt of it? In all those steps I have ever taken, *where I have been most confident that I was right, but would not take the advice of those who were wiser and holier than myself,* I always, if I mistake not, had bitter cause to repent afterwards.

Though I could say much more I refrain myself. I repeat it is an eventful period of your history. One false step here may be bitterly repented of when too late.

Bearing you much upon my heart to the throne of grace, I remain in sincere love,

Your faithful but afflicted friend in Jesus,

J. H. EVANS.

P.S.—Do not forget that your former Pastor, that dear man of God, Mr Turquand, once held these very opinions, but lived to see their unscriptural character and unsanctifying tendency. This he often mentioned to me with grief and anguish of heart.

In looking back to the statements which I formerly made in Milford Church, that period when I received the greatest ministerial blessing in the awakening of sinners, I perceive the very

broadest invitation to sinners, urging them to repent. Did the Holy Spirit sanction unscriptural appeals? Berridge had hundreds of conversions where I had tens, yet no man more pressed on sinners the obligation to repent. Did the Holy Spirit sanction a grievous error?

If I were not suffering pain in my head I would offer to go to you should you desire it. But the state of my health renders that impossible. Peace be with you and amongst you, and the God of peace guide you!

It would be a satisfaction to me to hear from yourselves through your Deacons.

TO THE CHURCH AT MILFORD.

My dear and beloved Brethren and Sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ,—Although I have received no answer to my letter, from the Church, yet as one of your Deacons has replied to it, I shall, for the love's sake that I bear you, consider that as my answer, although of course it would have been more satisfactory to myself to have had your reply. If, however, in this business, He whom I serve shall condescend to make use of me in any way to His glory, and to your good, I shall have abundant cause to be thankful. Dear Mr B——, whom that beloved man of God, your late pastor, once so revered by you, my beloved brother Turquand, so loved, writes me word that last Lord's-day he preached at Milford, the congregation thin, and the Church much divided, and that the majority of the Church are much in favour of Mr S——, but that you still desire me to send down some man of God upon trial, and the letter of your Deacon seemed to say the same thing.

But, dear friends, this is quite out of the question, against the majority of the Church I dare not act. If after the plain, decided, and I hope tender and affectionate warning which I thought it my duty to give, after the advice given by your late pastor, the faithful caution given by dear Mr B——, the known opinion of beloved Mr Adams, and the living and dying testi-

mony of that dear departed saint Turquand (for all his preaching for the last ten years of his life gives us this testimony), I say if, after all this, the Church, by a decided majority, prefers that sort of ministry which not one of us can conscientiously approve of, then, dear friends, it proves clearly and decidedly how little you trust any of our judgments, and how necessarily it follows that any one who might be sent down would only be sent to meet with coldness and neglect. I cannot, therefore, as before the Lord, see any remedy but that of prayer. Whatever influence I may have, most gladly will I use it, as far as in me lies, for your good. But I dare not use it unholily, and were I to interfere, save only in kind and loving advice, I should consider it to be used unholily. The pastor of the Church is to be the real choice of the Church, and not another's choice. How, indeed, that can ever satisfy a man of God, to come upon a mere majority, is another question. I never could be a pastor upon any such terms, nor upon any other than the unanimous choice of the whole body. But this is not my concern now.

And now, beloved in the Lord, what shall I say? The eyes of many are upon you; the eye of the world is upon you, the eye of the Church is upon you, the eye of Satan is upon you, the eye of the living God is upon you. May your eye be upon Him! "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" and the eye is only single when it really is fixed upon His. My advice is this. Seek first to heal your divisions before you even think of a pastor; for till this be, there will be, there can be, no blessing. Set apart two or three evenings in the week merely for prayer. Seek to be thoroughly humbled before God, confessing your faults against one another before Him. Seek thorough healing, by the blood of sprinkling, from those sins whereby you have grieved the Holy Spirit of God. If you are all brought low at the feet of Jesus, you will soon be at each other's feet, but not till then. On some of these evenings, ask some of those to be present whom you love, and who love you. Vain, beloved, is the help of men in this affair.

There is one mistake in your deacon's letter, which, in justice to your late pastor, I would rectify. He supposes that Mr

W—— was averse to my hearing Mr S—— preach. On the contrary, he took all pains that I should hear him, and it was solely my own state of health which prevented me from doing so. As to his (Mr W——'s) opinion of Mr S——'s preaching, it was not his only, but that of his deacons—wise, holy, experienced men of God.

Dear Mr B—— wishes me to go down to you. But wherefore does he wish it? There was a time when you would have plucked out your own eyes,—but I will not proceed. Ever consider me your real, sincere, affectionate friend. The line of conduct which I am pursuing is no little trial to me. But I have the testimony of an honest conscience, I am quite sure of this. —In much love, I remain

Your attached, but afflicted Friend in Jesus,

J. H. Evans.

TO THE CHURCH AT MILFORD.

Although I have written to you so lately, beloved in the Lord, and for the Lord's sake, and have as yet received no answer, yet from the love that I still tenderly bear you, I once more take up my pen, to say that, as I understand you still desire that I should send down to you a man of God,—a man of wisdom, holiness, and sound experience in the truth, who loves the glorious doctrines of grace, and loves to preach them as they are stated in God's own Word,—so I am willing, should the church unanimously be disposed to hear such a one with kindness and with love, or even with but few exceptions, if, on the whole, the far greater part be so inclined, to send down such a man *for your approval.* On no other terms could I consent to do it, on no other would he consent to go down.

Do let me entreat you to weigh well this my proposal. May the Lord incline your hearts to it, if it be to His glory! The individual that I am inclined to think you would like, is no ordinary man of God in gift and in grace, at least so I esteem him. If you should choose him for your pastor after due trial,

he would come to comparative poverty were he to go to Milford; but for the Lord's sake I think he might be willing.

If he receives from you a cordial invitation, I will give him five pounds to defray his expenses up and down, and you must support him while he is there.

Your loving, though afflicted Friend,

JAMES H. EVANS.

TO THE CHURCH AT MILFORD.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Your welcome letter came as an answer to much prayer, and is a cause of much thankfulness. I trust and believe that a gracious Covenant God has Himself directed the whole of this arrangement, and that He has given you a man who, through His grace, will be a blessing to you; a wise, kind, holy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, firm in purpose, but tender in spirit; loving the doctrines of grace, and tasting the grace of the doctrines; loving the precepts and living them; faithful to the sinner, and edifying to the saint. That he may be all this to you, and more than this, I sincerely pray; and may I suggest one thing more? —that one evening be set apart for especial prayer that the Father of all mercies would abundantly answer this desire of our hearts.

No doubt you will find, in looking back upon some of the past months, no little cause for humiliation before God, and no little call for the exercise of mutual forgiveness, and continual forbearance. But, my dear friends, as the soul is led by the blessed Spirit to true, deep, filial humiliation, it finds that lowly valley a pleasant spot; and when we are truly at the feet of Jesus, we are soon at each other's feet. Some wounds remain, I doubt not, to be healed, but when the blessed Comforter applies the precious blood to a contrite spirit, health is soon restored. Some hard words have from time to time been spoken, but when brethren are brought to speak to a Father with each other, and for each other, every hard thought that we have

indulged only makes us the more ashamed, and we seem as if we had wounded ourselves. To His tender love, whose name is Love, I commend you, and may all the fruits of the Spirit be in you and abound!

Your new pastor,—for such I suppose that he now is,—leaves town to-day. I told you that I would give five pounds towards his expenses. This I have done, and a sovereign more. This will enable him to return from B—— to London, and a little more. When I see him on his way back to you, which I hope will be the latter end of next week, I will give him enough to send him to you, and then, dear friends, you must supply his need, and you will do this, I am sure, to the uttermost of your ability. I sincerely hope that you will raise for him not less than £30 per annum. And would it not be a good plan if a collection were made for him, so that, on his arrival, some little token of your love might be presented to him? It might be very cheering and encouraging to him, and, through the Divine blessing, might draw forth his grateful praises to God, and love towards yourselves. The John Street sermon on his behalf cannot be before the second week in June. In the meanwhile, therefore, he will be entirely dependent upon yourselves. I need not say, treat him kindly, for I believe that you will. His heart is much towards you, more than I could have hoped for in the time. Treat him with all openness, he is a straightforward man,—at least he seems so.

You call me, beloved friends, your best earthly friend. I wish ever to be enabled to prove myself as your most sincere friend and brother, in the hope of the Gospel,

J. H. Evans.

ORIGINAL THOUGHTS ON SCRIPTURE.

EXTRACTED FROM COMMONPLACE BOOKS.

ORIGINAL THOUGHTS ON SCRIPTURE.

PSALM XXXII. 1, 2.

WHO is blessed? Not he who clokes, conceals, confesses not his sin. As long as David was in this state, he was miserable. There was guile in his spirit (ver. 2), misery in his heart, his very bones waxed old, his moisture was dried up as the drought in summer (3, 4).

Who is blessed? He that is without sin, he who sins not, he who grieves no more by his sin the bosom on which he reclines. This is superlative blessedness, its highest element, the happiness of heaven. To be like God, to yield implicit, ready, full, perfect obedience, the obedience of the heart, of our entire being; this is to be blessed above all blessedness.

But among those who live in a world of sin, who are surrounded by sin, who are themselves sinners, who is blessed?

He whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and especially does he feel it to be so, who can, in some degree, enter into the previous state of David's soul. (Ver. 3, 4.)

Ah, in what a wretched state was the Psalmist previously to this blessedness! How must sin have darkened and deadened his spiritual faculties, to have produced guile in the spirit of one who could elsewhere exclaim, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me," any way of pain or grief, any way of sin which most surely leads to these. (Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.)

What a mournful condition of soul was his, who while he roared all the day long, yet kept silence before God, had no heart to open his heart unto God, was dumb before Him, not in submission to His will, not in accepting the punishment of His iniquity (Lev. xxvi. 46), not in real confession, and honest, and upright, and sincere acknowledgment of his iniquity to Him against whom he had committed it. "I kept silence," not merely I was silent, I *kept* silence, resolutely, perseveringly; I kept it notwithstanding all the remembrance of my past mercies, notwithstanding my reproaches of conscience, and my anguish of heart. I kept it notwithstanding Thy hand was heavy upon me day and night, notwithstanding my moisture—all that was spiritual in me, my vital spirit, all that was indicative of spiritual life in my soul—seemed dried up and gone. Yes, Lord, notwithstanding all this I *kept* it.

But Nathan came, Thou didst send him. He was to me a messenger full of reproof, full of faithfulness, but full of love. He came with Thy word, and with the word of a King there was power. I acknowledged my sin unto him, and my iniquity did I not hide, but this was little. Against Thee, Thee only did I sin, and to Thee was my confession made. I acknowledged my sin unto *Thee*, O Lord. I solemnly said that I would do so, and I did it. I confessed my transgression unto the Lord, "and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."

Behold the man who is blessed; blessed in the state of his mind, his guileless spirit, his contrite heart, the fruit of the Spirit of grace; blessed in the forgiveness of a forgiving God, a forgiveness, perfect, entire, lacking nothing, signified by "sin covered," "iniquity not imputed" of the Lord; blessed in the blessings which followed it. "Thou art my hiding-place, Thou shalt preserve me from trouble, Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance." Beneath the hollow of that hand which was once so heavy upon me, I can now repose. Thou art my hiding-place, I dread Thee no more, nay, I dwell in Thee as my habitation, and my high tower, my covert, my safety, my home. Safe in Thy love, whatever troubles may be my portion,—

and by the mouth of Nathan Thy servant Thou hast declared that trouble shall be my portion,—I shall yet be preserved; yea more, so fully wilt Thou deliver me that I believe Thou wilt encompass me so with the arms of Thy mercy, as to call forth songs of grateful praise for Thy gracious interposition.

Behold the blessedness of him whom God forgives. No wonder, then, that the Psalmist adds, "for this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found, surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him." As much as if he said, Surely after this Thy gracious conduct towards *me*, all that truly love and fear Thee, every one that is godly, when he hears of Thy dealings with *me*, will pray unto Thee. Encouraged by my example, he will not keep silence as I foolishly and sinfully did, but will confess and supplicate before Thee, since Thou art found, and hast so wondrously shown that Thou art, of all that truly seek Thee, since there is *the place* of finding, as I lay my hand upon the victim, and look through that victim to Him the promised Seed: since there is *the time* of finding, declared in Thy word, and manifested by the secret drawing of my heart to Thee by Thy grace: since the unwillingness is not in Thee, but in Thy sinning creature to come to Thee; "*for this* shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee," then, however deep the water-floods may be, however fierce the torrent, and headlong the stream, they shall not even come nigh unto him, much less shall they overwhelm him. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

PSALM CXIX. 151.—"*Thou art near, O Lord!*"

This was *once* man's greatest blessing, and source of sweetest consolation. It was the fairest flower which grew in Paradise; but sin withered it, the flower faded, it drooped, it died (Gen. iii. 8; iv. 16). It must be so *once more;* the flower must once again bloom, again must it revive; even upon earth must it blossom, or in heaven it will never put forth its fragrance.

"Thou art near." Even in Thy works of *creation*, in the sun in his glory, in the moon in her softness, gleaming in the firmament, I see Thee. In the balm of this fragrant air, in the light of this cheerful day, in the redolence of these shrubs around me, whose flowery tops, as they drink in the soft and gentle shower as it falls, seem to breathe forth a fresh perfume in gratitude to Him who sends it. In the melody of these birds which fill the air with their songs, Thou, O Lord, art near. I perceive Thee not with my bodily eyes, although by these I discern Thy workmanship, and with the eye of the mind behold Thee in Thy works, *a present God.*

"Thou art near." Even in the book of Thy *providence*, dark and mysterious though it be, I see Thee. There do I read Thy *wisdom*, as developed in Thy world, Thy church, Thy saints, Thy servant before Thee; the wisdom that guides, the wisdom that guards, the wisdom that bestows, the wisdom that withholds, the wisdom that encourages, the wisdom that corrects, that kills and makes alive. There do I read Thy *power*, Thy *justice*, Thy *faithfulness*, Thy *holiness*, Thy *love.*

But it is in Thy *Son*, Thy beloved Son, that I most clearly and distinctly see Thee as near. If in creation, if in providence, Thou art near, in Him Thou art very near, O Lord.

Near as a sin-forgiving God (Rom. viii. 1).

Near as a promise-keeping God (2 Cor. 1. 20).

Near as a prayer-hearing God (John xvi. 23; Ps. cxlv. 18).

Near as a covenant-keeping God (Heb. viii. 10).

Near as a gracious, tender Father (John xx. 17).

"Thou art near, O Lord." Oh, that I might live in the constant sense of Thy nearness to me! How often, far too often, alas, do I seem quite to forget it!

Art Thou near? Then may I realizingly remember, that *by the blood of Thy dear Son*, and by that alone, have I been brought nigh (Eph. ii. 13); that it required nothing less than the stoop of Deity, and the sufferings and death of the humanity, to remove those hindrances which interposed between a holy God and an unholy creature. Oh, to walk before Thee with a grateful spirit, and with a broken contrite heart!

Art Thou near? Then may I walk as before Thee, as seeing Thee, in holy fear, in filial love, in simple faith, in childlike confidence. (Gen. xvii. 1.) When *sin* would tempt and solicit indulgence, when the *world* presents some new allurement, when *Satan* would take advantage of constitution, society, circumstances, oh, that I may ever remember "Thou art near."

If my dearest comforts droop and die, if friends are cool, if those who loved me once seem as if they loved me no more, if the bonds once the finest, the closest, the tenderest, are torn asunder and dissevered, yet may I still remember, "*Thou* art near, O Lord," and not afar off.

And when that solemn moment shall come, when heart and flesh shall fail, when all earthly things are seen with a dying eye, when I hear Thee say, "Thou must die and not live," then, oh then may I remember, with all the composedness of faith, and all the liveliness of hope, and all the ardour of love, "Thou art near, O Lord."

Taplow Hill, May 10.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

Is the great revealer of God,
of sin,
of heaven,
of hell.

To study it is our great wisdom.

To live beneath it is the true secret of all safety,
of all holiness,
of all happiness.

The first glimpse of it brings peace to the troubled conscience.

And the more the eye of faith rests upon it, the more does the sight conform to His image who hangs thereon.

Unbelief.

"I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning," says Jacob. (Gen. xxxvii. 35.) You shall go to your son rejoicing, and go down into the grave blessing, saith the Lord. (Gen. xlviii. 15.)

Prayer.

"*I will call upon the Lord who is worthy to be praised, so,*" in this manner, in this way, "*shall I be saved from mine enemies.*" (Ps. xviii. 3.)

Pray, pray, pray; whatsoever thou doest, pray. It will keep thee as a means from doing that over which thou canst not pray. Pray against thine enemies at all times, for at all times are they against thee, and at no time more effectually than when thou prayest not. Pray that thou mayest pray, and that thou mayest pray aright, with deep contrition, with filial faith, and hopeful perseverance.

True Wisdom.

Wisdom in man is but a reflection of God's wisdom,
derived,
finite,
mutable.

It is but a little of God,
a spark,
a drop,
a ray.

He is the wise man who looks to Christ,
lives on Christ in daily faith and repentance,
walks with Christ in daily enjoyment,
loves to be with Him.

Such a man longs to be like Him.

Trusting to Means.

"*Ye made a ditch between the two walls, but ye have not looked unto the Maker thereof.*" (Isa. xxii. 11.) Ye used the means and trusted in them, and ye fail. (12–14.)

Causes of Loss of Comfort in Believers.

Believers lose their comfort by *forgetting the nature of the covenant of grace,*

that it is for sinners,
that it is to all that believe,
that its salvation is perfectly free,
that it embraces every case,
that it rejects not the vilest,
that it is a complete salvation,
that Jesus is everything in it,
that the Gospel is glad tidings,
that it is ever the same, yea, to the end,
that we glorify God by believing it.

Believers lose their comfort by *not dealing continually with the person and work of the Son of God,*

forgetting that He is God,
Man,
God-man, one Christ,
that He has all the glory of Deity,
all the tenderness of humanity,
that His work is the work of God,
His blood the blood of Him who is God,
His righteousness the righteousness of God.

This spiritual contemplation of Jesus is the basis of hope, self-distrust, sorrow for sin, joy in the Holy Ghost, love to God, love to Christ, love to His ways.

Believers lose their comfort by *not remembering the distinction between nature and grace, flesh and Spirit.* In all the saints, the holiest, the flesh still remains as the flesh, as the flesh it ἐπιθυμεῖ

κατὰ τοῦ πνεύματος. (Gal. v. 17.) ταῦτα δὲ ἀντίκειται ἀλλήλοις. Believers are too apt to forget this. True sanctification is more to be estimated by real opposition to, and real victory over, that which is fleshly, than by its imaginary eradication. The brazen altar and the brazen sea will ever be the way into the true Holy of holies, in this vale of tears, something ever to be pardoned, something ever to be purified.

Believers lose their comfort by *living on their frames*, instead of the promise of God, and the perfect atonement of the Son of God.

Our frames, when truly child-like, are precious fruits of the Spirit, and are the blessed consequences of a real faith that worketh by love; they prove the genuineness of faith, and show the activity of its actings. But the ground of faith is not what is wrought in me, but the word of God and the work of Christ. I am encouraged to believe by what God says, and by what Christ has done, not by what I am and feel.

Believers lose their comfort by *inordinate attachment to the creature.*

Believers lose their comfort by *not drawing the line of distinction between the suggestions of Satan and their own sin;*

he stirs them up to attempt things impracticable,
out of season;
he gives a sour aspect to a pleasant Gospel.

Believers lose their comfort above all, by *sin,*

by carelessness in performance of known duty, slightness,
hurry,
neglect,
sloth;

by commission of known evil,
"tush, God hath forgotten it;"

by false use of the blood of sprinkling, after solemn warnings,
especial mercies,
rebukes,
supports,
restorings.

God's Tenderness towards His People.

"*Yet they are Thy people.*"—(Deut. ix. 29.)

Though they have been rebellious (ix. 24).

Though they have been stiffnecked (6, 13).

Though they have been idolatrous (12, 16), and quickly turned aside (12, 16).

Though they have not believed Thee, nor hearkened to Thy voice (23).

Though this hath been from the beginning (7).

Yet are they "Thy people" (29).

Thy peculiar people (Deut. xiv. 2).

Thine inheritance (29).

Thy portion (xxxii. 9).

Thy children (xiv. 1).

Thou broughtest them out of Egypt, that land of curse, idolatry, oppression,

By Thy mighty power (29),

By thy outstretched arm (29),

Therefore, O Lord God, destroy them not (26).

God's Reproof.

Esau was chiefly loved because of his venison. Our own weaknesses are often reproved in a way we little expected.—(Gen. xxvii. 4, 33.)

God's Chastisements.

Does Jacob steal his brother Esau's blessing? He shall be banished from his home for twenty-one years, see his mother no more, and his father only to watch over his last moments, and bury him.—(Gen. xxxv. 27, 29.)

ROM. ix. 16.—"*It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.*"

How creature merit, creature will, creature power are altogether excluded in this chapter, and especially in this verse!

How solemnly, yet how distinctly, the Eternal vindicates the freeness, the riches, and the sovereignty of His own grace! In the previous verses of this chapter, in the cases of Ishmael and Isaac, how entirely is carnal descent excluded as the channel in which the blessing necessarily flows. Ishmael, though the elder, yet, as the child of the flesh, is rejected. Isaac, the younger, as the child of the promise, and miraculously born, is the favoured recipient of mercy.

In the cases of Esau and Jacob, the argument is still stronger. "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth; it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." (Rom. ix. 11–13.)

Mark here, my soul, the footsteps of Him who giveth not account of any of His matters. (Job xxxiii. 13.) Lay thyself in the dust before Him, take a fair retrospect of all the past, and wilt thou not put thy seal upon God's own word, "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." Nature fights against this truth, proud reason opposes it, the world hates it. But what says honest conscience—conscience rendered upright by the Spirit of all truth, conscience purified by the blood of the Lamb, conscience enlightened by a sense of the love of God? Will not the memory of slighted privileges and abused mercies, of the Spirit grieved, the cross of an Incarnate God too lightly esteemed, the perpetual proneness to forsake a Father's house, to forget a Father's love, yea, the actual forgetting and forsaking of them, silence a thousand arguments, confute a thousand sophistries? Will it not say, Lord, before Thou didst make me willing in the day of Thy power, I had no will but to oppose Thee. I ran in

no paths but those of misery and destruction. And since I have known Thee, what returns! but Thou hast had mercy on one, who has had no mercy on himself. "Not unto me, not unto me, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

On Channels of Mercy.

Our mercies are much endeared to us sometimes, by the jeopardy in which they seem to be placed, and by observing the channel through which, and the source from which, they flow. It is a point at which I have never yet arrived, though I am not without hopes of reaching it, the seeing the precious blood of Christ and the Father's loving heart in every blessing that comes to me temporally and spiritually. It renders sweetness doubly sweet. It makes even the bitter to be sweet.

Job's Trial.

Job was a man of trial.

He was tried by his *friends*, who were "miserable comforters," and "physicians of no value." (Job xiii. 4; xvi. 2.)

He was tried by his *enemies*, for they took all his substance. (i. 15–17.)

He was tried by his *wife*, who counselled him to blaspheme God and die. (ii. 9.)

He was tried by *Satan*, who sifted him in the sieve he was allowed to form for him.

He was tried by *God*, to whom Job refers all his trial, who ordained it, permitted Satan to execute it, and brought about His own purpose of good out of it.

He was tried in his *affections*, for he lost all his children in one day, and experienced everything but kindness from his wife and friends. (Job i. 19; xix. 17, 19.)

He was tried in his *soul*, in his faith, humility, obedience, submission, sincerity, and love.

He was tried in his *body*, in the endurance of the most distressing, painful, and loathsome disease. (Job xxx. 17, 18.)

He was tried in his *feelings*, as a man, as an aged man, as a man of rank and consideration; for he was the song of the drunkard, the very youth pushed away his feet from under him, they did not hesitate to spit in his face. (xxx. 9, 10, 12.)

The bitterness of the contrast which all this presented to his former state deeply aggravated his trial. He was once a prince, a king amongst them. When he went through the gate the young men saw him and hid themselves, the aged arose and stood up, princes refrained talking in his presence, nobles held their peace. The poor blessed him as he passed by, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; for he had been eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, a father to the poor, the defender of the injured, the friend of the friendless, and had caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. In the council, men waited for him, and kept silence at his counsel, after his words they spake not again, they waited for his words, and opened their mouth as for the latter rain. If he laughed on them, they believed it not. He chose out their way. (Job xxix.)

The remembrance of all this deeply embittered the present trial.

It was still further aggravated because his trial came *immediately from God*. While the Sabeans and the Chaldeans could not have plundered him if God had not permitted them, the fire from heaven which burned his sheep and his servants, was the *fire of God;* and the disease which consumed him was directly *from His hand;* and yet he knew not why He thus consumed him,—why his God, his gracious God and Heavenly Father, thus contended with him, ix. 17, 18; x. 2. This was a deep aggravation of his trial.

And yet there was another ingredient in his bitter cup, and it was the bitterest of all. *He could not see God*, xxiii. 3–9. What trial cannot a sense of the love of God in the soul alleviate? A Father's smile can bring light in the darkest day.

But this he had not the sense of. Not that God had forsaken him. Does the *Shepherd* forsake his weak and sickly sheep? Does the *Refiner* forsake the gold because he melts it? Does the *Captain* forsake his wounded prostrate soldier? Does the *Father* forsake his tried and wandering son? the *Mother* her weak and sickly child? No. But He had hid His face, xiii. 24, and Job was troubled; and this was the greatest of all his trouble. When David had the light of God's countenance, he feared no evil, Ps. xxiii. 4. When Asaph had this mercy vouchsafed to him in the sanctuary after he had walked in darkness, earth and heaven seemed as nothing compared to it, Ps. lxxiii. 2, 3, 13, 23, 26. When Paul was thus strengthened, every burthen seemed light, 2 Tim. iv. 17, 18. But Job had not this to alleviate his sorrow, and the absence of it deeply aggravated his woe.

And yet what is all this compared with the sufferings of the Saviour of sinners? He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

Think of the contrast here. "He was rich;" rich in the glories of the Godhead, in the adoration of angels, in the bliss of heaven, in the Father's ineffable love; yet He became poor, hiding His glory in our poor nature; the Son of a poor virgin, brought up in a poor habitation, working at a poor trade, then supported by poor women, followed by poor disciples; and, poorer still, in the scorn and reproach, and insult and calumny, the bitter taunts and mockery, which He endured in His last and bitter agony, His agony unto death; and, infinitely poorer still, in drinking the cup of wrath, curse, and death, from the very hands of His Father and His God.

In Job's cup there was wormwood, bitterness, and gall, but there was no curse. But here was curse,—the curse of a holy, holy, holy God. (Gal. iii. 13.)

Job's sufferings were involuntary, but Jesus was a willing, as well as patient victim. (Ps. xl. 6, 7, 8; Isa. liii. 7.)

Job had friends about him, well-meaning, faithful, though mistaken friends; but when Jesus was taken to judgment, all His forsook Him and fled.

In Job's sufferings we have the benefit of his example, his

patience, integrity, and faith. But in the sufferings of Jesus is our salvation. In His poverty we are rich indeed.

Job's Faith.

His children were dead,
property gone,
friends accusing,
wife unkind,
body diseased, loathsome,
soul confused and darkened, iii. 1.
Satan tempting.
God hiding His face, yet—"The root of the matter is found in me," xix. 28.
"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," xiii. 15.
"I know that my Redeemer liveth," xix. 25.
"He knoweth the path that I take," xxiii. 10.
The effect of his faith, xxiii. 11, 12.

On Faith.

Faith is no dependent grace.

It acts dependently. It lives independently.

As faith lives *on* Jesus, so it lives *by* Jesus. He is its Author, He must be its Finisher, its continued Support and Strength.

All the sap of the branch is from the root, so all the grace of the Spirit, all spiritual strength and fruitfulness, is from Jesus, the Root. I hang upon Him for faith, and live upon Him by faith. Here the disciples failed, and therefore failed to cast out the devil. Fasting and prayer are but the active goings forth of a dependent spirit.

If, in seeking, waiting dependence, I hang upon Christ all my weakness, then am I strong; without this I sink, I fail, I can do nothing.

This is a wholesome lesson. I am not to live upon my works, nor my words; my tears, nor my fears; my repentance, nor my faith; upon what I was, nor upon what I am; but upon Jesus: on Jesus for pardon, righteousness, sanctification, faith, all things. This is safe, humble, holy, happy living.

Sin is a mountain; so high, it hides all sight of God, all communion with God, all access to God. It stands as an awful barrier between the soul and God. Proud, lofty, unsubdued man, tries hard to scale it. In the pride of his heart he labours to climb it. But he cannot. The weakness of a fallen creature prevents it. The holiness of a just God prevents it. How can human power remove the curse of the law, the indignation of a righteous Lawgiver, or make satisfaction for sin to an infinitely holy Being? Can he undo what has been done, pay ten thousand talents who is not in possession of a single farthing, discharge a debt which he is every moment increasing? So vast, so wide, so inaccessible, is this mountain, that no one but an Incarnate God could take it out of the way. It required the stoop of Deity, and the strength of Incarnate Deity, to remove it. The Word that was with God, and that was God, first takes our nature, and then, in our nature, bears our sin; and bearing the imputation of our sin, and the punishment, the curse, wrath, and vengeance due to our sin, bears it completely, entirely for ever, away. The mountain becomes a plain. Faith hath no *working* power here. It was the Lord that laid the iniquity on the Surety, but faith *receives*. It lays hold on Him who heaves up the mountain, and thus, in Him, by Him, casts it into the depths of the sea.

Guilt upon the conscience is like a mountain. Who can describe the burthen? So heavy was it, it drove King Saul to his witch, and Herod to his doing many things. It made Felix tremble, and Judas hang himself. It extorts many an alms from the miser's store, and many a tear from the eyes of those who

own individual trouble necessarily places a limit to our sympathy. And even where it enters the most fully, yet, in the vast majority of instances, human sympathy has little power to give effectual relief under the trouble, still less to remove it.

Such is the limit which is fixed to the choicest earthly good. The very nature of man fixes it. But this is of Divine appointment, that we may rest, not in human sympathy, but in that of Jesus Himself. (Heb. iv. 15.)

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1 John iii. 1.—"*The sons of God.*"

Who are the sons of God? All who believe in His dear Son, "ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii. 26.) It was the same when that epistle was written as it is now; many were the degrees of faith, many the grades in the Divine life. In this very letter, the apostle describes this—babes or little children, young men, fathers. (1 John ii. 12–14.) Some are lately called, and see men as trees walking. Others have their senses exercised, and see with comparative clearness. Some feebly pursue their way, some are strong and vigorous. Some are with hands hanging down and knees feeble, some rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Some are sowing in tears, others are reaping in joy. Some are in the valley of Achor, some on the plain, others on the top of Pisgah. Some are in sickness, and eat little or nothing, loathe the honeycomb, some are fed with hunger, and every bitter thing is sweet. Some, "My mountain so strong, I shall never be moved." (Ps. xxx. 6, 7.) Some, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." (1 Sam. xxvii. 1.) But all believers in Christ, all the children of God.

They who truly receive Christ receive all in Him, and this (sonship) is one of the costliest jewels of His treasury. "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." They receive it "in Christ." To this they are predestinated (Eph. i. 5). They enter into its enjoyment by the Spirit of adoption (Gal. iv. 6). Do you ask their character? They

are led by the Spirit of God (Rom. viii. 14). Religion is not with them a notion, an opinion, a creed, a party, a shibboleth. It is not a mere outward alteration, a bare acting on honest and honourable principles before the world, a little external decency, some few acts of benevolence. He who is led of the Spirit is a spiritual man, has a spiritual mind, loves spiritual things, prefers spiritual persons, and those the most who love Christ the most, and hate sin the most, and who are most like Him. This man is *a man of prayer*, cannot live without it (Acts ix. 11); *a man of conflict* (Rom. vii. 21–23); *a man of faith* (Gal. ii. 20); *a contrite soul* (Isa. lxvi. 2). Often worsted, wounded, fainting in the fight, but persevering still (Job xvii. 9); still aims at the mark, though he miss the point; yet he aims again, still he presses on, and reaches the goal at last. He does righteousness (1 John ii. 29).

Angels are the sons of God by creation; we by adoption and grace.

They were declared the sons of God, as creatures pure, unfallen; we are raised to this high distinction, who were sunk below the beasts that perish.

They stood on the platform of pure being; we were lifted from the dunghill, from the dungeon, into the presence-chamber of God Himself.

They are the sons of God in themselves; we in Christ Jesus, the essential Son of God.

They, as creatures, never sinning; we, though children, never sinless.

EPH. v. 2.—"*Walk in love.*"

Love is the peculiar glory of our profession, the real Christian's brightest ornament (Col. iii. 14), the clearest evidence of his adoption. As far as it prevails in us we resemble God himself (Eph. v. 1). It is not only the fruit of the Holy Spirit, but, among His fruits, is mentioned the first (Gal. v. 22), and the opposite, therefore, is that which especially grieves Him (Eph. iv. 30, 31).

Faith is its immediate source (Gal. v. 6), but in its actings it embraceth the whole circuit of moral and spiritual obligation (1 Cor. xiii. 4–7 ; Rom. xiii. 8). *Without it*, profession is nothing, and mere knowledge is vain, the most showy services unprofitable and useless (1 Cor. xiii. 2, 3). *With it*, services apparently trivial are considered as most precious (Luke vii. 44–47).

The great object which love beholds is *God Himself.* God as seen with the eye of faith, and known by experience, in Christ. (1 John iv. 16.) God's gracious character is seen in the gift of His Son, there we see God's love to us, and then love Him in return (ver. 19). In proportion as this love of God, this love as therein seen, is believed and experienced in the soul, is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, love to God is the consequence (Rom, v. 1–5), certain, necessary.

This love is a *diffusive* principle. It first embraces those who love God, then all mankind, yea, it encircleth our very enemies, and blesses them who hate us (1 John iv. 7, 20 ; Matt. v. 43–48).

This love is an *active* principle. It seeks and promotes the good of those on whom it is fixed, and would glorify Him from whom it springs.

It is more than this. It is a *soul-transforming* principle. According to its measure and degree, it elevates the motives, humbles the spirit, subdues the will, and purifies the affections. It is more than a constraining bias, it overcomes by the highest inducements, and subdues by the most powerful obligations.

Therefore, says the apostle, "*walk in love.*" Not only be of a kind, forbearing, gentle, compassionate character, all you that love Him who first loved you, but walk in love, exhibit it in all that you speak, in all that you do.

" Walk in love," avoid all bitterness, severity, censoriousness, envy, jealousy.

" Walk in love " towards *all men ;* desire their good, and aim to promote it, always and by all means. Let the law of kindness be on your lips, the law of benevolence in your conduct, the law of love in your heart.

But especially walk thus, with *the saints of God.* They are the Lord's soldiers, and you are to encourage them; the Lord's servants, you are to help them; the Lord's redeemed, you are to comfort them; your brethren, deal gently with them; the Lord's children, you are tenderly to esteem them. This is not only suitable, but is a thing commanded, a most solemn obligation and positive duty (1 John iii. 11, 23; iv. 21). As God commands it, so He teaches His children to obey it (1 Thess. iv. 9). He teaches them to show this love by acts of bounty when needed (James ii. 15), by even laying down their lives (1 John iii. 16), and our blessed Lord makes His own love to His disciples the measure of theirs towards one another (John xiii. 34; xv. 12).

"As Christ hath loved us and given Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." Behold the motive and the measure of our love.

His love was a love towards all His, "*us;*" yet was it individual love, "*me*" (Gal. ii. 20).

It was *costly,* He humbled Himself *to* our nature.
He humbled Himself *in* our nature.
He humbled Himself in our nature *to the lowest*
(Phil. ii. 5–8).

It was *unreserved,* He gave *Himself* for an offering, a sacrifice.

It was *disinterested,* He gained nothing as Son of God, never will.

His love is most *tender.*

His love is most *unmerited;* as He loved when most unworthy so He loves though still unworthy.

His love is an *unchanging* love,
effectual,
to the end.

JER. xxxii. 33.—"*They have turned to me the back, and not the face; though I taught them, rising up early and teaching them, yet they have not hearkened to receive instruction.*"

Sin is a departing from God; every step which a sinner takes is one which removes him farther and farther from God.

It is more, it is insult.

It is more, it is contempt.

It is more, it is contempt of God as speaking to the sinner, rising early, and teaching.

It is more, it is contempt of that God who "delighteth in mercy."

Yes, "He delighteth in mercy," He is "the Father of mercies," and no father more delighteth in his children, than He in His mercies (2 Cor. i. 3).

His throne is mercy (Ps. xcix. 1). His treasury is mercy (Eph. ii. 4). Mercy with truth goes before His face (Ps. lxxxix. 14). It is His property (Dan. ix. 9), and he who denies it to Him, robs Him of His own. So precious is it to Him, that He takes pleasure in them that hope in that mercy (Ps. cxlvii. 11). Speak we of its *quality?* It is tender (James v. 11). Of its *quantity?* It is plenteous, abundant, David so describes it (Ps. li. 1). Speak we of its *commencement?* From everlasting. *Duration?* To everlasting (Ps. ciii. 17). Yet this is the Being whom the carnal mind hates.

PROV. viii. 13.—"*The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.*"
Ps. xcvii. 10.—"*Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.*"

That I have hated sin, Lord, Thou knowest; yet too much, alas! by fits and starts, without constant, undeviating, unchanging purpose. That I have mourned over it in secret, and loathed myself on account of it—fled to Jesus as the only refuge from it—besought earnestly, yea, fervently, the sanctifying power of His Spirit, I can appeal to Thee, who hast heard in secret the

sighings of the prisoner, and the heavy burdens too oft laid on him by his hard taskmaster; and yet, with all this, what cause have I not for shame and for sorrow that I have hated it no more.

NUM. xxxii. 23.—"*Be sure your sin shall find you out.*"

When may sin be said to find us out? When the perception of it is not merely an acknowledgment of its existence, but when that detection of it leaves us without one excuse, self-condemned, self-abhorred before God—drives us to the blood, law-condemned, self-condemned—to the presence of a holy God, without one plea but in the one sacrifice of an incarnate God—and this, too, with true and unfeigned contrition before Him—and it would not commit the same sin again for thousands of worlds;—when the soul not only acknowledges the transgression but hates the sin, and that as if there were no hell which it deserved, and no heaven from which its indulgence must for ever exclude;—when it hates sin because God hates it, and not because He punishes it. Such a discovery of sin, however it comes, by whatever means, is a heavenly discovery, taught by a Holy Spirit, and the message of a holy God. Lord, evermore give it me, not as a passing impression, but as a lasting, deep, and abiding conviction, a settled principle, evermore strengthening, deepening, abiding.

JER. xxxi. 3.—"*I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.*"

How wondrous is the love of God towards His people. Look at its origin, *eternal:* "Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved me, and Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world" (John xvii. 23, 24). It is never-ending: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," filling up all the windings of an eternity past, and all the prospects of an eternity future; unlike the love of the creature, which is fickle, changeable, perishable; worthy of Him from whom it flows, and infinitely adapted for

all the vicissitudes of being, in those who are its happy subjects. One thing especially marks it, there is a general love towards all His creatures, an especial love towards all His people, but this verse marks an individuality in His love, "I have loved *Thee*," and this is true of all His chosen people. He loves them all, as if there were but one, and He loves each one as He loves them all. The head thus watches over each member. In the affliction of each it is afflicted necessarily, and without constraint, and in the prosperity of each one it rejoiceth. The parent stem diffuses its sap and fruitfulness to each individual fibre, however mean, however insignificant, however remote. Thus does the True Vine diffuse Himself in the efficacy of His work, and in the power of His Spirit, through all His mystical branches.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love," loved thee so well as to bear thy worthless name on my heart before thy Father and my Father, thy God and my God. I have loved thee so well as to feel for thee more than thou feelest or canst feel for thyself, causing all things to work together for thy good, —thy very temptations for thy deeper humiliation, thy sense of poverty for thy greater riches, and all my providences for thy greater sanctification; weaning thee from earth, humbling thy pride, proving to thyself what thou art, and educating thee for the land of uprightness.

See its effective character: "Therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee," drawn thee away from a foolish and ensnaring world—from a grosser world without, and from the more refined world within—from the inordinate love of the creature —from broken cisterns that can hold no water, to the stream that maketh glad the city of God; and with the same loving-kindness will I continue to draw thee, always gently, though sometimes painfully, more away from sin, that accursed evil, that enemy of mine and of thyself; till at last, by the effectual working of my mighty power, I draw thee, with step never to be measured back, to my blessed self, to walk with me in light, purity and holiness, for ever. Behold the love of God! We have known and believed it, says the apostle, may we know and feel it and believe it, and be consecrated by it; for "herein is

love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us." May the sense of it dwell with us continually, for "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, for God is love."

RULES FOR SERMONS.

First, seek God in prayer for choice of a passage. Inquire why such a passage is decided upon. Let this question be fairly answered. Sometimes the answer may be such as ought to decide the mind against its choice.

Next study the passage, its meaning, and end, with prayer.

Next compare the passage with parallel or similar passages in the word, with prayer.

Next regard the expressions, the phrases of the passage, comparing them with parallel or similar expressions in the word, with prayer.

Then pray for wisdom to divide the passage.

Let the divisions be natural, such as would easily and readily present themselves to the mind.

Let them be few.

Let them all spring from, and flow into, the main channel of the subject.

Let that subject be one, not two or three.

Then write the outline of the sermon—its heads and subdivisions.

Then prove the assertions and remarks by Scripture.

Then appeal to the understandings,
consciences,
affections, of your hearers.

Have the following inquiries always before you, in reviewing your scheme:

1. What views are herein given of God the Father?
Jehovah the Saviour?
the Lord the Spirit?

2. How have you dealt with the *sinner*? the *inconsistent professor*? the *weak believer*? the *tried* and *experienced saint*?
3. Is *Christ* prominently exhibited?
   Is *sin* detected?
   Is *holiness* promoted?

Above all, depend upon the Spirit's teaching and the Spirit's blessing, with humble prayer.

Earnestly seek to be very *affectionate*, as well as *faithful*, convincing to the *judgment*, as well as appealing to the *conscience* and *feelings*.

Prove everything by a reference to the Word of God.

J. H. E.

SKETCHES OF SERMONS.

SKETCHES OF SERMONS.

THE sketches of sermons which follow are faithfully transcribed from Mr Evans's own notes. Where a few words have appeared necessary to complete the sense, they have invariably been introduced within brackets ( ). The mark . . . . . in the original manuscript has been retained, indicating where he purposed to fill up and amplify in the pulpit. It has already been stated, that while delivering his sermon, he never made use of any sketches or notes of any kind.

PSALM III. 5.

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."

The Bible abounds with the most beautiful pictures of Divine truth. It not only unfolds the truth, impresses the truth,—(but) impresses it by every sort of argument, by doctrine, promise, precept, example. . . . . But, in the examples, it presents us with the most engaging and attractive pictures.

Such a picture is now before us. . . . .

It is that of a man who, having gone through every change of circumstance, from deep adversity to the highest prosperity, from obscurity to glory, from humble life to a throne, from all the exhibition of hatred and persecution—and such persecution, too, as continually threatened, not only the loss of all

earthly comfort, but of life itself—to the highest pinnacle of earthly grandeur, ... now reduced to the lowest point of all; a fugitive, a wanderer, homeless, houseless, sceptreless, and with few exceptions, friendless. . . . . See the old man, the once flattered and idolized King, going up by that same mount, whither one far deeper mourner than he so often went. 2 Sam. xv. 30. Read his counsel to Ittai, ver. 19, "*Abide with the* KING." . . . .

What a spectacle is here! See all the country weeping, ... ver. 23, and yet behold him in all the majesty of faith, and strength of deep submission, 25, 26. Now pouring out his troubles to the Lord; . . . . Now comforting himself in God. How affectingly does he unburthen his spirit to Him who could alone relieve him, ver. 1; one seems to hear the continued intelligence brought to his ears of the desertion of this one and that one of his former friends, while he exclaims,—"What, are such vast numbers traitors at last? And is *Ahithophel*, too, amongst them?" But it was not the mere *numbers* that affected him. It was their bitter TAUNTS, ver. 2. To this he so touchingly alludes in Psalm lxxi. 9–12. But what was his comfort in the midst of all this storm? ver. 3. Here was his "strong habitation,"—to Him, in prayer he betook himself, and all was peace. And then, in the words of the text, like a sleepy infant, in weariness of spirit, in the most conscious helplessness, in all the confidence and peace of a child, he lies down in the very bosom of his Father and falls asleep; and then, in the same confidence, wakes up, feeling the same arms beneath him. Read to the end.

On this picture I would desire to make a few remarks, and draw a few conclusions. In the first place,

How wretched is the condition of an unregenerate man.

A man who is a stranger to God,—to the character of God, to the love of God. He lays him down, he sleeps, he wakes, but no acknowledgment, "the Lord sustained me." As the beast that perishes, he lies down; and as the beast he rises, a prayerless soul. . . . . What multitudes, ... How many thousands this day, in London (are in this state). Are (there)

none here? . . . . When I say this, (I mean not they are) always without the form of prayer. This costs but little; . . . . But true, real prayer, the felt acknowledgment of entire dependence on the Lord,—where is it, but in the regenerate soul?

Ah, brethren, did man but feel that dependence . . . . How momentary (it is) . . . . Just as this watch; . . . . Take the mainspring away for one moment. . . . . You that are trifling with your souls, neglecting eternity, ... living without Christ, without any real sense of your need of Him; . . . . living as if none . . . . as others do; . . . . in all the carelessness of a trifling spirit; did you but consider this, ... so far from lying down without prayer, ... you would not in that state dare to lie down and sleep at all. Yet God is perpetually speaking to us. In our neighbourhood we have lately had a most awful warning,*—an individual waylaid and murdered—hurried in a moment into eternity—only a few hundred yards from our house, while the very cry of the murdered man, as the dreadful deed was perpetrating, was actually heard by many. . . . . My dear hearers, that poor unhappy individual went forth with no more anticipation of being in one moment hurried before God to give an account of the deeds done in the body, than many of you at this instant, and far less than some of you. Yet now he has appeared before God, and so must you and I, ... and shortly too. . . . . And it needs not the violent arrest of a murderous hand, the blow of an assassin, to accomplish this. Look at that *body* of thine, ... IT IS BUT AS GRASS . . . . beauteous as is its machinery, wondrous its workmanship, so curious, that with all the study it has received for thousands of years, we are even now perhaps but standing on the threshold of its science; YET IT IS BUT AS GRASS. . . . . How soon is all this curious machine, beauteous as it is, disarranged, yea, destroyed. It needs not violence, it is but a cold neglected, fever unsubdued. It is but exhaustion, and we are gone. . . . . In the morning green and verdant as the grass, fair as the spring-flower; . . . . In the evening cut down, dried up and withered.

* Preached the Sunday after the murder of De la Rue, by Hocker.—Ed.

Is health delicate?—a tottering wall soon falls. . . . .

Is the wall strong?—one storm can lay it low. . . . .

And is this so? and unprepared, impenitent, out of Christ, and folding thine arms in sleep, ... (Art thou) in that state? The very feebleness of our bodies is as God's voice. Not only does every murder, every sudden death, every death that we hear of, read of, know of, speak, but every bodily weakness, every mark in these poor, perishing frames,—that life is ebbing fast away—is but as a voice from heaven, loud, clear, personal, to all of us, to each of us—to you, to me—"Prepare to meet thy God." But I have only hitherto considered thee, my unconverted brother, as a dying man. I have a still louder voice,—addressing thee as a sinful man, a guilty man, a man dead by sins, a man dead in sins. . . . . Look at thy *soul* . . . . wholly unprepared for eternity—I say *wholly*. . . . . Is not an unpardoned soul unprepared? But such is thy unhappy state. . . . . When hast thou ever gone to the fountain . . . . as one unclean?—looked to the brazen serpent as one sore bitten?—smitten on thy breast as (the) poor publican? When hast thou seen thyself a lost and ruined sinner—parted with all thy self-boastings, thy fancied goodness, thy filthy righteousness, and submitted to the righteousness of God? Where is the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart? When (did) the great change pass upon thee? . . . . Never! (Art thou) wholly unprepared (for death) and laying thyself down to sleep in that state? (Art thou) besotted?—insane? Is not *Satan* watching thee like a lion? . . . . (a) fowler? (a) viper? Is not *sin* ruling, ... reigning, ... tyrannizing (over thee)? . . . . (the) *world* dragging thee by its chain? Is not time hurrying thee on like a torrent into the vast, boundless ocean of eternity, and thou asleep? Oh, let not thine eyes close this night till thou hast betaken thyself to that same God who sustained poor David's soul in his deep distress, ... and who never turns away His face from the feeblest cry. . . . . Go AS A POOR SINNER TO CHRIST, IF IT BE ONLY TO CONFESS THAT THOU CANST NOT (GO). . . . . This night thy soul *may* be required, soon it *must* be. Prepared or unprepared, soon it must be. Oh, that my words

may be so (applied to thine heart) that as a poor, hitherto sleeping, slumbering soul, but slumbering now no more, thou mightest dread to lie down on thy bed and sleep till (thou hast uttered the cry), "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Secondly, *The efficacy of prayer.* "I cried unto the Lord" . . . . not merely I prayed . . . . (but) I cried . . . . aloud—vehemently—with my voice. . . . . Oh, my brethren, how much is there that passes for prayer that is no prayer. . . . . We are brought into deep necessities—some especial, some pressing—it may be, some depressing trial; . . . . we are earnest, urgent, yea, importunate with God. We receive blessing, some especial spiritual blessing. My brethren, the very state of mind is in itself a blessing. . . . . We have an errand, ... and we take it to the King; . . . . and He receives it, and great are the blessings that result (from it). . . . . What (was the) effect in David's case? This very faith, this holy confidence, this blessed peace, ... "I laid me down and slept." He sustained me, and I knew it. . . . . Who can tell the blessed results of prayer? Though it be the *first* prayer. . . . . Oh, that many who have often prayed (might be led to pray more earnestly, more importunately, than ever).

Thirdly, *What a wondrous life is the life of a true believer,* whether (a) king or a beggar, rich or poor, high or low. David was in circumstances the most unfavourable (for prayer), so we should have thought, ... A camp, not the most adapted, ... his very position, ... the very excitement. . . . . Many ten thousands against him, 2 Sam. xviii. 7, few with him; . . . Much confusion, much depression, and with many, doubtless, (there was) despair. But the hidden life rose above it all. . . . . May we through grace learn this lesson. . . . .

In every lawful position there is a heavenly road, ...

(A) way of direct intercourse with God. . . . .

That it is not only on our knees, with our Bibles in our hands, in our retirements, in public worship, ... in what we call favourable positions. In circumstances the most adverse, not only may there be an opening, ... but these very circumstances . . . . may become the most favourable; . . . . a sol-

dier, a king, a dethroned king, dethroned by his favourite son; a Jew, with little Gospel light compared (with us). . . . . Yet his camp was his Bethel, his tent (was the) house of God, his very sorrows the ladder (by which he ascended to God). Thus may it be with you and me. . . . . It signifies not where we are, with whom we are, if we are where we ought to be, nor in what we are engaged if . . . . Through grace . . . . the commonest occupations may become holy employments, the business of life sanctified engagements, the most ordinary things holy duties. . . . . Men look at us, see us engaged in our lawful calling, doing the very same things with themselves, but the motives, the principles, (the) secret springs are hidden. . . . . The thick mist which encircles the world, and hides God from its view, becomes transparent as this hidden life unfolds itself, and through it we see God.

If, indeed, we touch the forbidden thing, and are contaminated by that which we know to be evil, that mist becomes a cloud, a dense cloud, ... but if our position be chosen and approved by our Heavenly Father, nothing in it but may become an avenue to heaven.

Fourthly, *How infinitely adapted is the God of our salvation to all the circumstances of His children!* Are we in danger?—He is a shield. What a shield! . . . . Are we despised, looked down upon, slighted, scorned?—He is our glory. . . . . It is hard to be thought meanly of, ... (hard) to bear it as a follower of One who was thought meanly of—as a follower of Christ, meekly, patiently, holily—to walk after Him who humbled Himself—to be despised *as* our Master, *for* our Master. But should it not be enough that the Eternal God—God in Christ, God in covenant, our Heavenly Father—is our glory, that we have Him as our God, to glory in His every perfection, ... yea, that He should glory in us, ... call us to His glory, (give us a) title (to it), meetness (for it, the) promise, (the) earnest (of it), and soon its eternal weight? Do our heads hang down?—He is their lifter up. Did He not lift us out of our low estate, out of the dunghill of the fall, the ruins of our unregeneracy? Is it not enough that he has lifted us up

among the princes of the people? gives comfort, peace, and sometimes joy in believing, nearness of access, confidence, repose by the blood of sprinkling—that at the bar of justice He will exalt us in the righteousness of His Son, ... acknowledge and reward every poor service of love, and at the resurrection morn lift us up with Christ in his glory? If David, with his comparatively small light, found (this rest in God) how much more *we*.

Lastly, See the *medium*—that of sharp, bitter, heart-rending trial. David might have gone a thousand times to the tabernacle, and never found a thousandth part (of the blessing he found in this wilderness).

It was in the absence of all that was dear to him as man, he found this special solace in God. Be contented, then, dear brethren, to find in the death of the creature, that which, through grace, may lead to the increase of life and liveliness in the soul.

Oh, for patience, the outstretched neck (to receive the yoke), ... wrestling hard for the blessing, ... and the willingness to receive it in God's own way. . . . .

SELF-GLORYING EXCLUDED, GOD'S GLORY SECURED, IN GOD'S GREAT SALVATION.

PSALM CXV. 1.

"*Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.*"

Although (this verse) is usually understood as an ascription of praise, yet (it really contains a) *prayer*. It is not said, Let glory be *given*, but . . . . ("unto Thy name GIVE GLORY"). The meaning seems to be—Thou hast in infinite mercy promised to deliver Thy saints, ... and that not in the way of their self-glorying, nor for their own sakes. . . . . Therefore fulfil Thy promise, and thus give glory to Thy name, ... "for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake." My brethren, the highest plea is when we plead with the Lord *for His own Name's* (sake), when,

like Joshua, Josh. vii. 9;
like David, Ps. xxv. 11; xxxi. 3; cix. 21;
like Jeremiah, chap. xiv. 7, 21.

Highest of all pleas. . . . . It is no small mercy, when we can rise above all other considerations, and find our rest and repose here. . . . . Prov. xviii. 10.

I. God has promised to deliver, bless, save (His) people.

II. This salvation (is) not for their own sakes, nor for self-glorying.

III. The prayer grounded upon this plea.

I. God has in infinite mercy promised to deliver, and bless, and save all His believing people. . . . .

This is implied in the passage; . . . . He has pledged His word, ... sacred, true, inviolable word; and it is the word of Him, who is not only the God of truth, Deut. xxxii. 4, but

God *the* truth; of whom the apostle (wrote), "that *cannot* lie," Tit. i. 2; not only that He *will* not, but that He *cannot*. . . . . Yes, He has pledged that word. . . . . Many (are) their difficulties, ... sore their temptations, ... great their weaknesses, ... mighty their enemies. . . . . Frequently do they weaken themselves by . . . . But . . . . His truth is on their side,—His faithfulness stands all engaged on their behalf,—they shall be saved.

And when will any one dare to say, Has that truth ever failed?

Let Gen. ix. 11–16 speak; yet by this unfailing token does He comfort His Israel, Isaiah liv. 9, 10.

Let (the) ordinances of heaven speak. The sun, moon, stars, speak forth His truthfulness; yet thus, Jer. xxxi. 35–37, (He) comforts Israel. . . . .

Let day (and) night, cold and heat, summer and winter speak, Gen. viii. 22.

When has that truth ever failed? Look at Gen. iii. 15: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman." And has not that been fulfilled? is it not fulfilling? will it not be gloriously and eternally fulfilled? Was not the promised seed born of a virgin? Is there not enmity, bitter enmity, undying enmity between Satan and that seed, his seed and the woman's seed? . . . . that Jesus. . . . . Did not Satan bruise the heel of the Lord of life and glory, bruise Him in His humanity, wound Him in His lower and inferior nature,—bruise Him to the death? And did not that bruised heel bruise the serpent's head, overcome, overthrow, and as far as regards his power to undo His Church and people, with the exception of life continued, and malice unimpaired, *destroy* him, and that by death, Heb. ii. 14?

When has that truth failed? Did He not promise to raise up the slain and crucified Saviour, Hos. vi. 2? . . . . And did not the stone roll back,—the witnessing angels, the rejoicing disciples, the portals of heaven opening wide, with "This is the King of glory, the Lord strong and mighty,"—attest the faithfulness of Him who said it?

This is the God who has given that faithful word to His people that He will save them. . . . . All other helpers, brethren, are like the gods (spoken of in) verses 4–8.

But what cannot Omnipotence achieve?

What cannot Omniscience, infinite Mercy, and Love accomplish?

Look up, then, ye that love the Lord, to whom the name of Jesus is precious, to whom the burden of sin is heavy, ... and who long for its removal. . . . . Ye followers of the Lamb, ye that mourn for sin and hunger for righteousness,—ye poor in spirit, and in the midst of all your self-accusations, sincere, upright, and pure in heart,—look up. . . . . You are they whom God, the Eternal God, ... He saw you in your sins, in your blood, and He said unto you, Live, ... and there was power in that word, ... Eccl. viii. 4, and behold, you live. . . . .

And what a life! Who can well explain Phil. i. 21?

The wonders of a life of faith, ... of conflict, ... of prayer, ... of victory, ... victory in the midst of defeats, and sometimes victory through defeats, ... I say, who can well describe it? But the most wonderful is its duration. It is *eternal* life: "He that believeth hath *everlasting* life." But whence all its safety,—on what stands its security,—where its strength? In the promise of Him that says to all His true Israel, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Mark the GRADATION,—*waters*—*rivers*—*fire*—*flame*. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

If Israel after the spirit, in their dispensation, could be called on to rejoice, vers. 9–18, how much more . . . .

II. This salvation is to the utter exclusion of all self-glorying, ... but for the glory of God's great name.

That this should be the great end of God in the glorious scheme of salvation is the very perfection of His glory therein. . . . . This, I humbly conceive, is too much lost sight of. . . . .

The responsibility of man is a truth which God has especially laid upon the consciences of men in this day. . . . . The Church (is) more awake (to the truth), that "to whom much is given, of the same shall much be required;" that *talents* are given to be used; . . . . *light*, ... *truth*. . . . . The connexion between the means and the end . . . . (is) more understood, more felt. . . . .

But (this is) not without (its danger), ... yea, *especial* (danger) . . . . (The) danger of forgetting that (the) whole glory is of God; . . . . that "not unto us, but unto thy name give glory," is the motto of the child of God; . . . . that where it is not, ... exertion is but another name for self, and zeal the fervid exhibition of an unhumbled spirit.

God glories in His glory; . . . . it is His glory to do it . . . . The creature's highest imperfection is the Creator's highest glory. . . . . (He glories in His work in) *creation*, ... (in) *providence*, much more (in) the *great work of all works*. . . . . "Not unto us," is written in every part of it. . . . .

See it in the mysteries of God's ELECTING LOVE, ... that love which was before all worlds, and will be (when time shall be no longer); that love which was before all our love, yea, and its very cause, the spring, the source, the fountain, or rather, the ocean; that love which lays us in the lowest dust of the deepest humiliation of self-abasement, as we retrace the history of our life, and read in every part of it, written out by the pen of conscience, and by the Spirit of God, not for my worthiness' sake, not for good qualities seen or foreseen, for there were none, but what that very love has implanted, nourished, cherished in my soul, "*Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.*"

See this glorious truth, written out in our JUSTIFICATION. Was it not an act of pure sovereign grace, that One in the glorious Trinity, the Word that was with God, the Word that was God, the Son of God, the Mighty God, the true God, over all God blessed for ever, that He should be set up as the Mediator, ... the Surety, ... the great Head of His body the Church?

That as man he should live for it, ... die, ... rise,

. . . . ascend, ... intercede; . . . . that He should represent it before God; . . . . that "He should be made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him;" . . . . that in Him WE should be looked upon as HE is? . . . . Surely, as we think on what we *were, are, deserve to be,*—our transgressions how many, ... our sins how aggravated, ... our failures, even where something has been through grace experienced, ... our shortcomings. . . . . When we think what *justice might* (have done), what GRACE (has done, we can have) no hesitation (in saying), "*Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.*"

And how did we receive this wondrous blessing? According to God's gracious purposes of love, the blessed Spirit puts forth a secret power within us. Some scarcely know *when, where, how,* but the secret touch came . . . . By a sermon—exposition—conversation—tract—remembrance of truths well nigh forgotten—we wake, we see our danger, for we see our sin, and put forth ignorantly many self-righteous efforts . . . . cut off (some sins) . . . . Pray . . . . Read . . . . Mortify . . . . Are very diligent and observant of outward duties . . . . We wonder what it is to believe, but we do not believe—we wait for some miraculous mode of conveyance . . . . and wait and repent and wait still, hope that we shall believe . . . . but at last the Spirit works faith in the soul, unfolds the truth with power to the heart . . . . Without a work, having nothing, and coming as nothing—to Him who is all—believing that He is what He is—and receiving Him as such. . . . .

This faith brings its own evidence with it—for it receives Him, who is . . . . It brings its own fruits with it, for it purifieth the heart and worketh by love. And when this is so, nothing seems more wondrous to that soul. What was I waiting for? toiling for? what looking at? Every thing rather than Jesus, and He is the only one to whom I should, in my then state, have looked. I looked at *myself*—(at) *others*—(at my) *past life* . . . . (at my) *future prospects*—(at my) *faith* (my) *repentance*—(at) the *Spirit* . . . . the *Father* . . . . whereas the blessed Spirit has now directed me to JESUS, and THROUGH

Jesus to the Father. Now all seems in Gospel order, Eph. ii. 18: all is peace, and I would be all obedience, all love. . . . . "*Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.*"

Do we look at all the way in which our kind and most gracious Father has led us, the mysteries of His providence, the conduct of His grace? Still we have but the same result. . . . . There is not a child of God upon earth, I should conceive, but what as he marks the past . . . . looks upon himself, in respect to attainment (as) the merest dwarf . . . . but, in respect to God's dealings, a perfect miracle of grace. . . . . All the ideas he can form of forbearance, condescension, pity, and long-suffering from the creature seem really as *nothing*. Expressions seem poor, and vague, and general, and cold, when he thinks of the *wondrous* way, the *tender* way, yet with deep humiliations in the midst of all, the *wise* way . . . . yea, the *only right way*. . . . . How many flowers as to appearance have turned out to be weeds, and much that seemed grace in him only (to be) nature; while much that he once deplored now seems to have been manifestly grace! How the Lord has strengthened him by the discoveries of his own weakness, and instructed him by (the knowledge of his own folly)! How He has been weaning him by a bitter process, and endeared Himself to him by the bitter! How often He has chastened him by (His) very mercies, cherished him by His very rod, and made him only the richer by making him feel that he had in himself nothing! I say, as the believer looks back, sees how a throne of grace has been endeared, Jesus (made) more precious, ... a covenant . . . . and a covenant God more glorious, sin more hated, holiness more loved, ... he is lost in admiration, love, and praise, and has no other confession, to make than, "*Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.*"

And will not this be *pre-eminently so* when *the last great and glorious and wondrous scene shall be developed?*—when the great scheme . . . . when all the saints . . . . when found in Christ they are found without a spot . . . . completely pardoned, justified, sanctified, now to be completely glorified; . . . . when they shall be seen and recognised, and welcomed, and graciously

rewarded as God's *servants, children, witnesses*, as God's *followers*. . . . . As they hear of cups of cold water, poor feeble services, ... little labours of love, ... *attempts* at service, rather than actual service, as their following their Master often at such a distance, (their) sincere but most imperfect aims to please Him, enduring any loss, any cross, any scorn, any reproach for His dear name, are recorded, praised, commended; as the crown is put by His gracious hand upon their unworthy heads, will they not all fall down before Him, cast that crown at His blessed feet, and say with one heart and one voice, "*Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.*"

A few words on the third head. This is the Psalmist's plea. Then deliver us, O Lord, and give glory to Thy Name. This is our plea. . . . . For Thine own great Name's sake deliver us. Thou doest all things for Thy glory. Do this for Thy glory. Will it not be to the glory of Thy *mercy* to save us? Will it not be to the glory of Thy *faithfulness* to save us?

What the occasion was I do not know. But this (I know), it is the very highest of all pleas. . . . . When losing sight of ourselves, our worthlessness, ... our nothingness, we cast ourselves simply upon God, ... in Christ, ... as our strong confidence. . . . . When wrestling with God, if I may (so speak), I in a sense seem to remind Him . . . .

that, having given His Son, ...

that, having pledged His word . . . .

But I must hasten to my conclusion.

1. The language of the Psalmist is in direct opposition to the world's cry. . . . . The language of that world is, "Not unto Thee, not unto Thee, but unto my name give glory." . . . . If there be any worldly person here—and I doubt not there are many—bear with me if I say, the language of your *heart*—I do not say of your *lip*—is what I have said; . . . . and what an awful word! Self is the centre of thy circle; around this all that thou *art, doest*, yea, *thinkest*, moves. Thou art thy own guide, carver of thy own happiness. . . . . Does a sober thought of religion steal in? It is an *unwelcome guest*, an *intruder*. . . . . But still thou thinkest thou canst alter, change

thy heart, (thy) life *when, where, how*, thou pleasest. If thou ever takest up with religion thou labourest in the fire, labouring to work out a righteousness of thine own, ... and expectest, however thou mayest speak respectfully of Christ, to be rewarded for thy good works in heaven. . . . . Thine own saviour, ... It requires therefore but little ingenuity to prove, it would seem but gross dishonesty to deny it (that thy real language is), not unto Thee, BUT UNTO MY NAME GIVE GLORY. Ah, was thine heart but led to feel that solemn demand, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," where would be all thy religion? I will tell thee where. *In the dust*, and thou with it. What a mercy would it be didst thou but truly feel, no one can turn my heart but God, save my soul, blot out my sins, work out (my salvation, but God). . . . . How canst thou close thine eyes in sleep? *Thy name must fade;* thou must know it to be lost, ruined, undone, or . . . .

Thy glory must fade, or never wilt thou see any glory in Christ . . . and never behold the glories of heaven.

2. The true mark of a true believer. . . . . From his inmost soul (he says), "not unto us." It requires real grace to feel the value of grace, ... the need—the glory. . . . . You to whom Christ is precious, you find it pleasant to confess, "not unto us, but to Thy name give glory." All is from Thee. Not unto us (that we were) born into this world, (in a) land where Thy Gospel (is preached; . . . . that we have) reasonable souls, called by grace in time—chosen in eternity, ... redeemed, justified, sanctified, preserved, ... restored, looking forward with humble hope to the being with Thee for ever.

May this be the heart's, the life's constant language:—

What is it but a life of Faith? "Not unto us," &c.

Diligent use of means? "Not unto us," &c.

Trust in dark dispensations? "Not unto us:" distrust takes the thing into our own hands . . . .

Holiness?

Holy hope?

ECCLESIASTES VII. 4.

"*The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning.*"

At first sight this seems a strange assertion. How opposed to the maxims of the world! Vers. 1, 2, 3, are all of the same kind. So truly it requireth wisdom to understand that which is wise. As the instruction of fools is folly, so understanding is a well-spring of life to him that hath it. Were the world asked where wisdom is to be found,—*Everywhere but in that place here assigned it.*

I. Who are the wise?

II. Why their heart is in the house of mourning?

I. This is a very needful point. Unless this be ascertained, cannot answer the question. In Prov. ii., again in iii. Still more in Col. i. 9, 10, 11, James iii. 15. Wisdom in man is but a communication from God. It is the fruit of the Spirit of wisdom; a faint and feeble reflection of God's wisdom; a little of God.

He is the wise man who *knows himself.* Many know their own wisdom, few their own folly. Such are the wise, the truly so.

He is the wise man who *knows Christ*, and thereby *God in Christ*, who looks to Christ, lives on Christ, who walks with Him, loves to be with Him, and longs to be like Him.

Such are the wise, and only such. These know how to meet God, how to draw nigh, how to pierce through the thick crowd, how to fight and conquer, how to live happily, how to die in blessed peace. In these there is much folly still. But they are not wholly ignorant of it. "We see through a glass darkly;" "we know but in part;" and especial provision is made for them. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and it shall be given him." Yet, compared

with even the small measure which they have, the wisdom of the world is but folly.

II. Not that the house of mourning is in itself, and to nature, a pleasant place. Far from it. *We like not to suffer ourselves.* We naturally shrink from it. This is implied in the very idea of mourning. There is nothing in the loss of near and dear friends, in blasted prospects, expectations nipped in the bud; there is nothing in that which tries *nature* to the uttermost, and, it may be, *grace* too; which baffles all the powers of human help, all the soothings of human sympathy, the counsels of human wisdom: which says to science, ambition, money, pleasure, yea, to the circle of domestic happiness, "Miserable comforters are ye all." There is nothing, I repeat, in all this that is pleasant, but everything painful; not joyous, but grievous.

Nay, *we like not naturally to visit the house of suffering, when others are called to dwell in it.* I do not say that the principles of benevolence are foreign to our nature;—in this case man would not only be fallen, but a beast. Yet there is something to overcome. A benevolent nature, even where grace is not, may do it. A self-righteous principle may do it. Such may be *at* the house of mourning, but it is only the heart of the wise can be *in* the house of mourning. He alone enters in. Tender, kind, and self-denying acts of sympathy may be displayed to the sufferer by others, but the heart of the wise alone *finds admission there.* There are many reasons wherefore it is so.

1. It is the will of his Heavenly Father, and the express command of his Lord and Master.

God will have His children to be like Himself, and to reflect that likeness, 1 Sam. xx. 14, 2 Sam. ix. 3. What a perfect reflection was Jesus! His people, too, in their measure and degree. The Spirit of adoption not only leads them to cry Abba, but to imitate Eph. v. 1, 2.

2. There is the good they may be the means of communicating.

Man is the appointed channel by which God conveys blessings to man. It was by the God-man was brought pardon, recon-

ciliation, righteousness, acceptance. It is by Him we receive all fulness of grace, all the blessings of the Comforter, yea, the Comforter Himself. So is it by His people, the blessings are many and signal which they communicate as the means, Eph. iv. 15, 16. So in the way of comfort, support, submission under trouble. The wisdom of this appointment is evident. When a child of God visits me in my trouble, he is one who is not only bone of my bone, *exposed* to all that I am the subject of, but perhaps he has *endured* it, perhaps he *is* enduring the very same; he is as helpless in himself as I am, but he is sent by our common Lord, with a message of love from Him. Himself a temple of the Holy Ghost, he tells me of consolations tasted, Prov. xxvii. 17, Acts xxviii. 15, 2 Cor. vii. 5. 6.

3. There is the good which he himself receives, or may receive.

There he learns some of his deepest lessons. He sees in the house of mourning—

The perishableness of the creature.

The feebleness of all worldly principles to sustain in adversity.

The substance of real vital religion,—

The power of faith.

The efficacy of prayer.

The preciousness of Christ.

The tender love of God.

The blessed prospects of future glory.

No wonder then that the heart is there.

THE HEART OF JESUS WAS THERE, WHEN HE WAS IN HEAVEN. What brought Him down? Study Isa. liii. 3, 4.

And if our heart is there, why is it that our feet are not oftener there? Is it not a mark of real wisdom to love the place? The house of sanctified mourning is a sacred spot.

There the Father reveals Himself, often more than in His sanctuary.

There the Brother born for adversity makes Himself known.

There the Comforter most distinctly speaks.

Many a blessing is lost by not loving it more. There is such a thing as a selfish religion, that covets much for itself, longs,

desires, prays, and yet receives little. There is too much *self* in this: "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

Ah, if the saints of God were more disposed to leave that which pampereth the flesh, strengtheneth hindrances, increaseth weights, yea, sometimes the endearments of the domestic circle, to visit mourners, sufferers, the tried, the bereaved, the languishing, the poor, the miserable, the sick, the dying!—if their hearts were more in the house of mourning, if they were more like their Lord, how much more wisdom would they exhibit, how much more would they receive!

But some may say, "I am let, hindered; I *would*, but *cannot*." Take good heed that this be said *honestly*, *uprightly*, and in *real simplicity*. But if it be so, the heart may be there, though the body be absent. When thou bendest thy knee in prayer, yea, when engaged in the appointed duties of thy calling, thy thoughts, thy sympathies, thy kind and gentle desires may be there, and who shall say how much thou mayest thereby *communicate*?—how much thou mayest *receive*?

ISAIAH XXVIII. 16.

"*Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation, he that believeth shall not make haste.*"

That Jesus is the foundation (here intended) I have no doubt. I do not mean to deny (that) there was a literal meaning (to the passage). Probably the Jews generally saw no other. . . . . But we are at no loss, the New Testament is the best comment upon it. . . . . And yet, behold how vast and awful is the difference between a mere knowledge that Jesus is the foundation here set forth, and *our foundation;* (between) *assenting* and *building*. . . . . .

As the True Foundation, the great mass of (our) fellow-men know Him not. Numbers delay to make any provision for eternity, they are always beginning to build, never building. Others are building (their) hopes upon the sand. . . . . Looking for happiness here to (the) poor, wretched creature, and resting their expectation of heaven hereafter on some delusive ideas of their own goodness, some poor formal services and self-righteous duties. . . . . Others, alas! and they are not the least to be mourned over, are building their all of salvation on a creed, on a set of doctrines, a code of opinions, a mere profession of religion. . . . . .

But, brethren, the Lord will soon lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet. He will, like a true master-builder, try all the building by this corner-stone, this foundation-stone, and that which is not built upon it, He will Himself pull down and utterly destroy. . . . . .

The storm of temptation will try it. . . . . .

The storm of deep trial and providential affliction will try it. . . . . .

The storm of death will try it.

That fearful storm of God's vengeance upon an ungodly world will try it, ... that day of the Lord, "when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up, 2 Pet. iii. 10. And, my brethren, on that day, that fearful day, you and I shall not be mere spectators, not mere lookers-on (BUT) SOME OF THE MAIN AND PRINCIPAL ACTORS. . . . . Then shall we be found safe or lost to all eternity, "for the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place."

I. The nature and excellence of this Foundation.

II. The practical bearing of the subject.

I. It must comprehend every excellence of *strength* and *durability*. It must be able to bear up all that is laid upon it, and that for ever. . . . . It can never deceive the expectation, nor falsify the hopes; . . . . and why? It is of God's own laying. "*I lay.*"

This foundation is of God's own choice. . . . . He chose it, ... He laid it, ... He upholds it. . . . . Infinite wisdom, ... infinite power, ... infinite grace, mercy, and love, were all concerned in the laying it. . . . . *Can* such a stone, ... *could* (such a stone) be unworthy of such a Builder? How utterly, how infinitely, how eternally impossible! An unwise architect might lay a foundation too weak for the superstructure, ... HE knew every storm the building was to encounter, ... all the varieties of season, ... all the weight that was to be laid upon it; and knowing all this, He laid it. . . . .

And where? In Zion. . . . . It was in Zion the Lord God laid this foundation, ... in Zion, whom He loved. . . . . By Zion (I understand) the Church, ... the whole Church, ... the one Church, ... the election of grace. . . . . Here he lays His foundation. . . . .

My brethren, the Church of the living God is a mean thing in the eyes of the world. . . . . Like its Foundation, it has no form nor comeliness in the eyes of its inhabitants. Its wise men overlook it, ... its politicians despise it, ... or if

any pretend to uphold, do but display their entire ignorance of its true nature and real glory. But the eyes of God are ever upon it; . . . . from the beginning of the year to the end of the year, ... from the beginning of time till time shall be no more. From everlasting to everlasting He watches over it. . . . . Compared with Zion this world is a wilderness. Zion is His delight, ... (His) habitation, ... (His) glory. No wonder, then, He takes the Church and the laying of this foundation into His own hands.

But (the) *properties* of this His choice. It is here called a STONE—neither wood nor earth, ... but a *stone*.

Such is our adorable Lord and Saviour: . . . *strong, durable, imperishable*, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Time makes no change that changes all beside. . . . . Things of earth fade and die, ... Riches make wings, ... Human happiness is like a house of glass, ... The pomp and show of this world are like a bubble in the stream, for a moment it sparkles in the sunbeam, partakes of all its beautiful hues, but a drop falls on it—it is gone for ever. . . . . In one fit of sickness, health decays, ... strength, ... life. . . . . These form a poor and miserable foundation to build upon for happiness or safety, and yet a worldly man has no other. . . . .

And what shall we think of him who is building his hopes of pardon, acceptance, and salvation upon his own wretched and miserable doings? What (shall we) think of him who, instead of building on (the) safe and only secure foundation of a crucified Saviour, ... (is building) on tears, ... on prayers, ... on almsdeeds, ... on *religious*, or rather, *irreligious* services, ... who builds (his) expectations of heaven upon (the) ruins of God's holy law, ... AND THINKS THAT IN ORDER TO SAVE HIM GOD MUST UNDEIFY HIMSELF? . . . . All this is sand, treacherous, yielding sand, ... for it is as possible for God to cease to be, as to cease to be just. "A just God and a Saviour, there is none beside me." An unjust God is no God, and he who tramples on his own law is no better. . . . .

But Jesus is a *stone*. . . . .

Look at His *person*, ... Look at His *atonement*. (He has)

magnified the law. . . . . Look at His *intercession.* ("He) ever liveth (to make intercession,)" . . . . ever prevalent, ... ever fragrant, ... a sweet-smelling savour. . . . .

(Look at His) *righteousness,* everlasting; . . . . (Look at His) *grace,* it is inexhaustible fulness; (at His) *strength,* (it is) invincible; "My grace (is sufficient for thee), my strength is made perfect in weakness." (His) *riches* are durable riches, (His) *sympathy* is unwearied, (His) *wisdom* is boundless, (His) *love* is everlasting. Here is a foundation strong as Deity.

There are seasons wherein a child of God looks at his sin, as if (there were no one) so bad, so vile, so unworthy as he. . . . . There are times when, under the convincing power of the Spirit of God, (the) sinner thinks that he stands quite alone, his sins are as scarlet, blood . . . . (high as the) mountain; yet coming to this foundation, it can no more give way (beneath his sin), than (the) mountain can sink beneath (a) grain of sand. (We) can compare a drop with ocean, a particle of dust with universe, but not the sins of (the) creature with (the) merits of God in our nature. This were to compare time with eternity, ... finite with infinite.

Ah, what multitudes of poor, guilty souls, law-condemned, self-condemned, have laid themselves and their sense of guilt, and misery, and wretchedness upon this Foundation: and still it is the same as ever. . . . . As there is the same readiness in Jesus to receive, so is there the same strength to bear.

Look at the tremendous weight that was laid upon it, when the iniquity of His Church and people was laid upon Him.

This was its *great trial.* Who can describe what there was in that weight?

There was *curse* in it,
wrath,
death,
hell, desertion, ignominy, agony.

If all the collective strength of the whole of God's creatures had been placed beneath that tremendous load, (that) intolerable weight, it must have sunk beneath it utterly. . . . . My brethren, the human nature did sink, ... the earthly taber-

nacle gave way, ... and, but for the indwelling Deity, must have sunk for ever.

But here was its strength, ... Here its stability, ... Here its glory. . . . . It was the blood of *God*, Acts xx. 28. The Godhead did bear up the humanity, "Destroy this temple, and in three days *I* will raise it up." I repeat, this was its *great trial*. He who laid the Foundation, laid the burthen upon it. "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Had the Foundation sunk then, it must have sunk for ever. But it could not sink. . . . . It stood, and will stand to all eternity, the strong and stable foundation for ever and ever. . . . . Kingdoms may rise and fall, ... Nations may flourish and decay, ... Churches may be planted, and be removed, ... Candlesticks be taken away, ... Stars may fade, ... (as) in (the) seven Churches of old, ... Our frames and feelings may ebb and flow, our dearest earthly comforts may die, ... We may die, ... All may die, ... but the stone remains as before. . . . . Jesus is now as He ever was, as able to save, as willing to save, as compassionate to poor sinners, as tender to poor wounded souls, as gentle to the afflicted, ... suffering, ... tempted, ... sorrowing, ... as much bearing them up, sustaining, comforting, sanctifying, as He ever was. . . . .

II. (The practical bearing of the subject.) He is a tried Stone, all His people try Him, and find Him to be this . . . . a Stone indeed. . . . . When tried, He was so in all respects.

The UNGODLY tried this Stone, not to build upon it, but to destroy it. They tried His patience, courage, uprightness, self-denial. (They) persecuted, accused. (They) courted, and would have made Him a King. . . . . They watched every word,—action,—miracle.

His disciples could not even pluck an ear of corn, but (accusation made). (Their testimony, however, was), "We have found nothing against Him."

A cunning, deceitful, malignant traitor, Judas, tried this Stone, but he failed to move, went out and hanged himself.

The DEVIL tried it, (and) "by death He overcame him that had the power of death."

Yea, GOD HIMSELF (tried it). Look at *Gethsemane*. Look at *Calvary*.

But as a Foundation, it is His PEOPLE especially that try Him.

This world is a world of trial; as a world of sin, it can be no otherwise. . . . . Every year, month, week, day, every hour brings with it its trials. . . . . Our friends (try us), ... Our foes try us. . . . . Some go through great and sore trials; *all* are tried, (at) some times especially. . . . . These spring not from chance, not from the dust. . . . . Ordained by a wise, good, holy God, for a wise, good, holy end.—God tries us, that we may try Jesus, ... Sometimes strong corruptions assail us, sore inward temptations; . . . . under their pressure we run to Jesus, ... cast ourselves, ... our troubles, ... our burdens upon Him. . . . . He bears us up, ... sustains our weakness. . . . . As our Friend, our Brother, our sympathizing Brother, our tender, watchful Brother, (He) puts His arms beneath (us). (We find) His love, wisdom, power, faithfulness enough. . . . .

We try the creature, it fails. (We) run to an arm of flesh, it sinks. . . . . We lean upon it, it gives way, or, to leave the figure, ... We build expectations upon friends, relatives, brethren, ministers, books, means, ordinances: they fail us. But (if), in the use of what Infinite love and wisdom have ordained, we yet rise above them, ... rest on Jesus, (His) person, ... work, ... character, ... offices, grace, ... sympathy, ... love, ... it stands; . . . . . We feel that it does; it is "a Stone, a tried Stone." . . . .

"A precious Corner Stone."

Jesus is not only a Stone. He is a *Corner* Stone.

The position of the Corner Stone binds the walls together. Jew and Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, male and female, learned and unlearned, the noble, the humble, all in one.

Stones that have been dug out of the lowest quagmires of sin, like Manasseh, by the side of one like Nicodemus, moral,

decent, respected, are in this Corner Stone, really, strongly, and for ever united. In Him they form a part of the one building. . . . .

Ah, how grievous are the dissensions in the Church of God! It grieves one's very heart to see brother severed from brother, minister from minister, Church from Church, denomination from denomination. . . . .

It is a piteous sight to see coldness, distance, suspicion, jealousy; . . . . to see adult-Baptist and pædo-Baptist, ... (a) holy Episcopalian (and a) holy Dissenter, not only differing in judgment, but in affection.

How (it) discourages saints,
hardens sinners,
promotes Infidelity,
rejoices Satan.

Oh, it were a sad spectacle to behold in some fair and lofty building the stones separating, the walls disjointed, the whole building bulging out! But how much more to discern so much appearance of disunion in the Church of Him who said, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one as Thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me," John xvii. 20, 21.

And yet there is a bond, a tender bond, that really unites, in the midst of all this apparent disunion. . . . .

Jesus presents the whole Church in Himself before God. . . . . All His people, ... All true believers, ... All that love Him, ... (All that) follow Him and obey Him, ... without a spot before His Father and their Father, His God and their God, ... all equally presented, equally without blame, all washed in His precious blood, and standing in His righteousness.

No one stone standing out on the breast of the great High Priest; . . . . so in this Corner Stone are they equally borne up to form the holy Temple. . . . .

This is a very uniting thought, ... very humbling, ... very drawing, ... very cementing in the bonds of true love.

. Nor is this all. The love of Jesus shed abroad in their hearts by the Spirit of Jesus, draws them to one another.

We talk, we argue, we write, we defend, we are warm, though we appear. . . . . ashamed and humbled before God. But I hear (my brother) pray. I see him abased in soul in (the) Divine presence. I discern the image of His Divine Master,—meekness,—lowliness,—love. Ah, what a cement is here! It is the spirit of Jesus, it is the spirit of love.

What a Corner Stone! Precious indeed, precious to all that truly know and believe in His blessed name. . . . .

How precious that *name*, as ointment poured forth!

How precious that *blood*, that *righteousness*, that *person*, (that) gives all dignity (and) efficacy to both!

How precious that *grace*, that can subdue all sin, and make a blasphemer, a murderer, an injurious Saul (to be) a meek, lowly, devoted follower of God as a dear child, and yield himself to the death, in the preaching of that Gospel which once he hated, to those very persons he once desired to destroy!

How precious that *strength* which can bear up under all pressure, sustain under every weakness, and lift up under every conceivable infirmity!

How precious that *sympathy* which never tires, listens to the oft-told tale, and never becomes weary; which, as it enters into all, so can relieve in all!

How precious is that Corner Stone that unites all the family in one, bears up all, gives life to all; . . . . the living foundation, and the living stones. . . . .

Well may this be called a *Sure* Foundation.

Tried for ages and generations; tried virtually from Adam to Moses, from Moses to the day of the Incarnation, from that day to the present moment; tried by the vile, the worthless, the guilty, the undeserving, the hell-deserving, the miserable, the wretched, the tempted; tried by the young, the old, the living, the dying, and found precious by them all.

Here (is) a Sure Foundation amidst a dying body,
a sinking soul,
a sinking world.

A Foundation for peace, of which the world knows nothing; . . . . peace, the fruit of pardon, ... peace, the source of holiness.

A Foundation which has God for its substance, and laid by God Himself.

A Foundation on which he that builds, (builds) securely and safely; . . . . but on which if a man build not, (or) build on any other, he is lost, and lost for ever, "for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." . . . .

This leads me to a deep and solemn question,—ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING? Ah, a solemn question indeed! What can be compared to it? All other questions are as nothing when compared to this, whether rich or poor, learned or ignorant, prosperous or disappointed in all things, whether sick or well, whether to live long or soon to die, all is nothing, a trifle, a mere vanity as compared with this.

Are you building your hopes, your salvation, your eternal all on Jesus, ... this foundation, or are you not?

If you are, you are safe, and safe for eternity! you are safe amidst the storm, be that storm what it may. . . . . But if you are not, oh, then how fearful is your state. . . . .

If you have been building upon the sand, ALL MUST COME DOWN, or it will fall and crush you in its ruins.

Is it on yourself you have been building? Your own goodness, ... resolutions, ... endeavours, ... your hopes of future amendment? ALL MUST COME DOWN. . . . .

Do you think yourself better than others, ... wiser, ... stronger? ALL MUST COME DOWN. . . . . You are building on the sand . . . .

Are you trusting to your attendance upon the means, ordinances, outward observances? It is all sand. . . .

Do you know the scheme of salvation? . . . . the plan of Divine truth? . . . . the doctrines, ... ministers, ... people of God, ... and yet (are you) really ignorant of Jesus? . . . . without any saving knowledge of Him, ... not built upon Him? ALL MUST COME DOWN; . . . . thou really knowest nothing. All is sand. . . . .

And is *this* thy hope? The great Builder will look to it, and narrowly will He regard it; (and) all that is not squared by His Corner Stone, ... built upon His Foundation, He will reject and utterly cast down.

Perhaps you have not begun to build, you are a trifler, ... careless, ... indifferent; . . . . a Gallio, who care for none of these things . . . .

Thou hast a soul, and yet thou livest as if thou hadst none; as if there were no God, ... no devil, ... no heaven, ... no hell; . . . . as if there were no storm of Divine vengeance coming; . . . . as if (there would be) no solemn account; . . . . as if that were a solemn falsehood,—"Of every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

Dost thou never think at all? That soul of thine, what is to become of it? where is it to be? It must be somewhere, ... WHERE? It must endure as long (as God shall endure). . . . . This earth, ... those heavens, ... that sea (shall pass away), but thy soul, ... WHERE will it be? . . . . With devils and lost souls, with spirits made supremely wretched, miserable, and vile, through their own sin and sinfulness and depravity, or with God?

Then thou must be like God, ... born of God, ... regenerated by the Spirit of God. . . . .

Thou hast not begun to build; . . . . thou art contented, like the poor French Infidel, ... (who) called himself a philosopher, ... to take his last leap in the dark.

Where are thy hopes of heaven? Hast thou none?—NONE? And canst thou go on another day in this state? Is it possible?

(Hast thou) any? On what founded? On fancy?
imagination?
a day-dream?

But there are some anxious, inquiring souls, who may be earnestly asking, "Would that I could know whether or not I am building all my hopes of heaven on Jesus."

If you are building on the true foundation, then you have been brought to see the worthlessness of every other foundation . . . .

When the Holy Spirit takes the soul off itself, He shows (the) utter insufficiency of every other hope, ... whether suddenly or gradually; . . . . like (the) three thousand, or like Lydia; . . . . whether (He) throw down the false building at once, or take it down piece by piece; the danger, ... delusion, ... madness, ... folly, ... of every false foundation is detected.

Perhaps in a single sermon, perhaps in many;
Yet this truth is laid on your heart as "a nail fastened in a sure place," that all your former goodness was imaginary; . . . . a thing of nought; . . . . your boasted strength was weakness; your idolized wisdom (was) folly; your righteousness as filthy rags;—that your fabric of happiness was a dream; . . . . that your past life a blank.

But now you are resting your all for eternity upon another foundation;

You discern the beauty, the excellence, the suitableness, that is in Jesus.

You rest all (the) weight of your sins, ... all the hopes of your acceptance, ... all your confidence, ... all your peace, ... all your (hopes of) pardon and righteousness, and prospects of the bliss of heaven, on the finished work of God in your nature.

There, from time to time, you experience rest,—blessed rest, a sweet and holy peace in your soul.

There you find Him precious who is of God made unto you the foundation of all blessings for time and eternity; for "of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto you wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

All this is blessed, the true work of God upon the soul! Thank Him, Bless Him, Praise Him! And pray that you may have yet more the clear witness of the Spirit, that you are living stones built upon this great Foundation Stone,

by the peace which it yields,
by the holy fruits which it produces.

Be careful to build continually, and in all things upon this Foundation.

Build all your hopes of peace upon the atoning blood, upon the perfect righteousness of Christ. . . . .

When the soul sinks beneath the consciousness of demerit, ... think of the infinite merit of Jehovah Jesus. Let His intercession bear you up when your prayers seem to droop.

When the world, the flesh, and the devil seem strong, go to Him for grace to fight, to persevere, to conquer. . . . . He can bear you up, ... raise you above all.

In the deep sorrows of life,—(in) the weakness, the insufficiency of creature sympathy, ... in the shortness of the human arm, oh! remember, that you cannot think too highly, ... draw too largely, or expect too much, from the tender sympathy of Jesus.

The more you lean upon Him, the stronger you shall find Him.

Cast *all* your care and *all* your burthens upon Him; the more you lean upon Him, the more desire He will give you to lean, and the more power, and the more blessing afterwards.

Build *high* for *all* sanctification, ... for heaven.

Build upon this foundation the superstructure of happiness as well as (of) salvation.

(There is) more of happiness in the religion of the Gospel than most of us are aware of.

MICAH VII. 7.

" Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me."

This is the language of the Church,—in deep sorrow.

Causes—fewness of (the) people of God, ver. 1, 2.
deep corruption of (the) land, ver. 2–6.

But what was the remedy? *Prayer.* Text.

What was the effect? *Most confident expectation*, ver. 15–20.

This presents a deeply important subject to us; in fact a continuation of 1 Thess. v. 17.

Then, a praying state of mind, as distinguished from set times for prayer.

Now, the character of true prayer or what prayer ought to be.

I. The people of God are often in sorrow, and they have a cause.

II. The true character of that prayer which is its most effectual remedy.

I. I am far from saying, that we have not many especial causes for peculiar thankfulness.

The case set before us in this chapter is not, blessed be God, an exact picture of our case. We dare not say, " there is no cluster to eat;" " The good man is perished out of the land, and there is none upright among men." (There are) many clusters; some ripe fruit; many upright among men.

We dare not say, as in ver. 3–6, " the prince asketh," &c. Let us be thankful for this. There are some *wise*, some *mighty*, some *noble* (called).

And even where not so, some real conscience, yea, we believe, much moral integrity, honesty, uprightness, still pervading the land.

To deny this, were not to be grateful. . . . .

And yet, brethren, with all this, what causes for *deep humiliation!*

How FEW, COMPARATIVELY, ARE CONVERTED! What numbers come and go. . . . . What multitudes as unacquainted (with the Gospel as if they had never heard it). What a dense mass, though Christians in name (yet wholly destitute of the power of it).

How MANY ARE GOSPEL-HARDENED, at least seem so. (They acknowledge the) doctrines, (they appear to value the) promises, But where is the meekness, the humility, the brokenness of the Gospel? They seem doctrinated, but not evangelized; . . . .

(receive) notions, not truths; . . . .

are near the kingdom, but not in it; . . . .

talk of Christ, live not Christ. . . . .

(How MUCH OF SPIRIT OF PARTY) "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos."

How MUCH OF THE WORLD! What a following of it! . . . . What a manifest desire (after it) . . . . "How near can I go to it, and yet not be of it?"

What a WANT OF TESTIMONY AMONG THE SAINTS,—testimony of *oneness* . . . .

with Christ,

with one another. . . . .

How LITTLE BOLDNESS; DECISION IN AVOWING PRINCIPLES!

Fearfulness as to consequences. Bashfulness, timidity, or, to speak out, what a fear of man; what fear of displeasure; what shrinking back; what cowardice!

We want men like Luther, who would as little regard what pleases man, as the ox the fly, as the cliff the wave. . . . .

Instead of this, what trimming, what well-timed prudence and safe caution. . . . .

Sad days, in which the man of sin is bold, and the man of God timid; . . . . in which error stalks abroad and truth is silent in the streets.

But there is deeper cause for sorrow than all this.

It is what the believer finds IN HIS OWN SOUL. It is to this

(I now confine) attention. This is the deepest wound of all. Nothing cuts so sharp as this. Every thing else. . . . . It is here his chief sorrow is to be found.

Not that he mourns as he should mourn. . . . . He may well mourn that, ...

so much surface,
so little depth (of) confession,
so little repentance.

Whatever may be the cause for humiliation for others, ... *chiefly for himself.*

It is here that he lies the lowest before God. He turns over his mercies as far as he can enumerate. The most he forgets, but some he cannot. He thinks of his returns, ... his base returns, ... his solemn vows forgotten, his most repeated resolutions, ... his prayerful purposes. . . . .

How oft has he been discomfited, ... How oft put to the worse. . . . . He has been like Job. . . . . He has been like David upon his housetop, instead, ... and then has fallen. . . . . Like Peter, ... vainglorious, self-confident, and then . . . .

He prays again, and again, but he is discouraged. He wants more conformity, ... more devotedness, ... more spirituality, ... but he has prayed so often, and afterwards failed, that he begins to be disheartened, ... He thinks that he shall fail again, ... and the thought straitens, ... his hands hang down, and Amalek prevails.

I dare to say some here are not strangers (to this), ... a throne of grace they value, they love, often there. . . . .

Yet . . . . a degree of heartlessness. . . . . They seem to ask and have not.

It is for their sakes that I chiefly intend this sermon; . . . . It is not for the *prayerless*, deeply as I feel for them, and the more because they feel not for themselves.

And yet, can I close this part of my subject (without one warning to such)? Should there be but ONE such here, a prayerless man, a prayerless woman, what a sight!

And yet London is full of such sights, and they are ever

under the eye of God. . . . . His eye is never off them, although their eye is never directed to Him.

How can I speak as I ought (to such)? . . . . But this I know, that if I were to see a man—yes, though it be but a man as we are—in some one of the vile neighbourhoods of this vast and showy city, willing to give to all seekers among its wretched inhabitants, and standing in one of its miserable courts, with food and raiment, and wine and medicine, with money and tracts and Bibles, for body and for soul . . . . for all that would have them, and he were to stand there, amidst insult and derision and mockery, amidst silent scorn and disregarding contempt, and this too, not only week after week, but month (after month), year (after year), I could not behold so sad a sight and not feel my nature shrink.

Then what is it to see the Eternal God, the Great I Am, the Infinite, the Eternal Jehovah

inviting poor sinners to sit down at the Gospel feast,
rejecting none who come,
stretching out His hand, ...
welcoming the weary and heavy laden, however evil and worthless they may have been, ...
giving the bread of life to the hungry, ... water . . . . wine . . . .
every thing needful for body and soul, life and death, time and eternity, ...

And notwithstanding this, ... yet such is the state of every prayerless soul, the language of his heart still says, even if (his) lips do not utter it, "I can do without God." . . . .

Yea, in some of you who hear me at this moment, although your bedsides, forgive me if I say, may have seen the bended knee this morning, ... yet the unbending heart did but utter the same testimony.

II. But I hasten to my second head, the great remedy for the sorrows which are the portion of God's people here below.

We have it in the text,

1st, "I will look unto the Lord."

Not to circumstances. . . . .

Not to my worthiness. . . . .

Not to my unworthiness. . . . .

Not to my present feelings, however sad and depressed, yea, however strong, ardent, warm, hopeful. . . . .

Not to my prayers . . . .

Yea, not to the mere Promise, ... but to the *Promiser*. It is to Himself who gave the promise that I look in order to its fulfilment. . . . . A bad being may make a good promise, yea, he may fulfil it.

Shame (may induce him). . . . .

Fear of being known to break his word. . . . .

Self-applause. . . . .

But He to whom I look is the best of beings. Good, only good, the only good. . . . .

It is He who cannot deny Himself. . . . .

It is He who gave his Son. . . . .

It is He who is not merely a God of Benevolence, of Faithfulness, ... Holiness, ... Grace, ... Love.

But He who *is* all these things—Benevolence, Faithfulness, Holiness, Grace, Love.

It is He who is "my God;" . . . .

my God in covenant; . . . .

"the God of my salvation;"

the God who . . . .

2dly, "I will wait for the God of my salvation." When we have ended our prayer we must not begin to dictate.

Brethren, we have need of *waiting*. Sometimes to know whether the thing be really good or not. . . . .

That may be good for *others* which may not be good to *me*. . . . .

That may be good to *me*, but not *now*. . . . .

It may be good to me now, but not in the way which in my

folly I may have supposed. . . . . With regard indeed to *temporals*, this is almost always so. . . . . But go farther, in *spirituals* also. . . . .

For instance, a high, happy, rejoicing, elevated state of mind may appear to me the best. I may be urgent (with God for it), but a little humble, holy waiting is the means of shewing me that a searching, abased, contrite state of mind beneath the cross of the Son of God is by far the best state for me.

I want flowers; weeds must first be killed. . . . .

(I want) sunshine; . . . . . frosts first (must prepare the soil).

Besides this, we have to wait for its accomplishment. . . . .

Abraham, ...

Moses. . . . .

Rev. vi. 10.

Blessed Intercessor himself.

God will most surely accomplish, yet His saints may wait long. . . . . Yea, He may accomplish before (our) eyes, ... Yet for a time, no eyes to see it. . . . . Peter's ghost.

3dly, "My God will hear me."

As much as if he said, I have no doubt of it. . . . . God has said it. . . . . It must be. It cannot but be.

It is utterly improbable, but . . . . "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word shall not pass away."

I may be most unworthy. . . . . I am. . . . . .

I may have to wait days, months, years.

But the thing is absolutely certain. If I have asked for that which is really good, really for His glory—and whatever is for my good is for His glory—and as this is His limit, so is it mine also, I shall most certainly have it, I have not a doubt. It cannot be otherwise. If I am willing to receive it in *His* way, it is mine as if I had it. . . . .

WHEN I know not, ... WHERE, ... HOW; . . . . but this I know, "He *will* hear me." Such is the language of (the) text. . . . . Such the remedy. Oh, how suitable a posture of soul!

Beware then, brethren, *of dwelling upon sorrows*. . . . .

Some seem to dwell in no other atmosphere. . . . . Oh, if

instead . . . . that time were but spent at a throne of grace. . . . .

Yet, *beware of resting in prayer*. . . . .

It is not prayer that can of itself, in itself, alleviate one sorrow. It is only as it deals with God, God in Christ, thy God, ... thy covenant God and portion. . . . .

Beware of dictating prayer.

The greatest of all prayers is, "Thy will be done." Not as I will, but as Thou wilt. God loves us too well to grant all our prayers.

Beware of unhumbled prayer.

Verse 9. That state of mind was in itself as great a blessing as could be given. . . . .

Above all, *beware of unexpecting, unbelieving prayer*. There is more of deadly evil in this than we have ever seen.

It accuses the only wise God of *folly*. . . . .

It accuses Him of *unfaithfulness*. (1 John v. 14, 15; Psalm cxix. 89).

It distrusts His *love*. (Psalm cxxxviii. 2).

It loses sight of the *worthiness* of *Jesus*.

It overlooks the inbreathings of the *Holy Spirit*.

ON CHRIST FORSAKEN.

MATT. XXVII. 46.

"*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*"

1. That He was forsaken.
2. Why He was.
3. Such forsaking very terrible to Him.

1. Ps. xxii. 1, 2; Luke xxii. 53. "*Sore amazed*," "*troubled*," "*exceeding sorrowful.*"

Was it not wonderful that it should be so?

Consider what He was;

as a *man*, pure, holy, spotless.
as a *servant*, all obedience, submission, love; it was His meat to do the will of Him that sent Him. John iv. 34.
as a *son*, beloved, the brightness of His Father's glory.

Consider the work in which He was engaged;

Most *humbling*, what a mighty stoop. Incarnate Deity.
Most *painful*, life of suffering, death of agony.
Most *ignominious*.

And all this for the glory of God; but this only makes it the more wonderful that such an one should be forsaken.

Here, however, needful to explain, in what sense?

Not *as to the Father's love*, never (was he) more the object of God's tenderest regard.

True, He was poor and despised,

a poor man,
the song of the drunkard, His character abused,
hated by His enemies,
deserted by His friends.

But He was all this for God, out of love to God, at that moment laying down His life for the sheep, and therefore did the Father love Him. John x. 17.

Still less can it be true, *that the Deity forsook Him, or that He ceased to be God;* were it so, how could Acts xx. 28, be true?

No, it was quite in another sense.

Every perfection smiled upon Him,

Every perfection (was) glorified in Him,

Every perfection sustained the weakness of the human nature. Isaiah xlii. 1.

It was not as a Father, but as a JUDGE, that God, His God, forsook Him.

This prepares us,

2. *Why* forsaken?

Jesus hung there as the Surety of the sinner, the Surety of His whole Church and people.

A Surety is one that engages for another, we have a beautiful instance in Philemon, 17, 18. A substitute.

It was as a SURETY He was forsaken.

As a man He was delighted in, Is. xlii. 1.

As a servant, as a son, "This is my beloved Son."

But, as the Surety, He withdraws from Him all the shining of His countenance. Ps. xxx. 7; lxix. 1, 2, 3, 16, 17, 18.

Ah, how little thinks the world of *sin;* but what is it not in God's eye? God is holy, God is just, this is a point of view in which men love not to regard Him, till reconciled by the blood of Christ. They go on in vain thoughts of God's mercy, make His very mercy an excuse for sinning against Him.

What! Speak we against that mercy? God forbid.

His mercy is the spring of all our salvation.

His salvation is all mercy.

He sent His Son into the world, stretches out the hand, as it were, in His Gospel, to the very chiefest of sinners, makes the call effectual to sometimes the very worst, because He delighteth in mercy.

He that rejecteth salvation, rejecteth His mercy; yea, He that delayeth, doeth the same thing.

His mercy is holy mercy, never is mercy displayed at the expense of justice.

"Just God and a Saviour," and only so.

When God, as a Judge, looked on Jesus as a Surety, He dealt with Him in the strictest justice.

Sin is a forsaking of God. Is it gross sin? Is it more decent sin? Is it love of the world? Is it love of money? Is it love of self, seen in

formal religion,
self-righteous profession,
trusting to profession,
heart kept back from God?

It is all a forsaking of God. It signifies little what it is. Man makes a difference, and ought. Nor do I say, there are not some sins more awful in nature and effects than others. Yet all sin is a forsaking of God, excludes from heaven. Eph. v. 5.

Is it not justice, then, that He who undertakes to pay the debt to make atonement for sin which is a forsaking of God, should be Himself forsaken?

This was the reason why the Father hid His face. It was for this the Beloved of God was forsaken of Him, as to sensible manifestation.

3. It was very terrible.

Jesus was a "man of sorrows," yet not a murmur was heard. He wept for Jerusalem, wept at the grave of Lazarus, but not for Himself. But, when forsaken of God, he cried, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

This was a deep indeed unfathomable. Ah, who can tell what passed in His holy soul?

Withdrawment of the light of God's countenance. That light can cheer the darkest valley. What cloud cannot that beam pierce through? The unbeliever knows not what this is, the believer knows it.

Endurance of God's wrath. "All thy waves," and this is one of the highest. It was this wrung the bitter cry. The pains of hell gat hold on Him.

The subject addresses itself to the impenitent sinner.

What hope in thy present state? Surely none.

It was justice that forsook the Surety, though He was God's own Son, although sin was only imputed to Him.

Thy sin is thine own. Rejecting the Surety, shalt thou not be forsaken?

If not, where is justice? What, if when sin was only *imputed*, Jesus was forsaken, what will it not be when sin is *committed*?

Forsaken of God.

Ah, we sometimes see such an awful sight. It began with

worldliness,
covetousness,
indulgence of sin.

Now, what is it? insensibility,
hardness,
excuses,

till, at last, hard as the nether millstone.

Yet, perhaps, all is not quite hard now.

Thy spirit *yields*, thy heart *melts*, excuses *give way*. Then thou art *not forsaken*.

It speaks to the believer.

There may be forsaking as to sense, yet delight as to thy person. Faith may triumph, though sense may sink.

If Jesus was forsaken, then are all our forsakings atoned for.

If Jesus was forsaken, we shall never be. Live on this privilege, In the hallowed use of it,

In holy nearness to God.

THE REDEEMER'S TEARS.

A MISSIONARY SERMON.

LUKE XIX. 41.

"*When He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it.*"

This was altogether one of the most magnificent scenes the world ever saw.

All that we read of . . . . sinks into utter insignificance.

Here was the Son of God, clad in our humanity, who, as the Eternal Word, *created* world, ... *supports*; . . . . who, as the Son of Man, will shortly *judge*, ... entering Jerusalem,—that city whose inhabitants were within a very few days, probably not more than four, to embrue their hands in His blood.

And how does He enter it?

No malediction, no curse, no vengeance imprecated, not even a threat. Nothing of this sort was in (His) *heart*; (nothing of this sort was on His) *lips*.

His heart melted; . . . .
His spirit yearned; . . . .
Pity overcame; . . . .
He could only look upon it, and weep over it.

And *when* was the period?

It was *in the midst of His triumphant entry*, ver. 37, 38.

But triumphs and humiliations equally moved Him not.

The sympathy of His heart,
The boundless compassions of His nature,
His devotedness to God,
His love to sinners,
His entire unselfishness, and holy contempt of outward grandeur, raised Him infinitely above all these things.

With what majesty of dignity did He, as it were, disregard the shout of triumph!

With what exquisite tenderness did He pity those who were so soon to prefer a murderer, and to thirst after His heart's blood! Perfect display of entire forgiveness, of meekness, compassion, and love. . . . . While priests, scribes, lawyers, Pharisees, were plotting, ... suborning, ... cursing, . . . accusing, ... Jesus was weeping, not for Himself, but for them, ... His very murderers.

When another such scene?

1st. What called forth the tender sympathy of our Lord?

2d. How that sympathy bears upon ourselves, in relation to the object (before us).

1. He wept over the hardness and impenitence of the place, one cause for His tears. . . . .

Jerusalem (was a) city greatly blessed; . . . . (possessed) every outward privilege; . . . .

Prophets, ...
Priests, ...
Temple, ...
Its Temple-service, ...
Types and shadows of the Gospel, ...
Oracles, ...
Way of life and hope of salvation unfolded in dark sacrifices, especially in the great day of atonement every year. . . . .

For centuries *prophets* had proclaimed (the) plan of salvation, and now the *disciples* of our Lord (did the same;) the *apostles*, yea, the *Lord* himself, confirming (His) doctrines with most numerous, most wonderful, undeniable miracles . . . . All (in) vain, or nearly so.

In the midst of all this, (they remained) hard, stupid, insensible, impenitent.

Do we wonder, then, at (His) tears? Knowing the character of (our) Lord, wonderful, if not . . . .

If Jeremiah, ix. 1, xiii. 17;

If Paul, Rom. ix. 1–3;

How much more the pure, spotless soul of JESUS?

An obstinate sinner . . . . What a sight! . . . . How does the frequency deaden (our minds to its awfulness)! . . . . A rebel. . . . . But here is a CITY, a WHOLE CITY, filled with such; for the exceptions so very small, so very few. . . .

Nor was this all.

There was something judicial in this state of soul.

It is awfully dangerous to trifle with a holy God; . . . . but to despise (the) mercies of God.

To despise Moses was great sin.

But when . . . . 1 Peter ii. 8.

2. But besides this (He saw the) dark lowering cloud of impending judgments, and He wept as He thought of them.

That fair temple, ... Palaces levelled with (the) dust. . . . . That beauteous city; . . . . It was soon to endure such vengeance as, Matt. xxiv. 21. (Its) inhabitants destroyed, or rooted out, or enslaved.

The very *nation*, ...

Its *name*. . . . .

But awful as was all this,

3. There was infinitely more than this. . . . . My brethren, we are told, John v. 22, that our blessed Lord thought of the final issue of all this, when He himself, whom they now rejected and would so soon crucify, would be, must be, their Judge. . . . .

The thought of that moment, when hurried before (the) great white throne, wholly unprepared, ... unjustified, unmeet, unholy, ... and then hurried away. . . . .

See, then, brethren, wherefore our Lord wept. . . . .

It was on no light occasion. . . . . Thrice recorded that He wept, John xi. 35, Heb. v. 7, here.

It is not recorded that He ever smiled. Not that . . . .

But here was a spring of deep grief, ... of heart-rending love . . . .

2. His tears have a voice in them. May they . . . .

Oh yes, there is an eloquence in those tears; . . . .

They tell us,

1. That He was a man like ourselves. . . . . Precious truth! . . . . That He is the SON OF GOD, brethren, is the very glory of the Gospel. Without this . . . . Of the same nature, perfections, glory, with the Father. . . . . But these tears tell us that HE IS MAN, like ourselves;

That He *feels* as I should, or rather as I ought (to feel), *suffers*,—*weeps*. . . . .

I need all this. . . . .

2. They tell us, His kind and gentle sympathy. . . . If for those who hated (Him), how much more . . . .

3. They tell us what God is. In Him I see the very heart of God. . . . . Prov. i. 24. . . . .

4. But there is something else which they tell us.

They tell us what we ought

to be,
(to) feel,
(to) act.

They set before us our Brother, and pure and spotless example, our perfect Pattern.

As in other things, He is so here; . . . . here especially.

In His tender, self-denying, compassionate love to poor, lost, perishing sinners. So Phil. ii. 4–11.

My dear hearers, you and I are living in the midst of a world of sin and misery; a world that lieth in the evil one; a world that will soon be visited with the righteous judgments of God; a world that will soon be destroyed with . . . . and *what feel we for it?*

Look at our *London* world, ...

With its hundreds and hundreds of Gospel ministers, and its hundreds of thousands of Sabbath-breakers; . . . .

Its six hundred thousand who never enter (a place of worship); its high and low, but most fearful debauchery; . . . .

Its drunkenness, obscenity, its blasphemy, infidelity, its frauds and selfishness, its suicides and murders. . . . .

Is not the sight most pitiable? . . . . . Observe Ezra ix. 4. . . . .

Look at our *English* world. . . . .

Think of the vast increasing mass of our dense population, with millions and millions in it as unacquainted even with (the) letter of (the) Gospel as . . . , Christian Heathens—anything —everything—nothing. . . . .

Think of the hundreds, yea, thousands of Churches, where (the) Gospel is a thing unknown, ... unheard—never preached; . . . .

Where forms take (the) place of substance;
Ordinances, of Christ;
And sometimes where it is (preached), little or no power.

Look at the falsely called *Protestant* world,

As really ignorant in its overwhelming majority of subjects, of what that is against which they protest, as if Luther had never lived, as if there were no such place as Smithfield, and martyrs had never died there.

Protestants in name,
Papists in heart,
Infidels in principle. . . . .

Where are our tears? ought they not to flow?

Look at the *Popish* world, ...

Its two hundred millions, so they boast,—where a fallen woman is worshipped;
Dead saints are invoked;
Priests are enthroned;
The Bible is dethroned;
The wine of the Supper is refused, while a wafer is lifted up and idolatrously adored;
Where the merit of the sinner is established, the merit of the Saviour denied. . . . .

Yet such is the system. . . . . Is not this a call for tears?

Above all, look we at the *Mahometan* and *Heathen* world,—

six hundred millions. And what a sight does it altogether present to us!

It is to this last (I would) now immediately fix (your) attention. Not that I would turn away from other objects. Far from this. It is little otherwise than a disgrace to us that we so little regard our London world, ... our English world. . . . . But it is to the HEATHEN that I now direct my eye, and to our Lord as (our) Example.

My brethren, our Lord had His tears for Jerusalem, with its hundreds of thousands, but where are ours for a world that lieth in darkness, for the hundreds of millions of poor Heathen perishing for lack of knowledge?

And yet, brethren, we have more cause, infinitely more cause to weep, than ever Jesus had. The destruction of Jerusalem was a fearful one, ... on earth the most. . . . . Matt. xxiv. 21. But there were *some who should escape*; . . . . . our Lord tells us so. Ver. 40, 41.

But who, of a world that lieth in darkness, shall ever escape? "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God."

I am aware, brethren, this is an ungrateful, a painful, a distressing subject to some minds. It is a very awful one to my own. One feels it a fearful presumption to limit, ... but one also feels it no less fearful to outstep, (the) precincts of God's holy word. . . . .

The same apostles who declared, Acts x. 34, 35; declared also iv. 12.

To say that (the) Heathen can be saved without the knowledge of Christ, is to say what the apostles never said. It is a charity to which they made no claim. This is their language. Rom. x. 13, 14. If not so, wherefore the commission? . . . . Why so much labour, toil, hardship, endurance, suffering, yea, martyrdom itself, if (could be) saved without it.

We, then, have a deeper call for higher sympathy. Souls are actually perishing for lack of knowledge, ... without Christ, without God, without hope.

In Jerusalem there were not only some that should escape, but who had, through sovereign grace,

Fled to the cross, ...
Regenerated, ...
Washed, ...
Hated sin, ...
Loved the ways of God, ...
And walked in those ways. . . . .

In Heathen world, none. . . . . Talk with our missionaries, ... Ask if *one exception* . . . .

But there is one especial cause for tears which our blessed Lord had not. He had done all that was given to Him to do on their behalf. He had preached, ... warned, entreated, reasoned, wrought the most wonderful miracles; . . . . BUT WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

I humbly thank God that things are on the advance with us, in respect to this great work, yet truth, love of Christ, love of souls for His sake, constrain me to say that even *now* ours is but a feeble movement. Not a seventh part of the Church attend our missionary prayer-meetings, not a tenth of (the) whole congregation, many never once attend them, and the number of those who subscribe does not exceed three hundred. It is not, therefore, enough that £225 (is the sum subscribed). For this we should be thankful, but even this is far from what ought to satisfy our desires. We ought, my brethren, to be a Missionary Church, and I believe (we) never shall truly prosper till we are.

Every member of the Church that is not absolutely poor *ought to be a subscriber*, however *small*. . . . . It signifies not *how small*, if . . . .

When (the) prayer-meeting comes, then we ought, if possible, to be present.

In prayer in (the) family, in secret prayer, this Society ought ever to be mentioned.

In short, if Jesus wept for Jerusalem, how show we any likeness to him unless . . . .? Where is the head as water, (where)

are the eyes as a fountain of tears, in such absence of kind and tender sympathy?

Our blessed Lord wept, but this was the least that He did for Jerusalem. . . . .

For the sake of poor wretched sinners He flew from heaven on the wings of love. No difficulties, no sacrifice of self, ... no dangers intimidated Him. He divested Himself of glory, took our debased nature. . . . . In that nature, as you and I are, sin only excepted, He suffered. . . . . In that nature He died. . . . .

What scared Him from His work, or labour of love?

What deterred Him from . . . . ? Nothing. . . . .

Shame,
Sorrow,
The power of Satan,
The frowns of men,
The curse of (the) law,
The hidings of God's face,—

All, all, had no power to overcome (the) constancy of (His) purpose, the fixedness of His love. . . . .

His TEARS were the very least that He gave;

He gave HIMSELF. . . . .

But what, brethren, have we done?—what have you and I given? Say not . . . .

ACTS I. 14.

"These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren."

1. Who they were that met together?
2. For what?
3. What their occupation?
4. Effects.

1. Who were they? A few disciples, the greater part of whom were fishermen; the mother of our Lord; the brethren of our Lord; and a few women, in an upper room. Where were the nobles, the learned, the mighty of the land, the lawyers, the scribes, the doctors, the pharisees?—not one here.

To speak after the manner of this world, what a poor show was here!—How little glory! The cause of the Gospel seemed to human appearance hopeless.

But mark the footsteps of the only wise God. Trace Him whose ways are not as our ways, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts. How often the case of Israel of old seemed hopeless, desperate! Look at the tomb of Jesus; with His death, hope seemed dead, but "by death He overcame him that had the power of death," Heb. ii. 14.

As great rivers spring from some insignificant fountain, as the majestic oak from the acorn, so it is God's way in grace to work great effects by what appear inadequate causes, to write a sentence of death upon hopes, that we may trace His hand more distinctly and exclusively, in ultimate accomplishment. 2 Cor. i. 9.

He tries us, that we may try Him.

Tries our faith, then fulfils the promise.

Leads us to prayer, then gives deliverance.

Stirs us to diligence, then graciously rewards. Thus benefits His people, and secures His own glory.

2. For what? Not for political objects.
Not for exemption from persecution.
Not even for strength to bear up under trials;—not this merely,

But for a larger, more copious effusion of the Holy Ghost. They desired the fulfilment of the prophecy, Joel ii. 28, 29, the accomplishment of the promise, Luke xxiv. 48, 49. They who have any grace long for more. They who have most, have but little; but they who have any, long for more. Life, light, seem to desire their own increase. If a man born blind be partially restored, he desires perfect vision. . . . . If we have a partial view of a fine landscape, we naturally desire to see the whole. Much more is it so in grace, the noblest product of God. John iv. 14.

We want to know more of Jesus, if we know Him at all, more clearly, personally, experimentally, holily. We want more faith, more hope, more love, more holiness.

3. Not merely desires. I do not think Prov. xiii. 4 applicable to a believer, yet there is far too much of the principle. It was not so here.

They prayed.

They prayed earnestly.

They prayed hopefully.

They prayed patiently.

They prayed perseveringly.

They prayed till they received the blessing. Moreover, they prayed *in concert*, together; all prayer has great blessings, private, family, public. Here *social* prayer. All to be used, none to be rested in. Matt. xviii. 19.

4. The attention (is generally) too exclusively fixed upon the *extraordinary* results. The *whole* result was wonderful. Tongues, Acts ii. 11, this the least. They received *power* from on high. Ministry clothed with it.

(There was power in the) law, (for they that heard were) "pricked in their heart."

(There was power in the) Gospel, "three thousand souls were added to them."—What a sight when this multitude thronged the streets as (they) went to the temple!

There was the effect on the souls of the apostles themselves. (The) timid lamb became (the) bold and daring lion, (the) scared and fearful dove the soaring eagle.

What increase of faith and love, meekness and courage!

What accession of light and life,

self-knowledge,

humility

fear of God, rising above the fear of man!

Is this that Peter, who so lately ran from imaginary dangers, denied and blasphemed the Lord? No, it is another Peter. Peter is unlike himself. What cannot the grace of God accomplish?

I have sometimes thought that the disciples before the day of Pentecost were to show the feeblest exhibitions of grace, (in order) to encourage the feeble-minded, to display the tender heart of Jesus towards the feeblest. But also to show what grace can do for the feeblest, and how they ought to besiege the throne of grace that it may be so.

Here we see men *full* of the Holy Ghost and power. . . . .

The love of Christ pervaded them. . . . .

The love of God was shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given to them. Here was the ardent love of perishing souls, Acts ii. 14–40, and fervent love to one another. Ver. 44–46. They were clothed with power from on high, power with God, in *prayer*, over the souls of others, over their own.

This is what we want.

Not mere pardon, but larger communications of the Holy Spirit.

More for the unconverted, (for) backsliders, (for the) Church of Christ, (for) ourselves;

to subdue sin,
to walk with God, in the world,
with saints,
to believe promises,
to live in Jesus,
to run, fight, yea, to conquer, Rev. ii. 7, 11, 17, not only *finally* but *day by day*.

For this we need the sealing of the Spirit of God Then, and only then, we conquer sin, Satan, the world; conquer though often conquered, though every wound be in itself mortal, (though our) strength be weakness, (though the) weapons (be) in themselves powerless, (our) enemies mighty; (yet we) conquer by faith,
prayer,
Word of God,
blood of the Lamb. Rev. xii. 11.

1. Great mercy deeply to feel need; all believers do (feel it, but) not all deeply.

2. Seek *really*, heartily,
day by day,
with others,
till you obtain. Acts i. 14.

3. Seek it *holily*, in the path of waiting obedience. Is. lxiv. 5.

4. Seek it *expectingly*. Remember Jesus (is) at the right hand, God (is) a covenant God, this (is) the very desire, the fruit of the Spirit.

5. Expect it in God's own way. It may come in a moment, or gradually; a still small voice, or earthquake; not very sensibly, but very really; but seek till it does come

EPHESIANS II. 14.

"He is our Peace."

The first cause of the little peace which the saints of God enjoy is, low thoughts of Christ, the true peace of His people.

The Bible is full of Christ. Moses wrote of Him.
The Psalms are full of Him.
Prophets have prophesied concerning Him.
Apostles have proclaimed Him as the fountain of peace and salvation.

Ministers still preach Him as the Alpha and Omega.

Heaven is filled with His glory.

The chief misery of hell is that no one loves Him there.

The Father declares, "Behold my servant whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth." "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The Spirit testifies of Christ, "He shall testify of me."

Devils hate Him.

Angels adore Him.

What wonder, then, that if they who ought to love Him the most of all His creatures, for they have most cause, shall have low thoughts concerning Him, they shall (be) made sensible of the evil? In love to their souls is this the case. And for His glory is it so decreed. But not to be misunderstood.

I. All true saints have *real love* for Christ.

II. Yet with this, there may be far too low thoughts concerning Him.

III. (The) remedy.

I. It is their peculiar mark, Eph. vi. 24. "Grace be with

all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." 1 Cor. xvi. 22, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha."

They love Him and He is precious to them, though they see Him not, 1 Pet. i. 8. "Whom having not seen ye love." 1 Pet. ii. 7, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

They love Him because He first loved them, 1 John iv. 19. And their love of Him constrains them, 2 Cor. v. 14.

I am far from denying this for a moment. I wish the true saints of God were as far from suspecting their real love of Christ.

The sin which crucified Him (is) their greatest burthen,
Their happiest moments (are) with Him,
When not happy in Him nothing can make them happy,
They mourn that (they) are so little like Him,
They want others to love Him,
They love His likeness, however faint, in His people;
All this is *love*.

II. Christ has not that place in their *understandings* which He ought to have. My brethren, there is a natural understanding of Divine things. I speak not of this. Such may produce abundance of notions, but no spiritual experience. (There may be) an enlightened mind, ... (without) a deep spiritual understanding of the Lord Jesus Christ,

of His Gospel, ...
of the covenant of grace, ...
of His person, ...
of His work . . . .
of the fulness, freeness, suitableness of that grace treasured up in Him for the poor, destitute, unworthy, worthless.

In all this the *understanding* (may be) not sufficiently engaged. The truth of all this (may be) not duly considered, prayerfully looked into, meditated on. (There may be a) good deal of practical forgetfulness, that all right influence on the

affections is through the understanding. Evils (of this are) obvious.

(It produces) much living upon excited feelings.

Ministry must be exciting.

Prayer. . . . .

Present impressions. . . . .

Under deep trouble, strong temptation, deep discoveries of inward depravity, (the) faith falters.

Why? Because as it was too much based upon feeling, and too little upon truth, the feeling being gone, faith to a degree sinks also: that is, it sinks just so much as it rested on feeling, and it stands just so far as it rested on the truth.

Hence the *conscience* becomes guilty.

The *affections* become cold, and the *life*, in a sense, heartless. Here is a sad inroad made upon peace, and one great cause is, low thoughts of the Divine Saviour as the peace of His people;—the renewed judgment not being adequately fixed, settled, grounded on Christ Himself. (Here is) a subtle device of Satan, working by means of indwelling sin. (The) first object of Satan was to *destroy*, then to *keep from* (*the*) *remedy*. (This is) seen in stirrings of self-righteousness, indifference or carelessness, sinkings of despair; and even when Christ is revealed, still (he) would keep (the soul) back from Him, and even then *low thoughts* of Him.

III. The remedy.

This is *obvious*. It is high thoughts of Christ, proceeding from a spiritual and experimental knowledge of Him, as revealed in the Word of Truth.

Faith is not feeling, though it produces it. Faith rests upon the Divine record, that record which reveals Jesus Christ. And it is Christ as thus revealed that gives the solid foundation of peace. Christ the Saviour must be exalted; everything else must sink.

HE IS EXALTED IN THE WORD, AND HE MUST BE IN OUR SOULS. I mean Christ as He is in the Word. One may make a Christ of our enjoyment of Himself. This is as if a child were to love his father, not for what he is, but for what he gives, and to love

what he gives more than himself. Is it a wonder if under such circumstances He withdraws Himself?

The remedy is a deeper acquaintance with Jesus, not as He appears through the varying medium of my feelings, or the dark medium of mysterious providences, but as He is revealed

in His word,
in the completeness of His work,
the sufficiency and freeness of His grace,
the tenderness of His heart,
the glory of His person.

A deep, spiritual, scriptural, experimental view of Him with the eye of faith, is the remedy.

Who applies it? The Holy Spirit of God. No one but He reveals Christ in the word and in the soul.

How does He apply it? In His own way. It may be by affliction, it may be by sore temptation, by painful discoveries of sin and sinfulness, by humiliating unfoldings of the creature's poverty, emptiness, nothingness. But by whatever means, (the) blessing (is) incalculable.

But what is our duty? *Study Christ.* He is God's great book, the revealer of God;

(study what) He *is,*
has,
has done,
promised.

(Study Him) on thy knees, in thine heart, in thy daily work. Keep thine eye upon Christ, (He is) the same as when He first sought thee out, (the same as) when He said to the thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," the same as when He laid down His life for poor, lost, ruined sinners.

As He rises thou wilt sink. Be prepared for this.

If thoughts of Christ are low, all will be low.

But if thoughts of Him are high, then whilst thou art laid low, God, heaven, holiness (will rise).

Behold the way of peace. God give thee and me grace to walk in it. Amen.

EPHESIANS IV. 30.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

The words which introduce (this verse) set forth the especial sins of heathenism . . . . lying, ver. 25, ... inveterate, implacable anger, ver. 26, 27, ... dishonesty, ver. 28, ... corrupt, filthy conversation, ver. 29. . . . .

With how holy a dignity does the Gospel shine forth!

Instead of lying, ... see motive. If angry, and anger is not in its nature sinful and forbidden, Mark iii. 5, take heed that ye sin not, that it be not immoderate in *degree*, in *duration*.

Let the strictest honesty mark every action; instead of stealing, let the poor man work, that out of his deep poverty, (he may), if possible, *give*. . . . . "Let no corrupt communication" . . . . rather *gracious*, *holy*, *spiritual*, *heavenly*, "that which is good, to the use of edifying."

In short, as if summing up . . . . "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby we are sealed to the day of redemption," which marks two things,—that these Ephesian saints were indeed saints, not *nominal* but *real*, "sealed to the day of redemption;" then, that though saints, they might grieve the Holy Spirit of God.

To this last (will) confine attention.

I. That He may be grieved.

II. How we may grieve Him.

I. 1st, then He is a person, not a thing,

a mere name,

a principle, a power or attribute of God.

A thing cannot be grieved, but a person may, and no one but a person. When, therefore, the text (commands that He be not

grieved, it implies that He is) a person. Many other personal marks are His. 1 Cor. xii. 11.

The will is the peculiar of a person.

He convinces of sin, John xvi. 8. This is a personal act. . . . .

(He is) a Teacher, xvi. 26, ...

a Comforter, xiv. 7, ...

a Witness of Christ, xv. 26 . . . . to the saints, Rom. viii. 16. . . . .

In short, all that designates a person is found in Him.

2d, As a person, *distinct from the Father and the Son.* He proceedeth from the Father, John xv. 26, and testifies of the Son, therefore is distinct from both, ... is sent by the Son after he had gone away, John xvi. 7.

He is *another* Comforter, therefore not the Son, who is one Comforter, even the Consolation of Israel, John xiv. 16.

He is an Intercessor with the Father, in the saints, therefore distinct from the Father, Rom. viii. 26, unless the Father intercedes with Himself. . . . . Distinct from the Father and the Son.

3d, *A Divine person, truly and properly God.*

His work required it. . . . . What less than Omniscience,
Omnipresence,
Omnipotence,
(could perform that work?)

Look at only one work, that of conversion. . . . . His very names set it forth. "Eternal Spirit," Heb. ix. 14.

He is omnipresent, Ps. cxxxix. 7.

Omniscient, 1 Cor. ii. 10, 11.

For though distinct from the Father, He stands in the same relation to the Father as a man's spirit to himself; therefore (He is equal with the Father). . . . . So He (is) essentially *Divine*; . . . . and, lastly, Divine worship is ascribed; for we are baptized in His name, Matt. xxviii. 19. (We have proved Him) a *Person*, a *distinct Person*, a *Divine Person*. . . . .

As a Divine Person He may be grieved, and too often is, by the saints of God.

(We are) not (to) understand this in the literal sense. . . . .

My brethren, whenever we attempt to speak of God, remember our extreme ignorance. . . . . (We understand) His holy, gracious, tender displeasure, ... even as a father is displeased, ... (as) a friend (is displeased), ... one living with him, and on the closest terms, an inhabitant (of the house), ... by unkindness, ...

by ingratitude, ...

by even forgetfulness.

(His is) a holy displeasure. . . . .

Thus says the apostle, *grieve not Him* who has quickened you, ... led you to Jesus, ... revealed Him to you and in you, ... who is the light of your souls . . . . who communicated life, and maintains that life in your souls, ... your Divine Teacher, ... your Comforter, ... your Intercessor, ... by whom you are sealed to the day of redemption. . . . .

II. How we may grieve Him. In what way. . . . .

My brethren, there is but one thing that grieves Him. . . . .

It is not the meanness of the creature, ... mean and lowly as is the tenement, the body and soul of a sinful creature; . . . .

Yet it is not the *meanness*,

it is not the *perishableness* of the clay dwelling.

it is not the *ignorance* of the creature. . . . .

There is but one thing, ... SIN.

He is the Holy Spirit of God, ... essentially, infinitely, immutably, eternally holy. . . . . And all that He does in the soul is to make it *holy*. Is He the Author of all spiritual regeneration? . . . . Holy germ of eternal life? Does He show (the) sin of (man's) nature? . . . . of (his) life? . . . . strip the sinner, (leave him) hopeless, helpless? . . . . lead the soul to the cross? There does hope spring up, ... and peace, and joy in believing? All this is to sanctify. For the sweet news of pardon, justification, a sense of acceptance, adoption, is but the road to holy walking with God. . . . .

Does He apply the Promises?

Does He correct by inward rebuke?

Does He restore?

The end of all is the same. Sin, therefore, is the great antagonist principle to all this. Therefore sin is that one thing which grieves Him.

1. We may grieve Him by *open sin*, ... such as those before mentioned. . . . .

2. We may grieve Him by *secret sin*, ... which if not absolutely overlooked, yet is but little mortified, and too much and habitually prevailing.

No one sees our distrust of God, ... our conformity to the world, ... our secret pride and self-importance, ... our spiritual pride and self-seeking. . . . . No one sees our vanity and self-conceit, our contempt of others, and hard thoughts. No one suspects our want of heart and lifeless frames in religion, where others think us all zeal. . . . . No one sees our bad tempers, ... our covetousness, even, it may be, in the very act of giving; . . . . our little sympathy towards others, our quick feelings for ourselves.

All this is secret; . . . . and we too oft act as if (it were) secret before God. . . . . (There is but) little deep confession, ... true humiliation, godly sorrow, ... filial repentance on account of it. . . . . But this grieves the Holy Spirit of God.

3. We grieve Him by *allowing reserves in our obedience.*

We love retired religion, but where is the *active*? We love active, where (is) the *retired*? We are diligent for God in our worldly callings,—but (we neglect the) Church. We labour for Church, but where our family? We call upon saints, but what do (we) for sinners? Bold, but where *tenderness*? Love, —where *faithfulness*? Col. i. 10.

4. We may grieve Him by *neglects and omissions* of what we know to be right. . . . .

Perhaps the sins of God's people lie chiefly here. I know such and such to be the will of God, but I hang back, ... and the Holy Spirit is grieved. The buried talent, Matt. xxv. 41–46. . . . . Omissions. . . . .

5. We grieve Him by *low thoughts of the Lord Jesus Christ.* It is the blessed Spirit's great work

to testify of Him, ...
to glorify Him, ...
to lift Him up. . . . .

How, then, can we grieve Him more than by (low thoughts) of (His) Person, ... of (His) work, ... of His fulness of grace, ... of the freeness of (His) salvation, ... of (His) readiness to help, ... of (the) tenderness of (His) sympathy, ... of His ability (to save), ... of His willingness to put it forth, ... When we legalize (the) Gospel, ... regard Him more like Moses to command, than Jesus to save,—darken grace, obscure love, limit salvation, clog that which is free, and make the heart-gladdening, peace-speaking precept, a mere drudgery.

This is to go to Sinai, not to Calvary. . . . .

6. But we also grieve Him by *want of trust in, and thankfulness to, our Heavenly Father.* I put these together, for they always go together.

God loves to be trusted, Ps. cxlvii. 11; and what is (it) to hope in His mercy, but to trust Him?

God loves to be praised, Ps. l. 23.

A spirit, therefore, ever brooding on its troubles, hovering over its difficulties, yea, even delving into its corruptions, except as cause for humiliation and adoring gratitude for that grace that saves, notwithstanding them all, and to excite to greater watchfulness and prayerful dependence, is grieving to the Spirit, because it robs God of His glory,—of His chief glory, the glory of His grace. . . . . It acts as if (there were) no (such) precept (as) Phil. iv. 4, or 6. Thus we see how saints may, and do,—and do, alas! far too frequently, grieve the Holy Spirit of God.

Are they the only persons who do?

Hear what Nehemiah said, ix. 30;
Isaiah lxiii. 9;
What Stephen said, Acts vii. 51.

I cannot see what wiser and far more spiritual men than myself see, that the Holy Spirit is in the unregenerate soul; but

this I see, that He speaks to them in His law, ... and they resist Him; that He speaks to them in His Gospel, ... and they resist Him; that He speaks to them by His ministers, and they resist Him; . . . . that, if sin, ... hated as it is, mourned over, confessed, forsaken by (the) true child of God, is so grieving to Him, what (must it be) when the whole life is but one course of sin? Well did Augustine say, even (the) duties (of the natural man were) but splendid sins.

What is the centre of thy circle? Is it God? Canst thou say, when thou risest,—This day I live for God? It never enters thy thought.

What, then, is the centre? It is SELF. However large, however small, its circumference, this is its true centre. . . . . Nor thine alone. It is the centre of that vast circumference where lost spirits . . . . Oh! that this were but laid upon thy poor heart! . . . . Thy danger, how can I describe it? Thy wretched condition, how set it forth? Thou dost not grieve; . . . . and yet, as I speak, that grieved, and vexed, and insulted Spirit, may be putting forth His secret, irresistible power in thy soul. Do angels rejoice over one sinner that repents? Oh, how would my soul rejoice and be glad, yea, with unutterable gladness, to see thee, a poor broken-hearted sinner, at the foot of the cross of the Son of God! How wouldst thou grieve then, that thou didst so long despise Him! how would thy laughter be turned (into mourning, and thy joy to heaviness)! But it should be only to have that mourning exchanged for the truest gladness, and the sorrows of earth for the hallelujahs of heaven.

A few words to those who, by reason of unbelief, grieve Him, yet mean not so to do. Honest, upright, sincere souls,—"the pure in heart, that shall see God,"—yet so bowed down. . . . . They refuse to be comforted.

If all that thou sayest be true, and much more is true than thou sayest, yet remember, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." To make God a liar is most grieving to the Holy Spirit of God. NO SIN BUT UNBELIEF EXCLUDES.

Let every true follower of Christ beware how he grieve (the Holy Spirit) by open sins.

(By want of) truthfulness, ...
an angry, implacable spirit, ...
all unjust advantage of others, ...
all dishonesty in (the) least matter. . . . .

If a *poor* man ought to work that he may give, how ought the *rich* to give?

Beware, beware of covetousness.

Beware of unmortified sin, however secret. . . . .

Beware of reserves. . . . .

Beware of unbelief. . . . .

Beware of unthankfulness, ... (it) displeases our Heavenly Father. . . . .

How ungrateful to Jesus. . . . . How dishonouring to Himself. . . . . How injurious to thine own soul. . . . . How grievous the effect. (If) His bright influence (be) departed, ...

faith (is) weakened,
grace enfeebled,
corruptions strong; . . . .
no power with God; . . . .
feeble to *bear*, to work. . . . .

Shall I stop here? Oh no. Not only (do not grieve the Spirit), but honour Him, as the Representative of Jesus.

Wait on Him; . . . .
Observe His least motions; . . . .
Covet (His) largest communications, Eph. v. 15–18.

EPHESIANS IV. 30.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

RECAPITULATE. Here are two points.

I. That the saints of God are sealed by (the) Holy Spirit to the day of redemption. . . . .

II. Hence the apostle's argument, — Then grieve Him not. . . . .

I. Seals were for various ends and objects.

1. *Individuals* were sealed, Cant. viii. 6, "set *me*" as a seal or signet.

So the Son of God himself was sealed, John vi. 27.
So the one hundred and forty-four thousand, Rev. vii. 4.
So Satan, Rev. xx. 3.

2. *Things* were sealed.

Bags, Job xiv. 7.
Books, Isa. viii. 16, 17; Rev. v. 1; vi. 1, 2.
Foundation, Zech. iii. 9; 2 Tim. ii. 19.
Letters, 1 Kings xxi. 8; Esth. iii. 12.

It seems to be under the last figure that our blessed Lord was sealed, John vi. 27.

He who lay in the Father's bosom, the Wisdom with God, Prov. viii. 30, is the Word, who unfolds the very mind of God.

He is, as it were, the Father's letter sent to a guilty world, containing the message of pardon, peace, holiness, salvation, to the chiefest of sinners.

This letter bears the seal of God, the very image and superscription of God, in the miracles which He wrought,
the doctrines which He unfolded,
the promises with which He encouraged,
the precepts which He taught,

and in the holiness of His whole life, which
He exhibited in every thought, word,
action. . . . .

As this letter is opened by (the) blessed Spirit Himself to the poor penitent soul, and read by him, he sees the heart of God.

To the saints of God at Ephesus, allusion is made under the same figure. They are Christ's epistle, 2 Cor. iii. 3. You remark, ver. 2, "our epistle." . . . . How anxious to escape out of the region of self, ver. 3, "the epistle of Christ." The writer of this letter was Christ Himself.

It was He who *began*, it is He who will *finish* it. The first line in it was His, and His shall be the last. It is full of Himself and His glory; His grace, which is His glory. His grace in first seeking out. . . . . His grace in bringing in. . . . . His grace in becoming man for their sakes. . . . . His grace in being made sin. . . . . His grace in working out a righteousness, ... in putting it on them, ... His grace in preserving them till called, ... His grace in calling, ... His grace in sanctifying, ... in giving them to know (the) reality of (their) calling, in restoring, ... in keeping, ... in promising to keep unto eternal life. . . . .

In these letters (His) law of love was written, (His) image drawn, (His) name inscribed. . . . .

Such a letter was Paul, 1 Tim. i. 16.

Such are *all* the saints of God; letters in which are written out the riches of grace, mercy, forbearance, tenderness, and love; . . . . not all written out with equal depth and clearness,—the footsteps of sovereignty are to be noted in this,—yet all legible, 2 Cor. iii. 3. Though great and manifest, and some gross faults among them as a Church, ... yet all legible to those *who can read*.

And who are these? None but saints, 1 Cor. ii. 15. . . . .
His hopes,
fears,
joys,
sorrows (can be read by no man).

(I) do not deny that the world may, to a certain extent and

degree, (read them). . . . . But all that is peculiar, and purely spiritual, is illegible to it.

These letters are *sealed*.

As they are *written* by the Spirit of Christ,—for Christ only writes by His Spirit,—so are they *sealed* by the same Spirit. The wax is the soft, relenting, yielding heart, when the stony (heart) is taken out, and the heart of flesh bestowed. . . . .

When Jer. xxiii. 29, ...

When the proud, hard, obdurate nature yields, ...

When the stubborn sinner feels the fire of God's law within him, ... and submits to that God, who proclaims (His) name (as merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness), ...

When repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, (is) not only known, but felt. . . . .

Thus the blessed Spirit seals the word of grace and mercy and pardon and peace upon that spirit. Then doctrines dwell in the heart; then promises and precepts are enstamped on the soul. . . .

It is the day of God's power.

The same truths have been heard often and often before. . . . . 1 Thess. i. 5, "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power."

Then "the speech and the preaching is not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," 1 Cor. ii. 4.

Then, and not till then, a man knows "the grace of God in truth," Col. i. 6. My brethren, every true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is sealed by the Holy Ghost. Then the Father puts the broad seal of heaven upon him, when (he) believes. It is one of His before hidden ones *brought to light,—developed,—owned,—claimed*.

But I believe such sealings are not to be confined to the first act of believing. Far from it.

Whenever the same blessed Spirit puts forth renewed power,
brings (the) truth with fresh unction, ...
melts the heart, ...

deepens (the) first impression,
stamps anew the Divine image; . . . .

then is there a fresh sealing on the soul. Oh, how often after deep afflictions, ... sore temptations, ... most painful humblings on account of sin, the Eternal Spirit exhibits His power in more meekness, humility, love. . . . .

The *conscience* (is) more tender, ...
will more submissive, ...
heart more inflamed with spiritual love, ...

in a word, *faith* is stronger, *repentance* more filial, (the) *life* more devoted. (*The*) *resemblance* (*is*) *more complete*. . . . .

The saints of God are sealed unto the day of redemption, with how blessed a security; . . . . sealed now, ...
in a dying hour, ...
unto the day of redemption. . . . .

My brethren, the saints of God are already redeemed,
by *power* and by *price*, ...
by power out of the hands of Satan, ...
by price out of the hands of God's justice. . . . .

But the day of full, complete, eternal redemption draweth nigh, when they shall be with Christ for ever, ... see Him as He is, ... their present exile and banishment cease for ever; . . . . when (they) shall be delivered from (the) incumbrance of the body, ... yea, of (the) body of sin and death; . . . . when sin (shall) no more defile, ... sorrow (shall) no more sadden, ... (the) world (shall) no more allure, Satan no more harass; . . . . when (they shall possess the) "inheritance, (incorruptible), undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Till then they are sealed, ... yea, unto the day of everlasting redemption, ... when (their) bodies restored, ... when that which (was) "sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption," 1 Cor. xv. 42–44; when Christ shall appear in glory, and His saints with Him, ... and they shall *behold* . . . . (and) *partake* of that glory, be ever with Him, and ever

like Him, ... serving Him and delighting in Him to all eternity.

Till then they are sealed. . . . .

Then shall these precious treasures be seen,—these inestimable developments of God and His grace be understood,—these secret letters be read before an assembled universe. . . . . Matt. xxv.

Then (shall it be) seen that saints only (are) holy, ... (that those who are) justified without works (are the) only persons who did them; . . . . that they who were chosen (were chosen) to be holy; . . . . (that the) "grace that bringeth salvation teaches us to deny ungodliness;" (that) forgiveness of sin, when really apprehended, leads to true tenderness of conscience; . . . . that love really constrains, ...

and faith really purifies. . . . .

II. 1. When you grieve Him, *you displease Him whose gift He is.* . . . .

For a moment consider *the gift.* . . . . What would Jesus be to you without (the Holy Spirit)? His blood cleanses (the) conscience. . . . . Who disclosed your filthiness? who sprinkles (the blood)?

The righteousness of Jesus (is) unutterably glorious. . . . . Who showed (you your) need (of it)? . . . . Who revealed it? . . . . Who put it on (you)? . . . . Who keeps you needy in your own eyes? . . . . so that you want it as much as ever? . . . . Who gives you a sanctified possession of these things? . . . . Who gives power to (the) doctrine,

life to (the) promise,

sweetness to (the) promise?

The gift, then, is inestimable. . . . . Well may it be called a "*good*" gift, Luke xi. 13. That must needs be so, without which (the) blood itself (would have) no efficacy, redemption (would have) no value. Must it not, therefore, be most displeasing to the Father, when this gift (is) so slighted?

2. When you grieve Him, *you insult the very Representative of* JESUS CHRIST.

Our blessed Lord is gone to heaven, there to appear in the presence of God, Heb. ix. 24. What for? . . . . The blessed Spirit is not only the fruit of (the) Redeemer's blood, but (His) representative. . . . .

If some dear and beloved friend, after having, ... if (we were to) insult his representative? would it not be the highest, deepest insult? Yet such . . . .

3. When (you) grieve Him, *what daring!*

He is God. . . . . what *folly!*

He is all wise. . . . . what base *ingratitude!*

(He is) Love! Faithfulness! Forbearance! Patience! Condescension! Look at (His) habitation, what innumerable provocations, ... what daring opposition!

All that He does is to make us holy.

Regeneration is the germ of eternal life.

He it is who promises, corrects, ... reproves, seals.

To grieve is to oppose Him.

Grieve Him not then, ye careless souls that hear me. You ask not, you seek not, you knock not. Why? "If thou knewest the gift of God thou wouldst, and He would have given thee." My poor unconverted brother, ... is this an *excuse?* Then sin is the best excuse for sin, ... and the more ignorant a man is—stupidly, ... madly, ... wilfully ignorant—the more excusable he is. . . . .

My brother, God reasons not thus with thee. . . . . Thou wilt not at the awful day (reason thus thyself). . . . .

For a moment consider, God tells thee that no one but the Eternal Spirit can work that change. . . . . He also tells thee, that every one that asketh (receiveth). . . . . Now I would deal tenderly but honestly. . . . . Will it be thy excuse at that day? I did not feel my need. . . . . I did not therefore ask. . . . . My brother, my brother, this is the sophistry of Satan, not the answer of honest conscience.

And THEN thy conscience will be, must be, *honest.* What said our Lord? "*Go, call thy husband.*" So do I say to thee. It is *sin,* (the) *world, Satan.* . . . . .

Ye anxious souls, grieve Him not by low thoughts of Jesus. . . .

by unbelieving thoughts of God.

What is the record? Not, what do *you* think? what does *God say*?

Happy they who (hear), Psalm lxxxv. 8, and then show a holy sensibility, like an instrument in tune, a sensitive plant, a tool (with a fine edge), (lest there be) a thought, a tone .... (that grieves Him). Seek to walk in the Spirit, to be filled with the Spirit, that others may seek .... to promote spirituality in others, Ver. 29.

4. When you grieve Him *He will, sooner or later, cause you to grieve, and that bitterly.* ....

It is one of the fruits of Infinite Wisdom, that while a close, filial, tender, submissive walk necessarily leads to happiness, the grieving the Holy Spirit by open sin—yea, by sin however secret from (the) eye of man, yet unmortified, unsubdued .... by reserves, by wilful neglects, by a low estimate of Jesus Christ, by an unthankful spirit—all this, indeed any part of it, tends to discomfort of soul and sadness of spirit.

When we have grieved the Spirit and (He) has withdrawn the brightness of (His) influence, and seems to have departed, what darkness!

How corruption prevails!
How weak is grace!
How backward to duty!

Look at poor David, Psalm xxxii. .....

Look at Peter, lower, and lower, and lower in sin. Ah, that look! But who winged that arrow to his heart, and caused it to rankle there? This blessed Spirit! so grieved,—vexed,—displeased! It was He that touched the very vitals of Peter, "he went out and wept bitterly." ..... Yea, in *all* cases, when (is there) any real binding up, till (in) deep penitence and confession, with contrition of heart, we grieve because we have grieved (Him)?

HEBREWS XII. 14.

"*Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.*"

I. Holiness, what is it?

II. Without it no man shall see the Lord.

III. Follow it.

In the first place, this is addressed to "holy brethren," "children," those who believed, iii. 1; iv. 3; xii. 5. Yea, to those who had given proof that they believed, x. 32–34; yet these needed the exhortation. In the next, the word "follow" signifies pursue like a hound, or in a race.

I. Holiness, what is it? It is not a mere *conviction of sin.* Felix.
It is not a mere *outward alteration.* Herod.
It is not the *possession of gifts.* Judas.
It is not a *mere pleasure in means,* Is. lviii. 1–4.
It is not the *clearest knowledge,* 1 Cor. xiii. 2.
It is not a *transient reception of truth,* Matt. xiii. 20.

It is sanctity and purity of heart, Matt. v. 8, and as an effect of it, it is purity of life, Tit. ii. 11, 12.

Perfect in principle, Rom. vii. 22;
Imperfect in its actings, Rom. vii. 15.

Holiness is consistent with very great imperfection, but is inconsistent with allowance of any known sin, Rom. vi. 16–23.

Where there is true holiness of heart and life, there is the *existence* of all grace, although there be *deficiency* in every grace.

It includes in it more than mere sincerity of purpose, although he who is holy *is* sincere in purpose. A man who is halt, lame, blind, may sincerely intend to reach a certain spot, but be baffled in his object.

A holy man is one who has spiritual *eyes* to see spiritual things, "blessed are your eyes for they see;" *ears* to hear, *strength* to perform, Phil. iv. 13; although, by reason of indwelling sin, he be sorely let and hindered.

He has a *new nature*, a *divine nature*, is *born from above*, John iii. 5, 6; 2 Pet. i. 4.

He is a *child of God*, is *led by the Spirit of God*, and *loves the things of God*, Rom. viii. 6.

True, his life is a conflict, a struggle, a warfare; but not a *mere* warfare; it is a *victory*, Rev. ii. 7; xi. 17. Though often foiled, yet is he one that overcomes. In a word, the true saint of God is a new creature, 2 Cor. v. 17.

Holiness is conformity to God.

It is resemblance to *His image* in purity, hating what He hates, loving what He loves.

It is submission to *His will*.

It is obedience to *His word*.

It will show itself in tenderness of conscience,
in spiritual desires and habit of soul,
in guarded, watchful, prayerful frames,
in deep concern for God's glory among *sinners*, *saints*, *in the world*, *in the Church*.

What was the man once? A *rebel*, a *slave of sin*, an *enemy*.

And how was this wonderful change effected?
By the Spirit of Christ.
Through the Gospel of Christ.

II. This holiness is essential to our seeing the Lord. Without it we cannot see Him *here*, nor *hereafter*.

Two causes.

1. God declares it. Therefore, if any dream of salvation without it, if they be saved, it is contrary to the Word of God.

2. It is impossible in itself. God is holy. This is a point of view in which the world loves not to regard Him. As a God

of mercy, they can speak well of Him. Do we speak against it? It is the spring of all salvation, it was mercy sent His Son, it was mercy bruised Him and put Him to grief, it was mercy which gave faith to believe in Him. It was mercy, infinite mercy, that did all this. It is the same mercy that *invites, commands, stretches out the hand* to lost, undone, ruined sinners, yea, even *rebukes* them for not accepting the invitation.

But it is the mercy of a *holy* God, and there is no other mercy with God. God is holy, essentially, infinitely holy.

His law proves it, "holy, just, good."

The wicked prove it.

The undecided prove it.

The believer proves it.

Above all, the cross proves it.

And because God is holy, without holiness no man can see Him.

Deafness can have no enjoyment of sounds, blindness of colours, still less can impenitence have enjoyment of a holy God; there can be no perception of Him, no communion with Him. So far from having any capacity for the true enjoyment of God, an ungodly, unconverted, impenitent sinner has all opposition to and enmity against God.

III. Follow it. It will be always *before* you, you will not fully reach what you ought to be, nor what you yourselves desire to reach, Phil. iii. 12.

Follow it. It is worth the pursuit, "To be spiritually minded is life and peace," Rom. viii. 6. "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness," Isa. lxiv. 5.

Follow it. It is the Lord's will, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," 1 Thess. iv. 3.

Follow it. *dependently*, "without me, ye can do nothing," John xv. 5.

prayerfully, Phil. iv. 6, 7, 8, much may be hopefully, Phil. iv. 13, attained.

perseveringly, through all difficulties.
in all things.
before all things.

Two things bear in mind.

1. Justification is the basis of sanctification. Stand upon this rock, build upon this foundation.
2. Aim at the highest; the more is attained, the more is the sight of God, yet remember that perfection is the summit of heaven's happiness.

COMMENCEMENT OF A COMMENTARY

ON THE

EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

WRITTEN IN JULY 1849.

COMMENCEMENT OF A COMMENTARY

ON THE

EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

GENERAL OUTLINE OF THE WHOLE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

THE Epistle to the Ephesians may, in some sense, be considered as an epitome of the whole Gospel,—of that Gospel which the apostle had preached to these very persons, Acts xx. 20–27.

With the question, in what year it was written, we will not trouble ourselves, it being, to the most, of little moment. Probably, however, it was about A. D. 60. The place where it was composed, and whence it was sent, is to us of greater importance. For, from chapter iv. 1, it appears to have been as a prisoner the apostle wrote it; a prisoner in defence of that very Gospel which he loved. This circumstance gives it a deep and most touching interest. But our chief concern is with the Epistle itself, which, indeed, is a glorious summary of Divine truth, a summary of doctrine, privilege, and precept.

In chapter the first, the apostle sets forth that glorious doctrine of God's most free and sovereign love and grace, in election and effectual calling, and then enlarges on the vast and wondrous

blessings which spring out of, and flow from, this inexhaustible fountain, to the true people of God. In dark and deep contrast with the brightness of their happy position as the children of God, he reminds, in chapter second, those to whom he wrote, of their once forlorn and wretched condition as unregenerate, unconverted sinners.

In chapters third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, he expatiates largely on their solemn responsibilities and deep obligations; enlarging on their personal duties,—moral, civil, and religious,—relative, domestic, and ecclesiastical. Thus are we presented with a perfect summary of Gospel truth, as beautiful in its essential character, as in its graceful symmetry and connected order. Privilege being based upon doctrine, doctrine upon the free mercy and most unmerited love of God, and streams flowing forth from this fountain-head, all holy obligation is insisted upon to a life of dedication and entire consecration to God and His glory; and what is this but the sum and substance of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God?

The question has often occurred to me, wherefore it was, that in those two thousand holy men who suffered for the truth's sake, being ejected, in the reign of Charles the Second, by the tyranny of unjust laws, from their positions as ministers of the Gospel,—wherefore it was, there existed, in so remarkable a degree, such a depth and breadth of true vital spirituality. That a copious effusion of the Holy Spirit, in His sanctifying influences on their souls, was the primary cause of all this, there can be no doubt; and yet, even this, perhaps, does not wholly satisfy the inquirer. For, as the Holy Spirit usually takes advantage of circumstances, and works by them, he asks what those circumstances were.

At that period there seemed a concurrence of such concordant circumstances working together in the production of this great effect. It was a time of bitter persecution, which is usually a time of spiritual fertility. The Church was, consequently, both thinned and purified. Many tares were necessarily removed, and the healthy blades were strengthened. Light and sunshine were introduced, and even the winds of

heaven, that moved them to and fro, settled them in their roots and were full of healthfulness. There was, though blended with human infirmity, real *union* amongst the saints of God, much prayer, and on the whole, much love. There was oft, too, much sharpness; but as there was little time, so was there less desire, for bitter, acrimonious opposition one to another. The wall of separation between the Church and the world was high, marked, and decisive. But the family of God was, in heart, as one.

Moreover, it was a time of deep searching into the Word of God. There being, comparatively, but few other helps for the investigation of truth, the true believer could only substantiate his assertions by constant appeal to Scripture. The state of his own mind, and the state of the times in which he lived, both led him to the unadulterated Word of God. He studied truth as a system cleared from human tradition, and as a system he received it,—a wise and holy system. It was not truth, as detached and alone, that he studied it; but it was truth in connexion. Thus the minds of God's people were imbued, and, in a sense, saturated with Divine truth. Sometimes, indeed, there might be an over-attachment to their system. But, on the whole, it worked well; and one sees in their writings a depth which we want, a spirituality, a savour of Divine realities, which we have not. One page of theirs seems almost a volume of ours.

There is also a fairness of investigation in them, a consistency in holding truth, a high and holy standard in their writings, displaying a deep acquaintance with Him whose truth it is. They present us with a summary of glorious doctrines, gracious promises, and holy precepts, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. With deep views of privilege, they had exalted views of duty; laboured hard for the consolation of the saint, but equally laboured to point out his high responsibilities. While they contended for the security and glory of the covenant of grace, they united the most touching, awful, searching, yet most affectionate addresses to sinners, as sinners, to repent, believe, and be saved. They

left the consideration of their own consistency in this matter to those with whom the question originated. But to those who were disposed fairly to read their Bibles, it seemed enough for them to declare, that in those Bibles they saw all this. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find in the circuit of our language, a more faithful appeal to the consciences of the ungodly, than in the Commentary of Dr Owen on the 130th Psalm, and in the sermon of Dr Goodwin, on Zeph. ii. 1–3.

It is one of the objects of this plain and practical Commentary to follow, though it be indeed at long interval, these great and good men; to consider each truth fairly; consider it as it stands alone, and as it stands in connexion with other truth. The attempt is arduous; the writer finds it to be so, arduous indeed; and, in the present delicate state of his health, peculiarly so. But the more does he need His help who succours the feeblest; and the more, too, does he beseech the prayers of the prayerful, that this help may be vouchsafed him. Disqualified through indisposition, and sheer inability of every sort, to attempt a laboured Commentary, he has simply availed himself of the sketches of those sermons which he preached in the years 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, to a dear and beloved congregation; and unable as he now is, to labour directly in their service, he lays this little offering of love to them, on the altar of the accepted victim, commending it, with deep humility, to the blessing of that Spirit, without whose unction from above no effort can prove any effectual blessing to the souls of men; and with which, even this lowly attempt may be found such an one, even during the few years that may yet be the writer's portion here below, and when, it may be, he has long since passed away and been forgotten.

EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

CHAPTER I.

VERSE 1.—"*Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, to the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus.*"

"*Paul.*"

What deeply affecting thoughts spring forth in the spiritual mind, when the Holy Spirit leads it to dwell upon that name!

How wondrous was the display of the sovereign grace of God towards him whose name it was! For, what had he been?—"a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious" (1 Tim. i. 13); displaying, not only all cruelty, but all refinement of cruelty, yea, all madness in that cruelty, against those whose only crime was, that they believed in Jesus, walked with God, and hated sin; and yet, on account of this, he haled men, and even women, to prison and to death, causing them to blaspheme (Acts xxii. 4; xxvi. 10, 11).

Behold the wondrous change wrought in him! Mark the self-denying Apostle of the Gentiles! See the lion turned into a lamb, the vulture into a dove; see him gentle as a nurse (1 Thess. ii. 7); patient as a mother nourishing her child (1 Cor. iii. 2); regardless of consequences as it concerned himself, in preaching that Gospel; utterly fearless of death, though in its most fearful and terrible form (2 Tim. iv. 6), though most fearful of wounding the feeblest saint of God. See him untiring in his labours, his toils, his self-denials, exceeding all the other apostles in them (1 Cor. xv. 10), yet only glorying in his infirmities (2 Cor. xii. 9–11). How should this sight encourage ourselves! Is not that gracious help which was vouchsafed to this wondrous man of God, mean as we are in the comparison

with him, promised to us also,—grace to sanctify, grace to satiate our souls, grace to fit us for earth's required service, and to train us for heaven's anticipated glory?

"*An apostle.*"

A messenger of Christ, and sent, as the word implies, by Christ Himself. A witness of His resurrection, having both seen and heard the risen Saviour after His resurrection (Acts i. 22; 1 Cor. xv. 8). An universal bishop (2 Cor. xi. 28). An infallible teacher (John xiv. 26; xvi. 13), whose teaching was accompanied with signs, wonders, and divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost (see Mark xvi. 17, 18), which things are called the signs of an apostle (2 Cor. xii. 12), so that where these are not, the signs of an apostle are wanting. Where, then, are there apostles, or successors of the apostles *now*? and would not all who assume this title do well to pause over Rev. ii. 2?

The apostle adds, "*by the will of God*," because he would remind those to whom he was writing, that he neither preached to them at the first, nor was then writing to them, as their apostle by his own mere will, but as one designated to be an apostle by the express will of God Himself, and by the especial appointment of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the Church. Alas, alas! how few of those who, if they do not profess to be apostles, yet do profess to be their successors, have anything to exhibit for their credentials but the will of man, and their own will!

The place to which the apostle writes was Ephesus, a city of Ionia, and the capital of that part of Asia Minor. In that place was the famous temple dedicated to Diana, considered one of the wonders of the world; and in that place were its inhabitants given up to her most licentious and abominable worship. Among them the apostle had resided for three years (Acts xx. 31); and such had been his labours (Acts xix. 9, 10), and such the blessing of God upon those labours, that not only all who dwelt in that part of Asia "heard the word of the Lord Jesus" through him, but also a large, and for a long time a flourishing Church was founded, through his instrumentality.

It is the very glory of Christ to overcome Satan in his strongest holds, yea, to reign over and in the midst of His most inveterate enemies. Had we seen the apostle in the midst of the raging assembly (Acts xix.), who could have predicted the results which followed? His case seemed utterly hopeless, his very life appeared in extreme jeopardy. The seed of eternal truth was indeed sown in storm and tempest, but the issue was bright sunshine, and a glorious harvest. Oh, how should this encourage every child of God, in the position wherein God has placed him, to seek by all means, in all places, and in all weather too, to disperse the seed of the Gospel; remembering it is God's own truth, and that when that truth is meekly, faithfully, and fearlessly proclaimed, His blessing, in His own time and measure, but always in His own way, will sooner or later attend it! In all other things there is, there may be, uncertainty; in this there is, there can be, none (Isa. lv. 10, 11).

"*The saints which are at Ephesus.*" The persons at Ephesus to whom the apostle wrote, were not all the inhabitants of the place; they were the saints there, not merely called saints, but termed what they really were. And here one cannot but regret that the phraseology of the Bible is grown so obsolete in the Church of God. One hears frequently of pious men, good men, consistent men, decided men, but how seldom do we hear of holy men, the saints of God! Does not the absence of the Scripture phrase imply some absence of the Scripture character to which that phrase belongs; and yet what term is so honourable, and so really descriptive of a true child of God as this is?

A saint is one sanctified by God the Father, set apart in His eternal counsels for His own glory (Jude 1), sanctified by the blood of His Son (Heb. xiii. 12), and regenerated and internally sanctified by God the Holy Ghost (2 Thess. ii. 13). That all those to whom the apostle wrote were such *without exception*, I dare not aver; but such, though in the midst of persecution, they *professed to be*, and such there is no reason to doubt but that many of them really were,—it may be, *the most* of them. This was the *rule*; where this was not the case, it was probably the exception to that rule. That this was so, may appear from

the description elsewhere given of them in this chapter. In this very verse they are also denominated "faithful in Christ,"—a description only, as I find, given to true saints; for that these two descriptions belong to the same individuals, and not to two sorts of persons, is marked by there being but one article given to both. *Τοῖς ἁγίοις τοῖς οὖσιν ἐν Ἐφέσῳ καὶ πιστοῖς ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ.* See, also, i. 13; ii. 1, 5, 13, 18, 22; iv. 32; v. 1. This may also appear from the consideration that to all other persons than true saints, the Epistle itself would have been quite unnecessary, perfectly uninteresting, yea, totally unintelligible.

Verse 2.—"*Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.*"

To these saints the apostle sends his kindly salutation. By this we are not to understand the unfruitful greeting of barren courtesy, the bare expression of unproductive feeling. No, it was the holy aspiration of a man of God, the fervid supplication of a Christian brother, the benediction of a faithful, loving apostle; and what did it contain but the longing desires of his heart, that they might largely partake of all the riches of Divine grace, all the fulness of the free, unmerited love of God, in all its sanctifying fruits and most comforting effects, and that, too, in all its inexhaustible abundance; and as a blessed consequence thereof, that they might enjoy more abundantly "peace," peace which passeth all understanding, peace *from* God, peace *with* God, peace *in* God,—that is, in every perfection of His infinite nature,—and peace one with another, for Christ's sake? And all these soul-reviving streams the apostle traces up to God, even the Father, as the source, flowing through the Lord Jesus Christ as their gracious channel. The reason wherefore there is no mention of the Holy Spirit in this salutation, as is the case Rev. i. 4, is, I humbly conceive to be, that the Holy Spirit Himself is the great substance of the blessing prayed for,—grace and peace being but His own fruits in the soul of man.

Observe, 1st, The saints of God need to be tended and watched over, encouraged, admonished, comforted. He who

plants is indeed indispensable to the taking root of the plant; but he who waters that plant is equally needful to all its future growth (1 Cor. iii. 6), while all the increase is from God alone in both cases. He who was the means of founding this Church now tends it, even as a nurse cherishes her child.

Observe, 2dly, That they who have already received grace, want more grace,—grace to pardon, grace to sanctify, grace to satisfy, in order to their enjoying more substantial abiding peace with God; a deeper sense of reconciliation with Him, and a more spiritual frame of soul, being the true source of all solid, substantial happiness.

Verse 3.—"*Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.*"

In this passage the apostle, like a vessel full of new wine, seems to burst forth into praise, thanksgiving, adoration, and love, as if unable to contain the fulness of the Spirit within him. His blessing, indeed, as must be the case with all human blessing, added nothing to God (Heb. vii. 7). It was but the humble acknowledgment of mercies conferred; yet, as in wondrous condescension, that Infinite One declares, "He that offereth me praise, glorifieth me" (Ps. l. 25); so the apostle could not withhold the lowly offering. And for what does he bless God? Not for temporal blessings, though even these are in a sense innumerable, and are ever to be thankfully received. The apostle's soul is lifted up into a far higher region than this. The consideration of spiritual blessings seems to absorb all its powers. Nor is it for *some* spiritual blessings that he thanks his Heavenly Father and the Father of his Lord; it is for *all* spiritual blessings in heavenly places, that is, in that heavenly kingdom of which Jesus is the glorious King, that he offers up his humble praises; all which blessings are derived from union with, and faith in Him, flowing from the very heart of God his Father.

Verse 4.—"*According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.*"

"*According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world.*" All the streams of God's grace here, have their springs in God's everlasting love. Man's transient acts of kindness arise oft from whim, caprice, passion, sudden bursts of momentary feeling, but all such acts in God spring from purpose, wise, determinate, holy purpose, though there are in that purpose depths unfathomable by human reason. His overt acts in time are but the result of His counsels in eternity; and here one cannot but remark, that the very truth which is of all truths despised and hated of men, is the truth on which the greatest stress is laid by the Eternal Spirit. It is set forth in this chapter as the great primal blessing, the fontal, the causal blessing of all other blessing, viz., the *Electing Love* of God. Nay, so frequently is it mentioned, so strongly insisted on, that some who have disliked the doctrine, have actually laid down the Epistle on this very account. In such a state of mind, is it not a self-evident truth, there must be something deeply if not fundamentally erroneous in that creed which produces it? Some call the doctrine cruel, some even term it blasphemous; others, without openly denying it, so weaken all its force by some false explication, as to neutralize and virtually to deny it altogether.

Some make it an election from works foreseen; but this subverts the whole stream of God's Word, gives it another head as well as another channel, for that Word expressly maintains, in this very chapter, that these Ephesian saints were chosen, not because they were holy, or foreseen to be holy, but that they might be made holy; in which passage election is said to be the cause of holiness, whereas they who deny it would seem to assert that holiness is the cause of election.

Neither can it be, as some pretend, a national election to mere spiritual privileges, such as ordinances, the means of grace, &c., &c., for the blessings here specified are far more than mere privileges, they are the highest blessings of the Gospel to God's

family, such as adoption into that family, redemption, forgiveness, holiness, unblameableness in love. Can this be a mere national election? Where is, where has been, the nation chosen to these blessings? Were the Jews formerly? Are the Gentiles now? Were the Ephesians in the time of the apostle? What nation can ever be, till those blessed days shall come of the great outpouring of the Spirit, when a nation shall be born in a day?

"*In Him.*" In whom were these Ephesian saints chosen?

As the apostle traces up the river of life to its Source, the electing love of God, so is the Channel His own dear Son, who was set up by Him for this very purpose before all worlds, to be the Elect Head of His elect family, before that Church had any real being in time. And for what end chosen? That they might be holy; not, as before remarked, because they *were* holy, or foreseen to be so, but that they *might* be so, sanctified by the power of the Holy Spirit here, and at last perfected in holiness hereafter; which very holiness mainly consists in love to God, wrought in them through His love to them, manifested toward and made known to them in Christ by the Holy Ghost (1 John iv. 19; Rom. v. 5); which very love, as it is an assimilation to His nature, so it shows itself in love to Himself and His ways.

Observe, 1st, The single *source* of all our spiritual mercies is the mere grace and electing love of God, free as it is great, great as it is free, unmerited in its origin, and holy in all its tendencies.

Observe, 2d, The *channel* through which all these mercies flow. Christ. Not one stream of the river of life springs from any other source, or flows in any other channel. Then, beloved, I ask you, in the sight of a near eternity, and our solemn compearance together at the great day in the presence of a rein-trying God, are *you* in Christ? To every one that reads these pages, I put the solemn question. I entreat you make sure work of the answer, let no self-love tend to self-deception here. Live at no uncertainty about it. Trifle not with it, a day, an hour, a moment. If you are a stranger to your real, true state and condition as a sinner, and to true penitence of heart, if you have never yet closed with Christ as a Saviour, trifle no more. Seek

the teaching of the Divine Spirit. He can alone teach you to profit. He can alone teach you sin's dreadful evils, and the Saviour's incomparable suitableness to your case. If you are conscious of hardness, keep not even that away from Christ. Take that very hardness to Him. The softening of the obdurate heart is one of the "all blessings" that flow from God the Father, through Him, to poor hardened sinners. Go to Him for it, and oh! come not away without it. Even to feel thy hardness, is some token that all is not hard; but hard as thou mayest think thy heart to be, and there may be even more hardness in it than thou thinkest, take the adamant to Him, for with one word, with one look, with one single putting forth of the power of His blessed Spirit, with one real view of Himself as dying for sinners, for poor, lost, perishing sinners, and receiving all who come to Him, He will break that heart of thine. With one drawing of His love thou wilt at once receive Him, and all that He has is thine.

But it may be, thou thinkest that thou hast already received Him. If thou *really* hast, and this be *really* so, then join with the apostle, in his high ascriptions of praise; for thou hast *all* spiritual blessings, for he that has *one*, has *all*. Perhaps thou art but weak in faith, still all blessings are thine. Many of these Ephesian saints, I doubt not, were also weak, but they were blessed with all spiritual blessings notwithstanding, and so art *thou*. Thou mayest be as poor as poverty, as to temporal blessings. Be comforted, low is the estimate which the apostle takes of them. They are not so much as once mentioned. The apostle takes no notice of them. All spiritual blessings still are thine, and who shall say that thy very poverty is not one of the number? Thou complainest that thou art a tried, a tempted soul. But if thy temptations lead thee not to sin,—and be assured that there is in every temptation a way of escape from this,—if, instead of this, they, through the Spirit, draw thee, or even drive thee to Jesus, they are but another name for blessing (James i. 2). They are really substantial blessings, though oft in disguise, and God, thy God, is to be blessed for them.

And if all blessings are thine, then how vast are thy *responsi-*

bilities! If all blessings are the portion of thy soul, all consecration should be the very aim of thy life, the very one desire of thy existence. If God, thy God, has given thee the best, give Him the best; the best of thy time, thy influence, thy money, thy talents, of thy life, thy spirit, thy body, thy soul. If Infinite Love has given thee His *all* of blessing, give Him who so loved thee thine all-devotedness too,—and be persuaded, my brother, that never wilt thou be so completely thine own, as when thou art unreservedly His.

Verse 5.—"*Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will.*"

The apostle here particularizes one of those blessings to which he declares that these Ephesian saints had been chosen by the God and Father of their Lord, namely, adoption into His family by their union with His dear Son, Jesus Christ, to which high and holy dignity He reminds them that they had been foreappointed by Him, and into the real possession of which they had been actually brought (Eph. v. 1) by regeneration, and the sanctifying power of the Spirit, and which blessing God gloriously perfects in the full and complete manifestation of the saints as His children (Rom. viii. 19–23; 1 John iii. 1, 2), and which the apostle attributes to no other cause than to His own most free, unsolicited, self-moving love. The place to which he assigns this blessing is the *first* and *highest* of all blessings—the one next in order to, and resulting from, His electing love. Not that any such order and subordination can be conceived as existing in the Divine mind, but it is enough for us that it is so revealed. Here I stop, lest I should be found speculating upon the Divine Being. For if this hand cannot grasp the ocean, and this eye cannot take in the universe, how much less can finite grasp Infinity?

These Ephesian saints, these faithful in Christ, had been predestinated to be God's children, and as many of them as were saints and faithful, really *were* His children, yea, His dear children (v. 1), one and all of them. Various were the degrees

of grace in them, and various the degrees of the enjoyment of the blessing, but there were no degrees as to their right and title to the blessing itself.

In the Galatian Churches, as in all other Churches, various were the grades of faith, hope, love, holiness, devotedness, self-denial, courage, patience, zeal for God's glory. But, adds this very apostle, "Ye are *all* the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26). Some were happy saints, for they were living much on Christ, and walking closely with God—the true secret of all real happiness. Others were far from being equally so. They were deeply tried and tempted. Want of watchfulness and prayer may have betrayed them into forbidden, and consequently desolate, paths, but all the true saints among them, be they whom they may, were God's children. The weak have as good, as real, as valid, though often not so brightly enjoyed, a claim to this portion of the heavenly estate, as the strongest. They have equally the promise of God as their stay, their *only* stay; and that which is the only stay of any of His family, is the stay of them *all*.

Eternal truth declares that they who really believe in the Son of God are all, without exception, His sons and daughters, yet not by any means in so high and exalted a sense as their great and adorable Lord. For He is the Son of God naturally, essentially, necessarily, eternally; they are so only by adoption and by grace, for naturally they were but the children of a fallen and sinful father, and, like their father, were themselves fallen and sinful, and it was mere grace which selected them out of this state for its own.

Neither are they the sons of God in so low a sense as was Adam in his unfallen state, who was so merely by creation, and as God's righteous creature. Nor even are they God's children in the same point of view as the angels themselves, who are also called "sons of God" (Job xxxviii. 7); for high, holy, and exalted as their being is, they, too, are but in themselves the sons of God by creation. But believers are this by being adopted of God into that family of which Jesus is the everlasting Father (Isa. ix. 6); and by the effectual call of His

Spirit (Rom. viii. 14; Gal. iv. 6), they were chosen into a filial relation to Him—to Him as their Paternal Head, while they are His spiritual seed. It was as the Father of this seed—numerous as the sand upon the sea-shore, countless as the stars of heaven, the multitude which no man can number, though each one in it numbered by God (John x. 27–29), he undertook their cause, as their legal covenant Head and Representative. It was as the Father of this vast and innumerable progeny He engaged to become incarnate for them—was set up as the Mediator of the covenant for them (Prov. viii. 23), and received grace for them (Prov. viii. 20)—as man to live for them—engaged as man to die for them—as man to plead for them—as man to stand in their stead and place, and bear their names before the throne of God, as if it were themselves there—as man to sprinkle His own blood upon the mercy-seat moment by moment, thus every moment cleansing away all the guilt of all their sin—as man He sits upon that throne in heaven for them, and there reigns—as man, too, He will reign upon earth in the power of His Spirit for them.

It was thus that grace was given them in Him before the world was (2 Tim. i. 9).

Behold then "the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself." To this God the Father predestinates in eternity, and effectually calls by His Spirit in time, by that faith which, uniting the soul to Christ, receives all blessings from Him, and realizes those blessings according to its measure and degree. But this is far from all. He not only predestinates to the *relationship* of children, but also calls them to a possession of their *character*. As 1 John iii. 1, principally refers to the first of these, so Rom. viii. 29, to the last. The children of every earthly father have all some likeness to their parent, so have the children of the Father of spirits (1 John iii. 6). As this is one of the great ends of their being chosen, so is it to their being adopted, yea more, it is one of its very greatest privileges, such a privilege indeed, that without it, it would be no privilege at all, for what would it be to be a child of God, if destitute of the love of God—the child-like love that fears to

offend, the grateful spirit that loves to obey, the filial repentance, the tear of a child, that flows from the eye of faith, the forsaking of sin that follows it? What would it be, the being admitted into the presence of God, without having communion with Him?

Ask the worldly man, who is the intruder, and his real reply is, no other than God Himself; suppose this existing to all eternity, in the midst of society who have no other delight, what would it be?—*misery*, nay more, it would be *hell*. Awful thought! But God never does anything by halves: His children bear His image; they who are predestinated to become such, in due time though dead in sins are quickened by His life-giving Spirit; they have a principle of inward, holy, spiritual life communicated, a principle never to be destroyed. They awake from their deadly slumber, they see themselves sinners, they flee to Jesus, they believe in Him; this is sometimes suddenly, more frequently gradually; through Him they see the heart of God, their dread subsides, despondency gives way, a Father's eye is first seen, then a Father's heart is descried; the convincing, enlightening Spirit becomes a Spirit of adoption, and they more or less distinctly cry, Abba, Father, and their mind, spirit, temper, habits, walk, become those of children.

"*According to the good pleasure of His will.*" My brethren, as it was an act of the highest display of God's goodness and mercy, so was there no other source of it, than the good pleasure of His will, no cause could exist for it out of Himself. There was nothing in the creature to call for it, nothing in man to deserve it, but everything in him, as a fallen, sinful, and depraved creature, to hinder and prevent it altogether. For a sinner to be saved at all, were stupendous grace, considering what sin really is, but that he should be saved by the blood of God's dear Son is infinitely more stupendous; but that through this precious blood-shedding he should thus become entitled to all the privileges of adoption, admitted into the family of God, is such a stupendous display of that grace, that, but for the word of eternal truth, it would have been considered most daring presumption to have imagined it, nay, it would have

seemed awful blasphemy. It was the mere will of God that it should be so (Dan. iv. 25; Matt. xi. 26; James i. 18; John i. 12). Remark this last passage; they were born "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Small is the foundation then for the Popish figment of baptismal regeneration to rest upon. They were born, not of the will of the priest, nor of the will of the parent, nor of their own will; but of the will of God, of His own mere will. As these Ephesian saints were predestinated to the adoption of children, so were they actually brought to see the accomplishment of the secret purpose, and the real enjoyment of the blessing (Eph. i. 5). The purposes of God are infrustrable (Job xxiii. 13, 14). And this was an act wherein God delighted. It was according to the good pleasure of His will; whatever God does, He does according to His will; to suppose otherwise, would make Him the most wretched of beings. When He destroyed Pharaoh and all his host, it was His work, indeed His strange work, yet it was His will.

When the ungodly and impenitent sinner is condemned,—and so justly will this be the case, and so manifestly seen to be so, that the very saints shall join in the decision of Heaven, yet it is His will that this should be (1 Cor. vi. 2; Rom. ii. 4, 5), for He will render to every man according to his deeds. But this exhibition of adopting love is more than this; it is His delight, not as a drop from a still, forced out by fire, but a flowing stream from a full fountain,—not as a spark driven out by collision, but as the beam of heaven from the orb of day. It was an act of free grace from the good pleasure of His will, He delighted to choose a people in His Son as His spiritual seed. It was not merely His will, but His pleasant will, to rescue them from misery, and bring them to eternal happiness. Why it is not His good pleasure to rescue *all*, is a depth never to be fathomed in this world. Presumption may cavil, or make the attempt, but it never will find the ground; perhaps it never may be sounded in its depths. All that is in the Divine mind can only be known by Him whose mind it is, even in heaven. All that is needful for us to know shall indeed be known there,

but *not all that God knows.* Who can wonder that there are depths in the plan of God's salvation? Are there none in God's providence? are there none in God's creation? are there none as to the hopeless state of fallen angels? Why was there no redemption for them? Who can answer the question? None but God. But it is not mere presumptuous folly that lets down its little plumb-line into this deep; it is the pride of our self-exalting hearts, the fond questioning of a reasoning, but of a superficial spirit. Let us, like a home-bound vessel, seek to be steered aright over the deep to our desired haven, rather than in the dark diving-bell go down into unfathomable depths, where we get nothing.

A God of justice can do nothing unjust, a God of love can do nothing unkind. Is not this enough for you?—it is for me. Do you still stagger at the difficulty? Wait for clearer light. In the meantime, diligently read the Word, pray as you read it, but do not oppose a single truth it contains. In the meanwhile remember, it is a cardinal truth, that while God has special love to His people, and loves them into heaven, His mercies are yet over all His works; He is kind to all, unjust to none; and that it is equally true, that He "so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). It is equally true, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters" (Isa. lv. 1). It is equally true, "All day long (and this was for forty years) have I stretched out my hand to a gain-saying people" (Rom. x. 21). And that the last, so far from contradicting the first, does not even weaken it, no, not in the least conceivable degree. Oh, that some poor burdened sinner this day may, through grace, experience the soul-overcoming power of this truth!

Observation 1st. Rest not satisfied without the seal of the Spirit of adoption. Consider its high and holy privileges, and seek their possession. It is, as I have before remarked, the very highest act of grace: "What manner of love hath the Father bestowed upon us!" (1 John iii. 1); as if all other were far inferior to this. It is wonderful to be pardoned, to be justified,

to be admitted into the favour of the God of heaven; to have the ear of God (Ps. lxxvii. 1), the eye of God (Ps. xxxiv. 15), the hand of God (Ps. lxxiii. 23), the heart of God (Rom. v. 8); but to be His son, His daughter, His children, exceedeth all. To be holy, even in the imperfect degree in which the saints of God are holy upon earth, is much. This is that heavenly wisdom described Prov. viii. 11; much more will be that perfection of holiness which they will have in heaven; yet to be a child is higher still.

Angels are holy, but they are not children in the sense before set forth. Adoption, therefore, must be a greater blessing; for the true child of God has all these things, and the near relation of a child besides. It brings a man into the highest and closest relation to God: "I will be a Father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters" (2 Cor. vi. 18). A Father's ear to listen to their cry, hand to lift them up, heart to yearn over them, is theirs. What a balm is here! Then seek its high, its holy, its constant realizing;—the very seal of the Spirit witnessing with thy spirit that thou art a child of God. Never rest satisfied without it, day by day. It will be a cordial to thy weary soul. Earthly parents may leave me, or I leave them; they wax old, they decay, they die, I see their face no more. But here is One, the Everlasting God and my Father; age impairs not Him, time with Him is as nothing. He inhabits eternity; millions of ages are to Him no more than as the next moment to me. Earthly parents, even the best, even while they live, have some degree of change,—do not, at least, always show the same exhibition of love; here is no variableness, not even *the shadow of a turn*. The tenderest love of the tenderest parent, precious as it is, yet can never satisfy, but a Heavenly Father's love can and does satisfy. It is the love which can dry up all tears, quiet all fears, mitigate all sufferings, repress the rising disquietude. Tasting this, bitter things lose their bitterness, yea, sometimes become sweet: "My cup runneth over;" "Thou anointest my head with oil."

Observation 2d. A sense of adoption not only satisfies, but sanctifies; and this is one of its greatest blessings. Holy fear,

holy love, holy meekness and humility, and self-denial and devotedness, are all the blessed progeny of that state of mind that looks up with holy boldness, and cries, Abba, Father; and as the parent is strong and healthful, the children are strong and healthful also. It is as the believer realizes his oneness with Christ, and his close and tender relation to God as his Father, he is anxious to maintain it by a holy walk; and his soul ascends to Him in holy hatred of sin, and looks down upon the low things of a low world,—yea, looks upon that world as the theatre for the display of the Divine glory, in which he is himself called upon to be a witness for Him, to diffuse the knowledge of His name, and to live to His honour, to lay out his talents in His service, and to show forth the praises of Him who hath called him out of darkness into His marvellous light;—in short, to be a witness for Him in that world.

Observation 3d. Cultivate a grateful, praising spirit, in the hallowing remembrance of His past mercies, especially that chief one of His adopting thee into His family, and the long unbroken line of mercy that has followed it. Live under His eye,—a Father's eye,—and in the blessed anticipation of soon being with Him for ever.

Verse 6.—"*To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.*"

This is a continuation of the former verse; but it contains an additional blessing. These Ephesian saints were not only predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto God, according to the good pleasure of His will; but, as such, were accepted in the Beloved, accepted and acceptable. But this was also, and especially, to the praise of the glory of God's grace.

By "*the Beloved*" we are to understand the Beloved One, the True David, Jesus Christ the Lord.

The people of God indeed are beloved of God (Rom. i. 7; Col. iii. 12). They are His children, His dear children (Eph. v. 1). Little think they how much so. But it is the Lord Jesus Christ who is the Beloved One. He is so by way of emi-

nence; He is pre-eminently so. All His people are beloved of God in Him; but He is beloved for His own sake. In all respects He is so. As His Son, He is the Beloved of God; as his Co-equal, Co-eternal Son, He is beloved. For as every attribute of Deity is His, every glory His (Prov. viii. 30), every perfection His, for the Father then not to love Him would be not to love Himself. *As His Son in human nature*, He is the Beloved (Matt. iii. 17). *As His Servant*, He is the Beloved (Isa. xlii. 1).

Every thought, word, and action pleased His Father. His holy human nature was the Father's delight. By the obedience of His *life*, He exhibited, fulfilled, magnified His holy law,—the depth, the breadth, the height of every precept. In the obedience of His *death*, He not only fulfilled, but glorified it in its dreadful and direful penalty. In all this He pleased God superlatively, infinitely, eternally (Eph. v. 2; John x. 17; Phil. ii. 5–11). His whole life and death were so pleasing to God, and so beloved is He of the Father, that for His sake, sins countless as the sand, and deep as crimson, sins hateful to God, and hated by Him, are clean blotted out, and no more remembered against the penitent, believing soul,—that is, the soul that really receives His Son,—than if never committed at all. So beloved is He, that they who in themselves, and in their natural unregenerate state deserved wrath, and in their new and regenerated state and new nature deserve no favour, but often deserve and receive God's fatherly displeasure, yet as one with Him, and seen in Him, are completely, and for ever, accepted, pardoned, justified; yea, are declared to be as beloved as He the Son Himself is beloved (John xvii. 23). So beloved is He, that whosoever believeth in Him, though with the feeblest faith that ever supported the soul of sinful man, hath everlasting life attached to it. So beloved, that for His sake Satan's malice is restrained, the world's enmity kept in check, and sin in a blessed measure subdued. So beloved, that the gracious communications of the Holy Spirit in them are never wholly withdrawn. Their comforting influences may be, and often are, checked, and when they walk in forbidden paths ever will be; but they never wholly and entirely cease, and under their restoring energy the believer

again revives as the corn, and grows as the vine. The blessed dew from heaven falls on the parched ground, though it may be for a time unconscious of it. Yea, so beloved, that for His sake all things work together for their present good (Rom. viii. 28), and will issue in their final glory. In Him, as children, receiving the adoption, they are accepted and acceptable. And is not this to the praise of His grace? As the choice of them was of grace, as their predestination *to* His adoption was of grace, so is their acceptance as children of grace also. To set forth this, there seems every *redundancy* of expression. It is not only of grace, but to the glory of grace; nor this only, but to the praise of that glory. But why all this *variety*, this *superfluity*, this *almost tautology* of expression? Why? Because grace is God's glory, and God is jealous of His glory, and will have the praise of that glory from that people whom He hath formed to show forth all His praise (Isa. xliii. 21). Yea, grace is the very glory of God, so intimated, Ex. xxxiii. 18, 19, so declared here, yea, proclaimed to be His very riches. Holiness is the beauty of God; Justice is the display of that beauty, for it is but the activity of that holiness; Power is the arm of God; Wisdom is the eye of God; Mercy is the bowels of God; but Grace is the *glory* of God. It is this that renders Him infinitely amiable in Himself, and most precious to His poor sinful creatures that truly know and love Him.

Observation 1st. Out of Jesus there is no acceptance. Believer, your sins are such, even in your most favoured days, your most watchful days, your most prayerful days, your most spiritual days, when faith is strongest, hope most lively, love most ardent, conscience most tender, your will most subdued, your temper most like that of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, your aim most steady, your general life most consistent, that out of Him and severed from Him, were that possible, there *could be no acceptance*. Weigh the best duty in the scale of God's holy law, it would be found light upon the weights; but what shall we say when faith is at the lowest, hope at the feeblest, love at the coldest, when corruptions are strong, enemies mighty, and little, yea, no strength,—where thy acceptance then? Out of Christ, none, no not for a moment.

Observation 2d. In Jesus there is all acceptance. Acceptance, not only of persons, but of service; acceptance, not of some only, but of all believers, the weakest as of the strongest, through time and all eternity; an acceptance infinitely more glorious, more perfect, more unchanging, than that of all the angels that surround the throne of God. They are accepted in themselves, but the believer is accepted in the Beloved One. Oh, how secure then are God's dear children! Angels in heaven kept not their first estate, man in Paradise kept not his, and when this was lost, there could be no acceptance. But here is one which remains unalterably the same. It is in Christ. In Him and through Him they have a righteousness that never fades; as there is no flaw in it, so is there no fading; and this they have. The believer is seen as God's dear child, beloved, precious, standing in the closest, tenderest, most indissoluble tie; yea, as His pleasant child in Christ, his poor services go up as a sweet perfume, his tears are put into His bottle, his sighs are all heard (Jer. xxxi. 18), his cups of cold water to His disciples are all accepted, his honest aims and upright endeavours to walk with God, imperfect as they are, are called his perfection (Heb. xiii. 20, 21). Is not this the display of the very glory of God's grace?

Verses 7 and 8.—"*In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace; wherein He hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence.*"

The apostle carries on the subject of God's most free and sovereign grace. In the fifth verse he had expatiated on that grace as seen in the adoption of His people by Christ to Himself, and in the sixth on God's acceptance of them as His children in Him the Beloved One. So in this present verse he enlarges on that farther display of it as seen in their redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of their sins. They are not only accepted as *adopted* children, but as *redeemed* children.

Redemption implies a state of *bondage, captivity, slavery,* and involves deliverance from it. Man as a sinner is a bondman, a captive, a slave; he is a criminal taken in arms against his

rightful Sovereign, not only his hand raised against Him, but his very heart at enmity; he is a debtor that owes an enormous, an incalculable debt, and is adding to it every day, every hour, every moment, with neither power nor will to discharge a particle of it; he even denies the authority of God to demand the payment. He is a captive under the dominion of a sinful, corrupt, depraved, wicked nature, that says to him, "Go, and he goeth; do this, and he doeth it;" he is the very slave of Satan, who is himself a slave, and is taken captive by him at his will (2 Tim. ii. 26). His fellow-men are slaves with himself, yet they oft enslave him still more, while worldly objects and worldly pursuits exercise a boundless influence over him, often preventing and always checking every rising principle of remorse within him. Redemption is deliverance from this bondage, this thraldom, this real and pitiable slavery, and it could only be accomplished in one of two ways, either by ransom or by power.

The redemption that is in Christ embraces both, yea, deliverance in its widest range, its very largest extent. It removes the guilt of sin by the payment of the debt due to Divine justice by His blood, rescues the soul from the bondage of sin and Satan, and delivers the conscience from the dread of wrath and its consequences, by the application of that blood to it. For as He, through the Spirit, regenerates the soul by implanting a new and divine nature, so He sanctifies the affections, and delivers them from sin's accursed dominion, and chiefly by the discovery of that redemption which the Saviour made upon the cross. In a word, it translates the sinner out of the tyranny of Satan, and introduces him into a region of life, light, liberty, and love; it makes the very body free (Rom. vi. 19), and finally will free both body and soul from every defiling dross, giving them even now a new and spiritual being, and at last will bring them both into the final, complete, and eternal state of consummated glory. Such is the redemption by the Son of God, and nothing short of this could meet the case.

The apostle, it is true, here specifies only one of these blessings, the one the conscious sinner feels his first need of, the basis and the pledge of every other; he mentions

forgiveness of sins; but how can I speak of this blessing aright, speak of it even as I would wish to speak of it? Shall I ask a proud and lofty Pharisee what it is? He has no suspicion of what it is. Resting in his forms, reposing in himself, fed with his own pride, nourished by his own ignorance of God and of himself, he has not an idea of what redemption through the blood of Christ, or the forgiveness of sins really is. He may conceive of some grudging remission of punishment, some mitigation of deserved vengeance, some commutation of penalty, some lessening of the debt due to God in consequence of a part of that debt being, as he conceives, partially paid by himself; but as it regards clean, and entire, and perfect forgiveness, he has not the most remote conception of it.

Whom then shall I ask? The careless, prayerless sinner? He too knows nothing of it. His general hope that God is merciful, and that he shall be at last forgiven, is but a vain idea, a sort of phantom floating on his restless mind, itself rests on nothing, and is nothing.

Whom then shall I ask? The burthened, oppressed, wearied spirit that cannot rise above its own misery? He too knows little or nothing of it; he sees indeed the holiness of the law, the strictness of the precept, the terror of the penalty, his own sin and sinfulness, his own guilt and guiltiness; but sees nought of the tenderness, the grace, the mercy of the God of the Gospel; therefore forgiveness is hid from his eyes.

Whom then shall I ask? My brethren, ask whom I may, and answer who will, that answer will, must come short, infinitely short of that forgiveness which is with God,—of that forgiveness which is full as it is free, free as it is complete, absolute, unchanging, and for ever.

It is *free*, free as the air that I breathe, as the pulse that beats within my frame, as the blood that circulates within these veins, free as the light of heaven. Do I toil for that light? Did I produce that light? Can I even increase that light? With all my exertions add a ray to it? It is altogether irrespective of all that I do, have done, or can ever do. It is an overflowing stream of light and love, that flows out of the very

heart of God, a stream of grace and mercy which took its rise in Him whose name and whose nature is love.

It is also *full*, reaching all cases, all circumstances, all individuals, all, as many as will receive it, even all who, through grace, repent and believe the Gospel, and none else can receive it. Not a sin, however great and aggravated, however hateful in man's sight, and hated by Him who is of purer eyes than to behold it, but it blots out (Isa. i. 10–18; Matt. xii. 31).

It is also *ready* forgiveness, the sin no sooner really confessed than forgiven (Luke xv. 20).

It is also *absolute* and *unconditional*. See on what a plea the Psalmist puts it, even on the very name of the Lord Himself! "For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great" (Ps. xxv. 11). It is *unchanging, complete, everlasting* forgiveness. Those whom God forgives, He forgives for ever; and so jealous is He of it, that He claims this forgiveness as His own property. "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses." (Dan. ix. 9; Ps. cxxx. 4). It is, in a sense, exclusively His own, for no other will or can display it; and He delighteth to exercise it (Micah vii. 18).

Behold the redemption before us, the forgiveness of sins, a redemption worthy of the source from which it springs, and the channel through which it runs, the blood, the precious blood of Christ, the Son of the living God; the blood of Him, who is not only man, but God! For it was not by the sanctity of our Lord's life, nor His unspotted obedience, nor His tears, nor His prayers; it was not by the power of His Spirit, but by the ransom of His blood, that the Son of man paid the tremendous debt, cancelled the fearful bond, endured the dreadful penalty, and set the prisoner free, Himself entered the prison, took the nature of the criminal, wore his fetters, endured his dreadful curse, suffered the death which he deserves, yea, underwent his very hell, and thus delivered him from it for ever. Thus, the Surety of the Church grappled, single and alone, with all His adversaries, and overcame them all. See the mortal agony, the dying anguish, the fainting spirit! See Him sinking yet overcoming, dying yet a victor; behold the Church's safety, her

victory, her triumph! His life's blood was shed, He sank, He died, but dying He lived, dying He overcame him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. This was the victory of His whole Church and people; one with Him, they triumphed in Him.

How can I describe its effects, and blessed consequences? Nothing is now between the believer's soul and his God; no secret grudge, no buried remembrance of past sins, no unuttered but felt displeasure; acceptance in His Son through the redeeming blood, access to God, yea, liberty with Him, and not only liberty of access, but the holy liberty of walking with God, of serving God, of glorifying Him. They who are redeemed by blood are redeemed unto God (Rev. v. 9).

Nor is this all that the verse contains. They have this redemption as their own possession; "in whom we *have* redemption." This redemption, which had been wrought out for them by the blood of Christ, they had received by the Spirit of Christ. It was theirs before in covenant right, now it is theirs in actual and real possession, according to the measure and degree of their faith. This was their possession, and a glorious one it was. Many things they had not, many things they desired not to have. God's people are, for the most part, an afflicted and poor people. Trial is their pathway to heaven, many oftentimes are their outward afflictions, not merely as men but as Christians; but especially do they feel sin to be their affliction. In proportion as they realize acceptance in the Beloved, acceptance as God's adopted children, acceptance as His redeemed family, they live above their afflictions, and have even power over their corruptions. Yet their chief trials lie that way. They have them, and they should expect them; but they have redemption, even the forgiveness of their sins, and in that forgiveness they have the earnest and the pledge of a full, perfect, entire, everlasting redemption. How precious then that possession, without which a man has really nothing though he may have all other things, and with which a man who has nothing else has all things!

Observe, 1stly, This, their possession, is the *great display of the*

riches of His grace. That man should have been redeemed at all, that God should pardon a sinner, when we consider what a sinner is, and what sin is, is nothing but grace, since there was so much in God, and everything in the sinner, wherefore he should have been condemned. In this point of view, redemption would have been grace, great grace, grace utterly, eternally undeserved. When a man who denies the atonement, speaks of God being too gracious to need that atonement, which a Socinian does, pleading that God forgives sin because He is good, and requires no satisfaction for sin, we do not deny that there would have been grace, great grace in that forgiveness. The objection to that statement, and it is a radical one, is, that such forgiveness opposes and contradicts other declarations which God has made of Himself, condemns His own law, and, consequently, condemns Himself whose law it is, by nullifying its penalty altogether; that He erects a mercy-seat upon the ruins of His own holiness, His justice, His faithfulness and truth, all which is infinitely impossible. But, even allowing that there would have been grace in that view of His forgiveness, yet what is there in that statement of grace, comparable for one moment, to that which gave His Son, His own Son, His beloved Son, to die as one accursed? What can be compared with that grace of Christ which declares that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, and gave His life a ransom for poor sinners; who died not only for His friends, but for His enemies? If the Eternal had created as many millions of worlds as there are grains of sand upon the sea-shore, it had positively been as nothing compared with this.

Observe, 2dly, In this rich possession He hath abounded toward us in all *wisdom* and *prudence.* What depths of infinite wisdom, what profound display of the eternal prudence, have been shown in that redemption in which man has been so great a gainer, and the Divine glory suffered no eclipse, nay, rather has shone forth with tenfold brilliancy and lustre! Surely that is a wonder of wonders, in which one is at a loss to say, whether holiness, justice, faithfulness, or love has received its most glorious display.

Observe, 3rdly, In the *way* in which this redemption is received, still He hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence. It is by faith (Rom. iii. 24, 25). Faith is a poor man's grace. Every other grace brings something. This brings nothing but an empty hand, and receives a full Christ, and with Him redemption, forgiveness, all things. How suited, then, is it for the poor, to make men feel themselves poor, and to keep them so!

Observe, 4thly, The *effects* of this redemption They are holy, sanctifying, weaning, elevating (Ps. cxxx. 4; Luke vii. 47; 2 Cor. v. 14). They break the heart, while they constrain upon the highest principles to love.

Verses 9, 10.—"*Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure, which He hath purposed in Himself: that, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in Him.*"

We now come to another blessing, to which the apostle declares the saints at Ephesus were chosen, the revelation of the mystery of God's will; implying that it was not only great grace which so abounded in this redemption, wherein God had displayed such riches of His wisdom and His prudence, but that it was grace also that He had *discovered*, and *revealed* this redemption unto them, and that not only in the Gospel of His grace to their outward ears, but still more by the power of His Spirit in their inmost souls.

Before we enter upon the subject, it is needful that a few terms should be briefly explained. A "mystery" signifies not merely a thing mysterious, but a thing once hidden, though afterwards it may be revealed. Such was the Gospel itself, hidden once in prophecies, and in types, yea, hidden in the very breast of God from all eternity, but now clearly revealed. In this passage, however, especially is meant that great truth in it, the gathering both of Jew and Gentile, and of angels too, into one family in the Son of God, in which life and immortality are brought to

light, though it yet remains a mere mystery to the greater part of mankind.

By "the dispensation of the fulness of times," we are to understand, that when the time was fully come, according to the word of prophecy, for the Gospel revelation, and the peculiar state of the whole world so requiring a new dispensation (Jew, as well as Gentile, being sunk into the lowest state of degradation, both as to doctrine and morals), when this time was fully come, God sent forth His last dispensation, His precious Gospel, promulgated by Him who lay in His very bosom, which declares that He would gather together all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in Him.

By sin, man—that goodly temple in which God Himself once dwelt as in His rightful dwelling—had become one mass of complicated ruin, all was prostrate and in the dust, defiled, polluted, worthless, Satan the destroyer trod the ruin beneath his feet. But the counsels of Eternal Wisdom are not to be foiled by an insignificant creature, the plans of the Infinite God are infrustrable by men and devils. Time, that alters all things here below, has no power over Him, His plan had been laid from all eternity. With Him is nothing old, with Him is nothing new. While He might with perfect justice have given man to lie down in his own ruin, to be destroyed in his own destruction, He had determined to rescue a people from the "horrible pit," and to triumph in that very nature over which Satan had once so greatly triumphed. Nor only this, He had determined not only to accomplish this, but to gather the disunited parts of that once glorious fabric into one, and to unite them all to Himself in union the closest, the most tender, the most indissoluble (John xvii. 20–23). These parts so united, were to form His habitation, this was to be His temple, this His family. All His children must be with Him, gathered round Him on earth, all must be with Him in heaven, united under one Head. The sheep must form one flock, though so scattered, must be numbered back, not one must be lost (John x. 29). But as all the previous parts of the chapter bear on this subject, there can be no need to enlarge.

Remark, however, all these mercies flow from the counsel of His own will, His good pleasure. Oh, how He takes us off from every lowest motive, every self-pleasing, self-exalting, self-deceiving principle, that would lead us to stop short of God Himself! Therefore the apostle adds, not for our worthiness was it that this stream of mercy flowed, and still less did it flow from our wisdom, but simply from the good pleasure of God Himself. While carnal men cavil at this, holy angels stoop down to admire and adore, for they seem lost in contemplating the depth of this mystery. (1 Pet. i. 13.) This will of God is not arbitrary, there is nothing arbitrary with God, 'tis the display of infinite wisdom, purity, justice, and love, with the most perfect equity to all.

This gathering together is all in Christ.

It is *in Him* that all the broken fragments of this once glorious fabric are to be gathered together (ver. 3–7), to form one habitation, united by one corner-stone, settled on one foundation. But what a display of wisdom and suitableness is here, that He who had united the human nature to the Godhead in His own person, should thus unite the whole Church to God in Himself! On earth no one was fit for its accomplishment, in heaven there was but One. But who can set forth the love which it displays? Behold the great mystery of the Gospel, the whole election of grace gathered together with God in Christ; all united in Him, not only man restored to himself, and above all to God, but man restored to man, Jew united to Gentile, and all united unto God! And not man alone, man and angels shall be gloriously united into the same family, filled with the same love, adore and serve the same God in Christ, and that for ever and ever. It is true, Jesus stands not in the same relation to angels as He does to man, He took not their nature, He is no Goel-Redeemer to them. To them He is no Husband, no Saviour, no Substitute. The Church composed of once fallen, but redeemed and sanctified creatures, is His royal Queen, yet do angels with them form one assembly, one family (Heb. xii. 22, 23). Jesus their mutual Head (Eph. i. 21, 22; Col. ii. 10). Angels rejoice over souls converted and brought into His kingdom (Luke xv. 10); fall down before Him (Heb. i. 6; Rev. vii. 11). Behold, then, the

mystery! What a glorious plan! Even here the union begins,—"Saints in heaven, and saints on earth, but one communion make." These form the whole family in heaven and in earth, they have but one song, one salvation, one portion. What a gathering will that be, though now it be by ones and twos, in small and scattered masses, but what a glorious consummation will that be of the wondrous scheme, and the final close, the last scene of the grand drama exhibited, when the whole earth shall be filled with His glory, and heaven with His ceaseless, eternal, never-ending praise!

Verse 11.—"*In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will.*"

"In whom *also* we," or as it may be, and as I humbly conceive should be rendered, "*even* we,"—we Jews. What an emphasis does this give,—we who crucified the Lord of life and glory! We who, nationally speaking, despise Him still,—yet even we, as many as have been called by His Spirit to believe in His blessed name, have through wondrous grace obtained an inheritance; obtained it by lot, as the expression sets forth, alluding, as Num. xxxiv. 13, xxxvi. 3, to Canaan as typical of the Gospel inheritance, as well as of heaven's glory; both which blessings are allotted to the true believer by that God who has predestinated him to it, according to His own purpose, and who worketh, that is, effectually worketh, all things after the counsel of His own will.

But what an inheritance is this, for a moment reflect! Believer in Christ, you are a tried man, you find the world a wilderness, a desert, a field of ceaseless fight. Every week tells you so, every day, every hour. This is not your rest (Micah ii. 10). Yet even upon earth you have a blessed inheritance, the blessings of the Gospel are yours,—they are your present property, your real possession, and the earnest of future glory. All things are yours (1 Cor. iii. 21–23), pardon is yours, peace is yours, holiness is yours, the Spirit is yours, the earnest of heaven. But, though a child and an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ,

you are an heir under age, and you have but little now in possession, compared with the glorious inheritance that awaiteth you. As a true believer in the Son of God, you are going to heaven, your eternal inheritance; you are a child of God, and you shall soon see Him whom your soul loveth.

Is this true? Do you believe it? What, with that poor dying body, to some of you such a burthening load! What, with that languid and sickly frame, and that poor and tempted soul, pressed down by poverty! As some of you must say, Poverty hitherto have I had as my inheritance on earth, have I such an inheritance in heaven,—incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away? Shall I behold that Jesus who laid down His precious life for my soul?—see those hands, those feet, that side, that brow, that were pierced for my sins? that very body that suffered hunger, and thirst, and anguish, and death, that I might have life? Shall I fall down before an incarnate God? be with Him, be like Him, and dwell with Him for ever? Oh, for faith to believe all this! What! will millions of millions of ages pass away, and still a holy, happy eternity be before me? What an inheritance is here! Will every perfection in God, as seen through the cross of Immanuel, be my delight, my enjoyment, my heaven? Wherefore, then, am I ever cast down? Why am I ever sad? Why am I ever bewildered with cares? Why am I ever forgetful of so glorious a prospect? What! shall I be with holy, pure, unfallen angels,—mingle with their joys, join in their songs, serve in their service with notes of higher, loftier praise than theirs? What! shall I be with those whom I love the best upon earth, the saints of the Most High, with no jarring note to make sad, no discordant judgment to disturb, but all harmony within, purity, holiness, and love? Shall there be no selfish, proud, vain, envious, jealous, carnal, unbelieving, disbelieving thought? Shall I be with God Himself,—God, the eternal inheritance of all His true Levites? (Num. xviii. 20; Ps. xvi. 5). Do we believe all this? Do we not rather half believe it? Oh, how dim must be the eye of faith, that sees so little the recorded glories of our inheritance! Oh, how weak its actings, that it yields so little of "the substance